



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3433 07608352 0



The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the cultural context of the research. It highlights the need for researchers to be sensitive to the values and beliefs of the communities they are studying. This is particularly relevant in the context of health research, where cultural differences can significantly impact the effectiveness of interventions.

The second part of the paper focuses on the methodology used in the study. It describes the process of selecting participants and the data collection methods. The authors emphasize the importance of using a mixed-methods approach to capture both quantitative and qualitative data, which allows for a more comprehensive understanding of the research topic.

The third part of the paper presents the results of the study. It discusses the findings from the quantitative data and how they relate to the qualitative data. The authors note that the results are consistent with previous research, but also identify some new insights that emerge from the data.

The final part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings for practice and policy. It suggests that the results can be used to inform the development of culturally appropriate interventions and to guide the implementation of health programs in diverse communities.





THE RECREATION.

(Recreation

NCA

Catlin's Wandering

mt

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



THE
RECREATION
FOR
MDCCCXIII.



DEATH OF AL PASHA

Page 171

JOHN MORTIMER, BIRMINGHAM,
TILT & COY., & R. TYAS, LONDON
1828.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE
RECREATION:

A Gift-Book for Young Readers:

EMBRACING SUCH SUBJECTS
AS ARE PARTICULARLY FITTED TO INTEREST
AND IMPROVE THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

“——— Witness the sprightly joy
When aught unknown strikes the quick sense,
And wakes each active power to brisker measures.”
AKENSIDE.

EDINBURGH:
JOHN MENZIES, PRINCES STREET:
LONDON: TILT & BOGUE, FLEET STREET; AND
ROBERT TYAS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXLIII.

et al —

551020

LONDON:
B. CLARKE, PRINTER, SILVER STREET,
FALCON SQUARE.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
CATLIN'S WANDERINGS AMONG THE INDIAN TRIBES	
OF NORTH AMERICA	13
Scenery of the Missouri	ib.
Prairie Fires	17
An Indian Encampment	20
Buffalo Hunting in the Prairies	22
Peril from Buffaloes	28
A Solitary Ride across the Prairies	30
Incident at Mascotin Island	36
AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS	41
POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM	44
A RESIDENCE ON THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS	49
THE GREAT FIRE OF HAMBURGH	60
SHIPWRECK OF THE KITE, AND IMPRISONMENT OF	
THE CREW AND PASSENGERS IN CHINA	67
Mrs. Noble's Narrative	ib.
Incidents from John Lee Scott's Narrative	81
<i>Captain Anstruther's Adventures</i>	91

	Page.
THE VANISHED SEASONS	96
THE DESERT OF SUEZ	98
— ENCOUNTER WITH TWO INDIANS	103
ANECDOTES OF THE SPOTTED FLYCATCHER	106
THE HUMMING BIRD	110
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN LEDYARD, THE TRAVELLER	111
THE SHADOW ON THE SUN-DIAL	127
SIBERIAN EXILES	128
DEATH OF ALI PASHA, AND SUPPRESSION OF THE JANISSARIES	131
A SAILOR'S LIFE AFLOAT	153
The First Watch at Sea	ib.
A Man Overboard	156
Juan Fernandez	158
Liberty-day on Shore	162
The Leave-taking of "Old Bess"	168
Woodcutting Excursions	169
The Homeward Voyage	174
Doubling Cape Horn	176
A Run before the Wind	194
CASANOVA'S ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT VENICE	199
STORM ON MOUNT ÆTNA	210
THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS	221
DEATH OF LEONIDAS	225
ESCAPE FROM A SHARK	227

CONTENTS.

9

	Page.
SCENES IN BRITISH GUIANA	229
Pirara	ib.
The Great Cataracts of the Corentyn	233
The Rapids of the Berbice	236
ANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA	239
THE WREN'S NEST	241
MISSIONARY ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA	244
PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A LION	251
ANXIETIES AND COMFORTS	256
KNOX'S CAPTIVITY IN CEYLON	258
SCENES IN NORWAY—	
The Mountain Pass of Sogne Fjeld	279
A Reindeer Chase	283
PLANTING OF THE ACORNS	288
ADVENTURES IN THE EAST	289
ASCENT OF MOUNT OLYMPUS	289
A MOUNTAIN PIRATE-KING	299
THE CLOUDS	309
BIRD-CATCHING ON THE CLIFFS OF MOHER	311
VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF HALLEIN	315



LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

COMBAT WITH CHINESE . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
DEATH OF ALI PASHA . . .	<i>Vignette.</i>
INDIANS ESCAPING FROM A PRAIRIE FIRE	Page 19
GREAT FIRE OF HAMBURGH . . .	65
LEAVE-TAKING OF "OLD BESS" . . .	168
CASANOVA'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON . . .	214
ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELEPHANT . . .	274

THE RECREATION.

CATLIN'S WANDERINGS AMONG THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Of all the works yet published on the subject of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America no one, it seems to us, can be compared in point of accuracy and extent of research with that of Mr. George Catlin. A surprising amount of time and labour has been devoted by the author to the collection of materials for his task. Born on the banks of the Susquehanna in Wyoming, Mr. Catlin was originally set to the study of the law; but, unable to resist the strong bent of his genius, he turned aside from the legal profession, and became a painter in Philadelphia. A few years afterwards, a deputation of noble-looking Indians came to the city, and made so deep an impression on his fancy, that he resolved not only to visit these "beautiful models" of the human form in their native wilds, but also to devote his lifetime to the task of illustrating, by pictorial representations, the history and customs of these people, destined, it would seem, to be known to future ages only by such records. Sacrificing to this great object the society of a beloved family, and all the comforts of home, Mr. Catlin set out in 1832 for the Upper Missouri, with the fixed resolve that nothing short of the loss of life should prevent the full completion of his purpose. In the course of the succeeding *eight* years he traversed North America almost from end to end, saw and mixed with forty-eight Indian tribes, composing a large portion of the two millions of red people yet in existence, examined personally into all their peculiarities, and, finally, accumulated a noble gallery of portraits and a rich museum of curiosities, calculated to form at once a lasting monument to himself, and an invaluable record of Indian persons, manners, and habiliments.

SCENERY OF THE MISSOURI.

THE Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a *terror in its manner* which is sensibly felt

the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its juncture with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with it at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shell, which is a much whiter substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshet is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow; and from its boiling and wild character and uncommon colour, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a freshet upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyageur. Almost every island and *sand-bar* is covered with huge piles of these floating

trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift wood ; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary ; there is a redeeming beauty in the green and carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton wood stand, and frown in horrid dark and coolness over the filthy abyss below ; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they were germed and reared have been washed out from underneath them, and is with the rolling current mixed, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, are without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies ; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. Such is the character of the upper part of the river especially ; and as one advances towards its course, and through its upper half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen ; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been, heretofore, very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous, and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect, and that because it has been brought, perhaps, by men who are not the best judges in the world of Nature's beautiful works ; and if they were, they always pass them by, in pain or desperate distress, in toil and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more of the upper part of the

river, was, to my eye, like fairy-land ; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time riveted to the deck of the boat, indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines ; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elks, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain goats, were to be seen bounding up and down over the green fields ; each one and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the sight and sound of the puffing of our boat ; which was, for the first time, saluting the green and wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,600 miles, is one continued prairie ; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river ; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its débris into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side ; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other ; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable—some with their green sides *gracefully sloped* down in the most lovely groups to the *water's edge*, whilst others, divested of their verdure,

present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world. These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the rains and frosts, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river. Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels, and castles, may be seen,—cupolas and magnificent porticoes, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone—and glistening in distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them), the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon it.

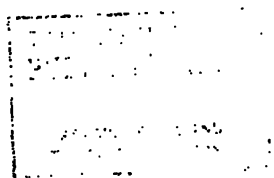
PRAIRIE FIRES.

He was one day riding across an Upper Missouri prairie with three companions, one an Indian guide of the name of Pohme-o-ne-qua, or *red thunder*. The party had just sat down to their mid-day meal, when they were placed in great peril by the occurrence of a fire in the prairie.

WHERE the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together on the Mis-

souri bottoms; and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass, so high, that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups, in order to look over its waving tops, as we are riding through it. The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate, and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pea-vines and other impediments, which render it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zig-zag paths of the deers and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire—alarming the horse, which stops and stands terrified and immoveable, till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind, falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires.

“This is the plain of fire grass” said the Indian, “where the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man, and the eagle’s wing is melted as he darts over its surface.” Notwithstanding these ominous words, after gazing long around, he gracefully sank down on the grass, and his relieved companions chatted cheerfully by his side. But on a sudden “Red Thunder” was on his feet—his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets. “White man,” said he, “see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie?—he rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way.” No more; but his *swift* horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid *over the waving grass* as it was bent by the wind.





Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard; yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought; but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul. * * The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds; his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a *sea of fire*! "Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened "Hush—sh—," his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs *looking you to the very soul*.

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

I stood secure, but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire.

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

The manner in which an encampment of Indians strike their tents and transport them is singular:—

WHILST ascending the river to this place, I saw an encampment of Sioux, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in a very few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment) through the village, a few hours before they are to start, announcing his determination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the meantime making; and at the time announced, the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it. This is the signal, and in one minute, six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie), which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more all were flat upon the ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot in readiness; and each one was speedily loaded with the burthen allotted to it, and ready to fall into the *grand* procession. For this strange cavalcade preparation is made in the following manner: the poles

of a lodge are divided into two bunches, and the little ends of each bunch fastened upon the shoulders or withers of a horse, leaving the butt ends to drag behind on the ground on either side; just behind the horse, a brace or pole is tied across, which keeps the poles in their respective places; and then upon that, and the poles behind the horse, is placed the lodge or tent, which is rolled up, and also numerous other articles of household and domestic furniture; and on the top of all, two, three, and even (sometimes) four women and children! Each one of these horses has a conductress, who sometimes walks before and leads him, with a tremendous pack upon her own back; and at others she sits astride of his back, with a child, perhaps, at her breast, and another astride of the horse's back behind her, clinging to her waist with one arm, while it affectionately embraces a sneaking dog-pup in the other. In this way five or six hundred wigwams, with all their furniture, may be seen drawn out for miles, creeping over the grass-covered plains of this country; and three times that number of men, on good horses, strolling along in front or on the flank, and, in some tribes, in the rear of this heterogeneous caravan; at least five times that number of dogs, which fall into the rank, and follow in the train and company of the women; and every cur of them, who is large enough, and not too cunning to be enslaved, is encumbered with a car or sled (or whatever it may be better called), on which he patiently drags his load—a part of the household goods and furniture of the lodge to which he belongs. Two poles, about fifteen feet long, are placed upon the dog's shoulder, in the same manner as the lodge poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him; on which is placed a bundle or wallet which is allotted to him to carry, and with which he trots off amid the throng of dogs and squaws; *faithfully and cheerfully dragging his load till night.*

BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE PRAIRIES.

THE buffalo or bison, though once spread over the whole country from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, is now confined to the prairies of the West. The bull buffalo often grows to the enormous weight of two thousand pounds. These animals are gregarious, but not migratory. It is no uncommon thing at particular seasons, to see several thousands together—at other times they are found scattered about the country in families and herds.

THE chief hunting amusement of the Indians in these parts consists in the chase of the buffalo, which is almost invariably done on horseback with bow and lance. In this exercise, which is highly prized by them, as one of their most valuable amusements, as well as the principal mode of procuring meat for their subsistence, they become exceedingly expert, and are able to slay these huge animals with apparent ease. In the dead of the winters, which are very long and severely cold in this country, where horses cannot be brought to the chase with any avail, the Indian runs upon the surface of the snow by the aid of his snow shoes, which buoy him up, while the great weight of the buffaloes sinks them down to the middle of their sides, and, completely stopping their progress, ensures them certain and easy victims to the bow or lance of their pursuers. The snow in these regions often lies, during the winter, to the depth of three and four feet, being blown away from the tops and sides of the hills in many places, which are left bare for the buffaloes to graze upon, whilst it is drifted in the hollows and ravines to a very great depth, and rendered almost entirely impassable to these huge animals, which, when closely pursued by their enemies, endeavour to plunge through it, but are soon wedged in and almost unable to move, where they fall an easy prey to the Indian, who runs up lightly upon his snow-shoes, and drives his lance to their hearts. *The skins* are then stripped off, to be sold to the fur

traders, and the carcasses left to be devoured by the wolves. This is the season in which the greatest number of these animals are destroyed for their robes—they are most easily killed at this time, and their hair or fur being longer and more abundant, gives greater value to the robe. * * There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty or sixty in number, appearing in distance on the green prairies like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, whilst the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffaloes' flesh, they are harmless, and everywhere sneak away from man's presence; which I scarcely think will be the case after the buffaloes are all gone, and they are left, as they must be, with scarcely anything to eat. They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those that the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes are together, they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian, then, has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng.

During the season of the year whilst the calves are young, the male seems to stroll about by the side of the dam, as if for the purpose of protecting the young, at which time it is exceedingly hazardous to attack them, as they are sure to turn upon their pursuers. *The buffalo calf during the first six months is red,*

and has so much the appearance of a red calf in cultivated fields, that it could easily be mingled and mistaken amongst them. In the fall, when it changes its hair, it takes a brown coat for the winter, which it always retains. In pursuing a large herd of buffaloes at the season when their calves are but a few weeks old, I have often been exceedingly amused with the curious manœuvres of these shy little things. Amidst the thundering confusion of a throng of several hundreds or several thousands of these animals, there will be many calves that lose sight of their dams; and being left behind by the throng, and the swift passing hunters, they endeavour to secrete themselves, when they are exceedingly put to it, on a level prairie, where nought can be seen but the short grass of six or eight inches in height, save an occasional bunch of wild sage a few inches higher, to which the poor affrighted things will run, and, dropping on their knees, will push their noses under it, and into the the grass, where they will stand for hours, with their eyes shut, imagining themselves securely hid, whilst they are standing up quite straight upon their hind feet, and can easily be seen at several miles distance. It is a familiar amusement for us, accustomed to these scenes, to retreat over the ground where we have just escorted the herd, and approach these little trembling things, which stubbornly maintain their position, with their noses pushed under the grass, and their eyes strained upon us, as we dismount from our horses and are passing around them. From fixed position they are sure not to move until hands are laid upon them, and then, after a desperate struggle for a moment, the little thing is conquered, and makes no further resistance. I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, ridden *several miles* into our encampment, with the little

thrown down in a mass, and for which they required but a few gallons of whiskey, which was soon demolished, indulging them in a little and harmless carouse.

This strip of the country, which extends from the province of Mexico to lake Winnepeg on the north, is almost one entire plain of grass, which is, and ever must be, useless to cultivating man. It is here, and here chiefly, that the buffaloes dwell; and with and hovering about them live and flourish the tribes of Indians whom God made for the enjoyment of that fair land and its luxuries. It is a melancholy contemplation for one who has travelled as I have, through these realms, and seen this noble animal in all its pride and glory, to contemplate it so rapidly wasting from the world, drawing the irresistible conclusion, too, which one must do, that its species is soon to be extinguished, and with it the peace and happiness (if not the actual existence) of the tribe of Indians who are joint tenants with them in the occupancy of these vast and idle plains. * * Such scenes might easily have been preserved, and still could be cherished on the great plains of the west, without detriment to the country or its borders; for the tracts of country on which the buffaloes have assembled, are uniformly sterile, and of no available use to cultivating man. It is on these plains, which are stocked with buffaloes, that the finest specimens of the Indian race are to be seen. It is here that the savage is decorated in the richest costume. It is here, and here only, that his wants are satisfied, and even the *luxuries* of life are afforded him in abundance. And here also is the proud and honourable man (before he has had teachers or laws) above the imported wants which beget meanness and vice; stimulated by ideas of honour and virtue, in which the God of Nature has certainly not curtailed him. There are, by a fair calculation, more than 300,000 Indians, who ere now subsisted on the flesh of the buffaloes, and by those

animals supplied with all the luxuries of life which they desire, as they know of none others. The great variety of uses to which they convert the body and other parts of that animal, are almost incredible to the person who has not dwelt amongst these people, and closely studied their modes and customs. Every part of their flesh is converted into food, in one shape or other, and on it they entirely subsist. The robes of the animals are worn by the Indians instead of blankets—their skins, when tanned, are used as coverings for their lodges, and for their beds; undressed, they are used for constructing canoes—for saddles, for bridles, Parrets, lasos, and thongs. The horns are shaped into ladles and spoons; the brains are used for dressing the skins; their bones are used for saddle trees, for war clubs, and scrapers for graining the robes, and others are broken up for the marrow fat which is contained in them. Their sinews are used for strings and backs to their bows; for thread to string their beads and sew their dresses. The feet of the animals are boiled, with their hoofs, for the glue they contain, for fastening their arrow points, and many other uses. The hair from the head and shoulders, which is long, is twisted and braided into halters, and the tail is used for a fly brush. In this wise do these people convert and use the various parts of this useful animal; and with all these luxuries of life about them, and their numerous games, they are happy (God bless them) in the ignorance of the disastrous fate that awaits them. Yet this interesting community, with its sports, its wildernesses, its languages, and all its manners and customs, could be perpetuated, and also the buffaloes, whose numbers would increase and supply them with food for ages and centuries to come, if a system of non-intercourse could be established and preserved. But such is not to be the case—the buffaloes' doom is sealed, and with their extinction *must* assuredly sink into real

despair and starvation the inhabitants of these vast plains, which afford for the Indians no other possible means of subsistence; and they must at last fall a prey to wolves and buzzards, who will have no other bones to pick.

PERIL FROM BUFFALOES.

WE met immense numbers of buffaloes in the early part of our voyage, and used to land our canoe almost every hour in the day; and oftentimes altogether approach the unsuspecting herds, through some deep and hidden ravine, within a few yards of them, and at the word "pull trigger," each of us bring down our victim. In one instance, near the mouth of White River, we met the most immense herd crossing the Missouri River—and from an imprudence got our boat into imminent danger amongst them, from which we were highly delighted to make our escape. It was in the midst of the "running season," and we had heard the "roaring" (as it is called) of the herd, when we were several miles from them. When we came in sight, we were actually terrified at the immense numbers that were streaming down the green hills on one side of the river, and galloping up and over the bluffs on the other. The river was filled, and in parts blackened, with their heads and horns, as they were swimming about, following up their objects, and making desperate battle whilst they were swimming. I deemed it imprudent for our canoe to be dodging amongst them, and ran it ashore for a few hours, where we laid, waiting for the opportunity of seeing the river clear; but we waited in vain. Their numbers, however, got somewhat diminished at last, and we pushed off, and successfully made our way amongst them. From the immense numbers that *had passed* the river at that place, they had torn down

the prairie bank of fifteen feet in height, so as to form a sort of road or landing-place, where they all in succession clambered up. Many in their turmoil had been wafted below this landing, and, unable to regain it against the swiftness of the current, had fastened themselves along in crowds, hugging close to the high bank under which they were standing. As we were drifting by these, and supposing ourselves out of danger, I drew up my rifle and shot one of them in the head, which tumbled into the water, and brought with him a hundred others, which plunged in, and in a moment were swimming about our canoe, and placing it in great danger. No attack was made upon us, and in the confusion the poor beasts knew not, perhaps, the enemy that was amongst them; but we were liable to be sunk by them, as they were furiously hooking and climbing on to each other. I rose in my canoe, and by my gestures and hallooing, kept them from coming in contact with us, until we were out of their reach. This was one of the instances that I formerly spoke of, where thousands and tens of thousands of these animals congregate in the *running season*, and move about from East and West, or wherever accident or circumstances may lead them. In this grand crusade, no one can know the numbers that may have made the ford within a few days; nor, in their blinded fury in such scenes, would feeble man be much respected. During the remainder of that day we paddled onward, and passed many of their carcasses floating on the current, or lodged on the heads of islands and sand-bars. And, in the vicinity of, and not far below the grand turmoil, we passed several that were mired in the quicksand near the shores; some were standing fast and half immersed, whilst others were nearly out of sight, and gasping for the last breath; others were standing with all legs fast, and one half of their bodies above the water, and *their heads sunk* under it, where they had

evidently remained several days ; and flocks of ravens and crows were covering their backs, and picking the flesh from their dead bodies.

A SOLITARY RIDE ACROSS THE PRAIRIES.

At Fort Gibson, Arkansas, he was attacked with a wasting fever. The man must be as stout-hearted as an Audubon, whose first thought, when imperfectly recovered, could be to meditate on a solitary ride of five hundred miles across the sea-like prairie. We shall leave him to tell how this was accomplished, having first premised that "Charley" was a noble animal of the Camanchee wild breed, of a clay bank colour.

I PACKED up my canvass and brushes, and other luggage, and sent them down the river to the Mississippi, to be forwarded by steamer, to meet me at St. Louis. So, one fine morning, Charley was brought up and saddled, and a bear-skin and a buffalo robe being spread upon his saddle, and a coffee-pot and tin cup tied to it also—with a few pounds of hard biscuit in my portmanteau—with my fowling-piece in my hand, and my pistols in my belt—with my sketch-book slung on my back, and a small pocket compass in my pocket ; I took leave of Fort Gibson, even against the advice of my surgeon and all the officers of the garrison, who gathered around me to bid me farewell. No one can imagine what was the dread I felt for that place, nor the pleasure, which was extatic, when Charley was trembling under me, and I turned him around on the top of a prairie bluff at a mile distance, to take the last look upon it ; and thank God, as I did audibly, that I was not to be buried within its enclosure. I said to myself, that "to die on the prairie, and be devoured by wolves, or to fall in combat and be scalped by an Indian, would be far more acceptable than the lingering death that would consign me to the jaws of that insatiable grave," for which, in the fever and weakness of my mind, I

had contracted so destructive a terror. So, alone, without other living being with me than my affectionate horse, I turned my face to the North, and commenced on my long journey, with confidence full and strong, that I should gain strength daily ; and no one can ever know the pleasure of that moment, which placed me alone, upon the boundless sea of waving grass. Day by day I thus pranced and galloped along, the whole way through waving grass and green fields, occasionally dismounting and lying in the grass an hour or so, until the grim shaking and chattering of an ague chill had passed off ; and through the nights, slept on my bear-skin spread upon the grass, with my saddle for my pillow, and my buffalo robe drawn over me for my covering. My horse was picketed near me at the end of his laso, which gave him room for his grazing ; and thus we snored and nodded away the nights, and never were denied the doleful serenades of the gangs of sneaking wolves that were nightly perambulating our little encampment, and stationed at a safe distance from us at sun-rise in the morning—gazing at us, and impatient to pick up the crumbs and bones that were left, when we moved away from our feeble fire that had faintly flickered through the night, and, in the absence of timber, had been made of dried buffalo dung.

I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour's sun, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle for my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress "Charley" and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his laso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall ; and after my coffee was made and drank, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his laso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these

evenings when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the laso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the laso in hand and endeavoured to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear-skin, and went to sleep. In the middle of the night I waked, whilst I was lying on my back, and on half opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought) of an Indian standing over me, and in the very instant of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse “Charley” had “played shy” till he had “filled his belly,” and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position with his forefeet at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing fast asleep! My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast amongst the cane-brake, along the bank of the creek. I went as busily to work preparing my own, which was eaten, and after it I had another half hour of fruitless endeavours to catch Charley, whilst he seemed mindful of success on the evening before, and continually tantalized me by turning around and around, and keeping out of my reach. I recollected

the conclusive evidence of his attachment and dependence, which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I thought I would try them in another way. So I packed up my things and slung the saddle on my back, trailing my gun in my hand, and started on my route. After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped, and left a little fire burning. In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairies around for awhile, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing everything gone, began to neigh very violently, and at last started off at fullest speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf. I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course as if he was well contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manœuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward positions. On the night of this memorable day, Charley and I stopped in one of the most lovely little valleys I ever saw, and even far more beautiful than could have been *imagined* by mortal man. An enchanting little lawn of five or six acres, on the banks of a cool and rippling stream, that was alive with fish; and every now and then a fine brood of young ducks, just old enough for delicious food, and too unsophisticated to avoid an easy and simple death. This little lawn was surrounded by bunches and copses of the most luxuriant and picturesque foliage, consisting of the lofty bois d'arcs and elms, spreading out their huge *branches*, as if offering protection to the

rounded
ported
ters tha
green
wild fl
the mo
and d
violets
cool s
bear-s
fire, t
from
a deli
upper
half a
et
l
at
an
me
ar
n
v
th
pe
ech

Th
d miles,
mpass.

I
I had
tent dif
mooth and
like ditches
lenly to m
of plunging
which were ov

pass told me that I must cross them, and the only alternative was to plunge into them, and get out as well as I could. They were often muddy, and I could not tell whether they were three or ten feet deep, until my horse was in them; and sometimes he went down head foremost and I with him, to scramble out on the opposite shore in the best condition we could. In one of these canals, which I had followed for several miles in the vain hope of finding a shoal, or an accustomed ford, I plunged with Charley, where it was about six or eight yards wide (and God knows how deep, for we did not go to the bottom), and swam him to the opposite bank, on to which I clung; and which, being perpendicular and of clay, and three or four feet higher than the water, was an insurmountable difficulty to Charley; and I led the poor fellow at least a mile, as I walked on the top of the bank, with the bridle in my hand, holding his head above the water as he was swimming; and I at times almost inextricably entangled in the long grass that was often higher than my head, and hanging over the brink, filled and woven together with ivy and wild pea-vines. I at length (and just before I was ready to drop the rein in hopeless despair) came to an old buffalo ford where the banks were graded down, and the poor exhausted animal at last got out, and was ready and willing to take me and my luggage (after I had dried them in the sun) on the journey again. The Osage river, which is a powerful stream, I struck at a place which seemed to stagger my courage very much. There had been heavy rains but a few days before, and this furious stream was rolling along its wild and turbid waters, with a freshet upon it, that spread its waters in many places over its banks, as was the case at the place where I encountered it. There seemed but little choice in places with this stream, with its banks full, was sixty or eighty y

width, with a current that was sweeping along at a rapid rate. I stripped everything from Charley, and tied him with his laso, until I travelled the shores up and down for some distance, and collected drift wood enough for a small raft, which I constructed to carry my clothes and saddle, and other things, safe over. This being completed, and my clothes taken off, and they, with other things, laid upon the raft, I took Charley to the bank and drove him in and across, where he soon reached the opposite shore, and went to feeding on the bank. Next was to come the "*great white medicine*;" and with him saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, sketch-book, gun and pistols, coffee and coffee-pot, powder, and his clothes, all of which were placed upon the raft, and the raft pushed into the stream, and the "*medicine man*" swimming behind it, and pushing it along before him, until it reached the opposite shore, at least half a mile below! From this his things were carried to the top of the bank, and in a little time Charley was caught, and dressed, and straddled, and on the way again. These are a few of the incidents of that journey of five hundred miles, which I performed entirely alone, and which at last brought me out at Boonville, on the western bank of the Missouri.

INCIDENT AT MASCOTIN ISLAND.

I WAS sitting on a wild and wooded shore, and waiting, when I at length discovered a steamer several miles below me, advancing through the rapids; and in the interim I set to and cleaned my fowling-piece and a noble pair of pistols, which I had carried in a belt at my side, through my buffalo and other sports of the West; and having put them in fine order and deposited them in the bottom of the canoe before me, and taken my paddle in hand, with which my long

practice had given me unlimited confidence, I put off from the shore to the middle of the river, which was there a mile and a half in width, to meet the steamer, which was stemming the opposing torrent, and slowly moving up the rapids. I made my signal as I neared the steamer, and desired my old friend Captain Rogers not to stop his engine, feeling full confidence that I could, with an *Indian touch* of the paddle, toss my little bark around, and gently grapple to the side of the steamer, which was loaded down, with her gunnels near to the water's edge. Oh, that my skill had been equal to my imagination, or that I could have had at that moment the balance and the skill of an *Indian woman*, for the sake of my little craft and what was in it! I had *brought it about* with a master hand, however, but the waves of the rapids and the foaming of the waters by her sides, were too much for my peaceful adhesion, and at the moment of wheeling, to part company with her, a line, with a sort of "laso throw," came from an awkward hand on the deck, and falling over my shoulder and around the end of my canoe, with a simultaneous "haul" to it, sent me down head foremost to the bottom of the river; where I was tumbling along with the rapid current over the huge rocks on the bottom, whilst my gun and pistols, which were emptied from my capsized boat, were taking their permanent position amongst the rocks; and my trunk, containing my notes of travel for several years, and many other valuable things, was floating off upon the surface. A small boat was sent off for my trunk, which was picked up about half a mile below and brought on board full of water, and consequently clothes, and sketch-books, and everything else, entirely wet through. My canoe was brought on board, which was several degrees dearer to me now than it had been for its long and faithful service; but my *gun and pistols* are there yet, and at the

service of the lucky one who may find them. I remained on board for several miles, till we were passing a wild and romantic rocky shore, on which the sun was shining warm, and I launched my little boat into the water, with my trunk in it, and put off to the shore, where I soon had every paper and a hundred other things spread in the sun, and at night in good order for my camp, which was at the mouth of a quiet little brook, where I caught some fine bass, and fared well, till a couple of hours' paddling the next morning brought me back to Camp Des Moines. I left Rock Island about eleven o'clock in the morning, and at half-past three in a pleasant afternoon, in the cool month of October, run my canoe to the shore of *Mas-co-tin* Island, where I stepped out upon its beautiful pebbly beach, with my paddle in my hand, having drawn the bow of my canoe, as usual, on to the beach, so as to hold it in its place. This beautiful island, so called from a band of the Illinois Indians of that name, who once dwelt upon it, is twenty-five or thirty miles in length, without habitation on or in sight of it, and the whole way one extended and lovely prairie; with high banks fronting the river, and extending back a great way, covered with a high and luxuriant growth of grass. To the top of this bank I went with my paddle in my hand, quite innocently, just to range my eye over its surface, and to see what might be seen; when, in a minute or two, I turned towards the river, and, to my almost annihilating surprise and vexation, I saw my little canoe some twenty or thirty rods from the shore, and some distance below me, with its head aiming across the river, and steadily gliding along in that direction, where the wind was roguishly wafting it! What little swearing I had learned in the whole of my dealings with the *civilized* world, seemed then to concentrate in two or three involuntary exclamations, *which* exploded as I was running down the beach,

and throwing off my garments one after the other, till I was denuded—and dashing through the deep and boiling current in pursuit of it, I swam some thirty rods in a desperate rage, resolving that this *must be* my remedy, as there was no other mode; but at last found, to my great mortification and *alarm*, that the canoe, having got so far from the shore, was more in the wind, and travelling at a speed quite equal to my own; so that the only safe alternative was to turn and make for the shore with all possible despatch. This I did—and had but strength to bring me where my feet could reach the bottom, and I waded out with the appalling conviction, that if I had swam one rod farther into the stream, my strength would never have brought me to the shore; for it was in the fall of the year, and the water so cold as completely to have benumbed me, and paralyzed my limbs. I hastened to pick up my clothes, which were dropped at intervals as I had run on the beach, and having adjusted them on my shivering limbs, I stepped to the top of the bank, and took a deliberate view of my little canoe, which was steadily making its way to the other shore—with my gun, with my provisions and fire apparatus, and sleeping apparel, all snugly packed in it. The river at that place is near a mile wide; and I watched the mischievous thing till it ran quite into a bunch of willows on the opposite shore, and out of sight. I walked the shore awhile, alone and solitary as a Zealand penguin, when I at last sat down, and in one minute passed the following resolves from premises that were before me, and too imperative to be evaded or unappreciated. “I am here on a desolate island, with nothing to eat, and destitute of the means of procuring anything; and if I pass the night, or half a dozen of them here, I shall have neither fire nor clothes to make me comfortable; and nothing short of *having my canoe* will answer me at all.” For this, the only alternative struck me, and I soon commenced

upon it. An accasional log or limb of drift wood was seen along the beach and under the bank, and these I commenced bringing together from all quarters, and some I had to lug half a mile or more, to form a raft to float me up and carry me across the river. As there was a great scarcity of materials, and I had no hatchet to cut anything, I had to use my scanty materials of all lengths, and of all sizes and all shapes, and at length ventured upon the motley mass, with paddle in hand, and carefully shoved it off from the shore, finding it just sufficient to float me up. I took a seat in its centre on a bunch of barks which I had placed for a seat, and which, when I started, kept me a few inches above the water, and consequently dry, whilst my feet were resting on the raft, which in most parts was sunk a little below the surface. The only alternative was *to go*, for there was no more timber to be found; so I balanced myself in the middle, and by reaching forward with my paddle, to a little space between the timbers of my raft, I had a small place to dip it, and the only one, in which I could make but a feeble stroke—propelling me at a very slow rate *across*, as I was floating rapidly *down* the current. I sat still and worked patiently, however, content with the little gain; and at last reached the opposite shore about three miles below the place of my embarkation; having passed by several huge snags, which I was lucky enough to escape, without the power of having cleared them except by kind accident. My craft was “unseaworthy” when I started, and when I had got to the middle of the river, owing to the rotten wood, with which a great part of it was made, and which had now become saturated with water, it had sunk entirely under the surface, letting me down nearly to the waist, in the water. In this critical way I moved slowly along, keeping the sticks together under me; and at last, when I reached the shore, some of the long and *awkward* limbs projecting from my raft, having reached

it before me, and being suddenly resisted by the bank, gave the instant signal for its dissolution, and my sudden debarkation, when I gave one grand leap in the *direction* of the bank, yet some yards short of it, and into the water, from head to foot; but soon crawled out, and wended my way a mile or two up the shore, where I found my canoe snugly and safely moored in the willows, where I stepped into it, and paddled back to the island, and to the same spot where my misfortunes commenced, to enjoy the pleasure of exultations, which were to flow from contrasting my present with my former situation. Thus, the Island of Mas-co-tin soon lost its horrors, and I strolled two days and encamped two nights upon its silent shores—with prairie hens and wild fowl in abundance for my meals.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek,—

My father's ancient burial-place
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,

Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out

A ridge toward the river-side ;

I know the shaggy hills about,

The meadows sinooth and wide,—

The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains, lie

And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth—
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and till'd,
Full to the brim our rivers flow'd ;
The melody of waters fill'd
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dash'd and rivulets play'd,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun ;
The rivers, by the blacken'd shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crush'd to get
May be a barren desert yet.

BRIANT.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

WHEN it was first proposed that we should winter in Italy, instead of pursuing our original plan of returning home from Geneva, I remember my exclamation was, "Then we shall see Pompeii!"—and now it is with a joy which as yet seems too undefined to be real, that I feel we have indeed visited this city of past ages, have penetrated into its houses, wandered amidst its deserted streets—that we have stood in its forum, and gazed on its ruined temples. Do you wonder that I feel as if awaking from a dream? Pompeii possesses an interest which even the most magnificent cities of the Roman empire must fail to excite; in them we may see finer ruins, monuments of the power and splendour of the ancients; but here, and here only, we can contemplate man as he existed in former times; here we are admitted into the retreats of private and domestic life, and can learn from observation that man is in all ages the same; we follow him from his own house to the theatres, the baths, the forum, and the temples; we trace the same actuating motives, the same love of splendour, of amusement, the same eager pursuit of business, the same impulses to soar from earth to the invisible and eternal world beyond. It is this which excites the most powerful feelings of our nature as we wander through Pompeii.

It is well known that the awful eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, took place A.D. 79, in the reign of the emperor Titus. The remembrance of these cities had entirely passed away, and their existence was known but as a tale that is told, until, in 1720, the attention of the Prince d'Elbœuf was attracted to the spot by several valuable relics of antiquity which he purchased from workmen employed at Portici in digging a well. His curiosity

being excited, he began to excavate, and was ultimately rewarded by the discovery of still more beautiful and rare antiquities, amongst which were several statues. The attention of the government of Naples was aroused by his acquisitions, and he was commanded to desist; the excavations were afterwards carried on by Charles the Third of Naples, and Herculaneum was discovered. The king, being engaged at that time in the erection of a palace at Portici, gladly availed himself of the treasures from the buried city to enrich his royal abode. The discovery of Pompeii was also the result of accident, and did not take place until 1748, when some men at work in the vineyards on the banks of the Sarno, finding several objects of curiosity, were led to make further investigation, and the city was at length revealed.

Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and entombed on the same day; their existence was terminated by the same cause and the same agent, an eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii under a shower of ashes, and obliterated Herculaneum by a flood of lava. The latter lying nearer to Vesuvius, the destructive torrent, pouring down its sides, inundated every corner and filled every crevice. This has rendered the prosecution of the excavations here difficult and dangerous to the villages built over it; the lava has become as hard as stone, and is consequently worked with great labour. Pompeii, on the contrary, to which the lava did not reach, was overwhelmed by ashes, burning stones, and hot water; these materials being of a lighter nature, lay like a crust over the city, which was easily removed. Thus, while we wandered through the streets of Pompeii in the free open air, gladdened amidst the desolation around by the bright rays of the sun and the cheerful sounds of nature, we were obliged to grope our way through the dark *passages* of Herculaneum, realizing

to our imaginations the horrors of the living grave it proved to so many of our fellow-creatures.

On reaching Portici, we alighted at a gate, over which was inscribed in large letters, "Scale di Ercolano." With wax tapers in our hands, and attended by a guide, we descended the stairs cut in the lava, and presently reached the level of the ancient city. All was darkness and gloom, and as we threaded the intricate mazes, a feeling of indescribable horror seized me. I endeavoured in vain to comprehend the description the guide gave us; I remember being led round the corridors of the theatre, and seeing the well, in sinking which the city was first discovered; but all else was unintelligible to me, and it was with delight that we quitted Herculaneum, and returned to the open day.

How different was Pompeii! I can never lose the impression made upon my mind as we entered the Street of Tombs. The ancients had a superstitious reverence for every thing touched by the lightning of Jove; it was with a similar feeling of awe that I regarded this city, which seemed to me a sacred spot: death and ruin had swept through its streets, and the silence of desolation now reigned around. Other and mightier cities have fallen by the hand of time, or the sword of barbarians; Rome, Palmyra, Babylon, the glory of them all has passed away; we can trace the causes of their decline, and watch them in their decay as in their rise; but in the dreadful fate of Pompeii there is a deeper and more startling interest. Suddenly, awfully did destruction fall upon it, as a thief in the night, crushing and burying the entire city in a few short hours; in the morning its streets were alive with the crowds eagerly pursuing their pleasure or business, heedless of the coming doom:—at night it was a mighty sepulchre! Death in many cases overtook the unconscious inhabitants in the *midst* of their employments: here the mason's ham-

ier was arrested in the act of striking the chisel ; here the sentinel was struck while at his post of duty ; one spot is pointed out where the skeleton of a poor mother was found clasping a baby to her breast, unable to shield her child from the ruin which involved them both. In the shops men were actively engaged in the business of life ; the loaves were found in the baker's oven, the hot drinks stood on the marble counters of the Thermopolium ; prisoners were discovered in their solitary cells, while the ministers of justice sat in the courts above. In many cases, men and women, terrified at the approaching torrent, seem to have attempted to escape—some by flight—but whither could they fly ? others sought refuge in the subterranean cellars, but even there death met them. The picture is too painful to realize ; everywhere traces of life and activity are visible, but activity suddenly arrested by the touch of death, and you start at the desolation and silence around. The Street of Tombs derives its name from the sepulchral monuments which line it on either side, and at its termination stands the gate of the city. The villa of Diomed, which is situated without the walls on this side of the town, although small, is amongst the best preserved houses.

All the private residences are built on nearly the same plan ; they surround a court-yard, or, in the larger, two courts are embraced in one house ; in the centre is a reservoir for water, generally of white marble ; on this we saw the marks of the cords by which the buckets had been drawn up. The sleeping apartments are of such narrow dimensions as to admit of no furniture but a bed, and many of them have no windows. The reception rooms are larger, but even in the houses of the principal citizens these are small compared with modern drawing and dining rooms. In the cellars of Diomed's villa, under the porticos which surround the garden, seventeen skele-

tons were found buried in ashes. One female figure had on, when discovered, bracelets, rings, and ornaments of gold; the skeleton mouldered away when exposed to the air, leaving only an impression of the bust in the ashes. Another poor wretch was found grasping bags of money and keys in his hands. What reflections do these pictures call up in the mind!

We now entered the city, and at first could not be persuaded to pass a single door unentered; but our guide Salvator soon convinced us that we must confine our attention to the principal objects, as we had much to see, and our time was limited. We had first, however, visited the Thermopolium, or shop in which hot drinks had been sold—the café, as Salvator called it; on the marble counter were still seen the marks left by the vessels; the oil and wine shop with the till for money; a public mill and bake-house, where under the oven we saw the beautiful capillaire growing—a strange place in which to find “the plant that loves the water-drop!” Next door to this was a soap manufactory, and a little farther on stood a house which we recognised by the serpent twined round the door-post as having been inhabited by a disciple of Esculapius.

After lingering amongst the private houses much longer than our guide thought prudent, we at length approached the forum. This is certainly the most beautiful part of Pompeii, yet to me it was less interesting than the narrow street we had just left. The view from the Temple of Jupiter, which stands at one end, raised on a high platform of steps, is singularly fine; it commands a sort of bird's eye view of the city, with its branching streets, rows of fallen columns, ruined houses, gates, and temples; the roofs of all have given way, and every interior is laid open. We saw from this point how little way *beneath* the surface of the present soil the city lay

buried; the vine-dressers were busily occupied in pruning their vines just above us.

The basilica, or court of justice, stands in the forum; in the prison beneath it, which we visited, two skeletons were found, with iron fetters upon their limbs—what a fate was theirs! Many of the temples which we now saw—dedicated to Isis, Venus, Mercury, Hercules, and other Pagan deities—are beautiful even in their ruin. The two theatres, one devoted to tragedy and the other to comedy, preserve their form and the ranges of seats entire, and on the floor of the latter is an inscription inlaid in letters of bronze. Near this spot we sat down, and, having brought our dinner from Naples, ate it beneath the shade of some vines, preferring this to entering the dirty little locanda. After dinner we crossed the unexcavated part of the city to the Amphitheatre. This is a miniature Coliseum, retaining its perfect oval form, and all the seats, many of which are still covered with marble; the vivarium too remains, and the cages for the wild beasts, in one of which the bones of a lion were discovered. We had now reached the gate at which our carriage awaited us, and, taking leave of our intelligent guide, we left Pompeii with great regret, but cherishing in our hearts a hope that we might return at some future day.

TAYLOR.

A RESIDENCE ON THE GLACIERS.

IN the autumn of 1840, Professor Agassiz, M. Desor and others, made a scientific excursion into the Alps, for the purpose of examining the glaciers or immense falls of ice which abound in the higher regions of the mountains. The following personal narrative, extracted from the *Athenæum*, may interest our readers.

THE spot chosen as the centre of operations was the *hospice of the Grimsel*. "We chose it," says the

narrator, "on account of the various phenomena which the neighbouring glaciers, and especially the lower glacier of the Aar, present on a comparatively small extent; and also because we felt assured that M. Zippach, the keeper of the *hospice*, whose kindness we well knew, would use every means in his power to forward our success."

Early in August the parties assembled at the *hospice*. Everything promised fair; the glaciers were in a fit state to be explored; guides were found, with whom they were already acquainted, and in whose ability they could trust; and the only doubt was, whether they should take up their quarters at the *hospice*, and carry on their operations thence, or encamp on the glacier itself. They determined, at length, on the latter plan, and accordingly set out in search of a suitable spot.

The lower glacier of the Aar, with which they meant to commence, is at a league's distance from the Grimsel. It can afford but little gratification to the mere tourist, for its entrance is arduous, and its scenery comparatively poor; but to the geologist it would seem that its riches are immense. Our travellers hoped to find there a hut which had been left the year before, but no trace of it was remaining. They were therefore obliged to erect another, and this they did in the centre of the glacier, where an immense rock, that rose slantingly upwards, was extremely favourable to their purpose. The hut was speedily completed; and having coated the interior with a copious layer of grass, which had been brought for this purpose, and spread a large oil-cloth over this grass to keep out the damp, they were perfectly comfortable. The same grass, covered over with the usual bed clothes, served them as mattresses. "In a few hours," continues the narrator, "we were thus in possession of a dormitory well suited to the place, and which could conveniently hold six persons.—

A coverlet suspended on a stick served as door, and before the door we established our kitchen and dining-room, which were equally sheltered by the jutting of the rock. Near them, and under another large rock, was the cellar, where we kept our provisions."

After completing this hut, the guides built another, at some distance, for themselves. The former received the name of *Hôtel des Neuf Chatelois*, in honour of its inmates; and the title was carved upon the exterior, to be a witness to future travellers. When thus comfortably established they commenced their scientific labours. The instruments had been conveyed to the *hospice*, and thence to the hut, with great difficulty; and now, that the observations might be more complete, every man of the party had his particular duty allotted to him; one to make observations on the weather, another to examine the red snow, and so on; all results being submitted to M. Agassiz for his opinion. In this manner time flew quickly by. They were dwelling where no mortal had probably dwelt before; but, although isolated from the rest of the world, they had too much to occupy and interest them, to regret the absence of its bustle and amusement.

They were not, however, entirely without company. The wife of M. Agassiz visited them, with his little boy; several travellers and tourists, who heard of their dwelling in the mountains, also came to see them; and they every day received supplies of food from the *hospice*, and along with it all the news that reached there. Their life, moreover, however monotonous it might seem, needed no foreign aid to render it agreeable. Their most trifling occupations afforded them amusement. They made observations out of doors, and then examined and discussed those observations within. "The result of the social arrangement which we had imposed upon ourselves," says M. Desor, "was, that we *seldom* saw each other during the day

except at meals. We rose early, usually at four o'clock; at least, that was the hour when the guides arrived. Their first thing they had to do was to light the fire for breakfast. The morning conversation then began. Inquiries were made as to the state of the weather during the night, as well as its actual state. Is the sky clear? are there hopes of a fine day? how many degrees of cold does the thermometer indicate? &c. The breakfast was soon ready. "Come, gentlemen, (Jacob, the guide, would say,) if you wish to take your chocolate before it is cold, you must come quickly." This was a painful moment, for, in spite of the smoke which filled the dormitory as soon as the fire was lit, its warmth was extremely agreeable. How we wished to take our chocolate in bed! but this our regulations did not allow. At last, it was necessary to make up one's mind to throw off the bed-clothes, and to muster up sufficient courage to support the unpleasant sensation of going out into the cold air, previously to washing our hands and face in the icy water that was ready for the purpose. This latter operation was an infallible means of making every one alert, and putting him in good spirits. We then hurried round the large chocolate-pot, ate our breakfast with a good appetite, and separated to our respective employments.

The hours of meals were not the least agreeable ones. Every one brought to them a good appetite and good humour. We possessed, moreover, in Jacob, an excellent cook, who could diversify our dishes as much as circumstances allowed. In rising in the morning we took chocolate; at nine we breakfasted *à la fourchette*, with cold meat and a glass of wine; at twelve we dined, and this was the principal meal. We had mutton-broth, seasoned, in lieu of vegetables, with a little garlic, of which we had an ample supply among the grass. Then came the boiled mutton, which we always found excellent. Sometimes we in-

dulged in a chop, but this was seldom. At seven we had a cup of broth, or a cup of coffee.

We did not stay up late, as may easily be imagined. In general we went to bed with the setting sun, soon after supper. At this hour the temperature was usually below zero; the numberless little rills, congealed by the cold, stopped flowing one after the other; the cascades ceased to run; and, free from all care, we fell peacefully asleep in our little hut."

They had on an average but two fine days out of three; and in spite of the pre-occupation which their pursuits naturally occasioned, it is probable that, from time to time, a thought crossed their minds as to proceedings in this nether world, for we find that a trip to the *hospice* was a favourite excursion with them all, except M. Agassiz, who never left the glacier. It is true their collections required arranging occasionally; but still we suspect that in these visits there was a hope that they might gather up a little of the gossiping news of mortals. "Although the Grimsel is a passage very much frequented, the *hospice* is, nevertheless, in general empty during the day. Most of the travellers spend there the night only, and continue their route very early the next morning. Whenever, therefore, any of us passed the day there, we had no fear of being disturbed in our occupations. It is only at the approach of evening that the tourists crowd in from every quarter.

Nothing is more amusing than to compare the effect which bad weather has on tourists. Some are fierce in their denunciations against the country, and declare everything detestable; others are plunged in a gloomy melancholy; some,—and these are the most sensible,—are resigned, and comfort themselves with the reflection that the fine weather will return." M. Desor, in illustration, here relates an extraordinary story of an extraordinary Englishman:—

"It is among the *English* that the most eccentric

characters are to be met with. One evening, as we were at supper, whilst the wind and rain rattled against the windows, the little Marguerite came running in to tell us, with a roguish look, that a gentleman had just arrived, and that she had never seen any man so big, or so wet. 'You must bring him in,' we all exclaimed; and accordingly she returned, an instant after, followed by an enormous person,—a real colossus, who did nothing but repeat, '*Je veux une appartement pour moi toute seule; entendez-vous? pour moi toute seule.*' ('I want to have an apartment entirely to myself—do you understand? entirely to myself.') The room was hardly high enough, and the doorway but just broad enough to admit him. Marguerite was desirous of leading him to the fire, but he would not hear of it, saying, 'he was never cold, but was now very hungry.' The next morning the first person I met on going down stairs was the big Englishman; and as I was curious to make his acquaintance, and as he looked less sulky than the day before, I began the conversation. The first thing he did was to inform me that he never wore a shirt in travelling. He had a shirt nevertheless, but he kept it for dinner; and in order to make it last the longer, he always took it off again after that meal. He was then dressed in M. Zippach's coat, whilst his own was drying; and when the latter was brought to him, he gave us an opportunity of admiring the extraordinary size of his arms. On my inquiring whether he were acquainted with the neighbourhood, he informed me that he had visited it ten years before on a chamois-hunting excursion, but that he was, at present, come merely to reduce his corpulency, and that it had greatly decreased since he had been in the mountains. I was very desirous of taking him to our hut, but he declined it, saying he did not like glaciers. After dinner, as I was returning to my companions, I met him again.

"Well, sir, have you seen any chamois?"

"No, but marmotes. Are there any marmotes near your hut?"

"No, sir."

"And why not?"

"Probably because they find no food there."

"But then what do you do in your hut?"

"We make thermometrical and barometrical observations."

"Oh, I too make thermometrical observations, but not with a thermometer."

"Pray, how then?"

"Oh, its very simple: I take off my shoes and stockings, and then walk on the ice with naked feet, and observe the temperature."

"That's a very original manner of judging of the cold," I replied; "but one which everybody would not relish."

The party now began to think of putting into execution a favourite project, which was to try to pass the Strahleck, and cross the *Mer de Glace*, which separates the glacier of Finsteraar from that of Gridelwald.

In accordance with this project everything was got ready for the departure; the collections were put in order and sent to the *hospice*, and the necessary provisions prepared. Several excellent guides were also procured, and under their guidance the party set off, with some feeling of regret, from their little home on the glacier. The prospect before them was, however, an encouraging one, for it was one of enterprise, and the morning dawned forth gloriously.

They had three leagues walking from the hut to the foot of the Strahleck. The road was down a slight descent; the gaps and crevices were filled with hard snow, the varied colour of which warned them when to turn aside. At last they came to the bottom of the hill, and here some friends who had joined them with a view of crossing the pass, but whose

strength was unequal to the task, were persuaded to return. The first impression which the sight of the far-famed mountain made on them, was one of disappointment. They had expected to find something much more imposing and sublime; but as they looked up at what appeared to them but a gentle slope, they consoled themselves at least that it would not be a difficult undertaking to ascend it. They reflected, however, that appearances in the Alps are exceedingly deceptive; and they soon had reason to acknowledge that they had been too sanguine. At the suggestion of the guides they ascended in single file. By degrees the ascent grew steeper and steeper, and the path itself was so soft that they were up to their knees in the snow. The guides then thought it prudent to tie them all one to the other, by means of a long rope. The two leading guides alone remained unfettered, that they might the more freely reconnoitre the way.

“It was a fine sight to see with what caution, and at the same time with what boldness, these two intelligent and hardy mountaineers cleared the path for us: now trampling down the snow in order to prevent us from sinking too deep, then cutting steps with their axes in the hard ice, at the same time exhorting us with signs and voice not to ‘change feet,’ to remain at equal distances one from the other, and not to look back, since the declivity was such as to render dizzy the most veteran climbers. Agassiz, who measured the angle of the ascent, found that it was upwards of 40° . It is impossible to advance in a straight line on such a steep, and consequently we made a continual zig-zag.”

On arriving at the top, they were amply repaid for their toil. The magnificent chain of the lower Alps burst upon their view, and the beautiful pyramid of Niesen, washed by the waters of the lake Thoun, was

also before them. At some distance off they could see the colossal heights of the Eiger, of the Monch, and numberless unknown mountains. The few instruments which they had brought were now unpacked, and they spent an hour in observations. A small collation was then produced, and in the keen and healthy air of the mountains they enjoyed a hearty meal. "Whilst thus employed," says M. Desor, "we suddenly perceived, to our great astonishment, on the side of the nearest elevation, two chamois, which, as if they had been attracted by so unusual a visit, came galloping towards us. They seemed not to fear us; and when we expressed our wonder that these animals, usually so timorous, should approach so near (they were within carbine-shot), our guide affirmed that it was because they knew we were unarmed." In half an hour more the party set out again.

"Towards ten o'clock in the morning we began to descend towards Grindelwald. As the snowy declivity which we had to descend was steep in several places, and as our guides proposed to let us slide down, we were prudent enough to tie ourselves one to another once again. The wisdom of this precaution was soon evident, for we had scarcely started, when I felt my footing give way, and at the same moment I saw Pourtales sink up to his chest; we were in a gap, but we had hardly time to think of the danger, being drawn down by the motion of those before us. The latter would not even have been aware of our fall, had not Pourtales called on them to stop. He had been imprudent enough to tie himself with a running knot, so that the tightening of the rope gave him great pain." After a league of this work they had to give up sliding, on account of the extreme steepness of the path, and were obliged to walk cautiously. On the way M. Desor let drop his stick, which whirled

down to the bottom of the mountain. As the descent became once more a little less abrupt, they again tried sliding.

"I now learnt," says M. Desor, "and paid dearly for the lesson, how valuable a stick is in such circumstances. It was sufficient for Agassiz to move at all abruptly, or for Pourtales to slacken his pace, to throw me sprawling on the snow. I endeavoured several times to rise, begging of them to walk more uniformly, but they were not masters of their motions. Generally I drew with me both of those behind me; and at last, tired with being tossed about in this way, I made up my mind to release myself, and slide as chance might have it. We came in this manner very pleasantly to the bottom of the descent, where our guides received us in their arms, to prevent us from being dashed against the rocks. As we approached the glacier of the Eiger, we were suddenly startled by a shout. Assuredly we did not expect to hear a human voice in the midst of these solitudes. The guide told us that it was the shepherd of the Eiger, who had seen us from some crag. Soon after we espied his hut, built between two glaciers. This shepherd spends all the warm season in the midst of the glaciers."

The smoothness of the way now allowed them to direct their attention to scientific purposes, and they examined different phenomena as they went along. They were, however, aroused by the voice of the guide, who called on them to hasten on, if they hoped to escape unhurt. The fact was, he was afraid that the warmth of the sun might detach some flakes of ice from the neighbouring steep; and his apprehensions were well founded, for an hour afterwards they began to hear them falling on all sides.

They had now to choose, either by turning aside to go by a secure but circuitous route, or straight forward over a hardly practicable pass, to Gridelwald.

Buoyed up, however, by their recent success, they boldly resolved on the latter, and with incredible difficulty and danger they arrived at last at the end of the *Mer de Glace*. On turning round a jutting rock they came in view of the green village and church of Gridelwald. Never had any scene before appeared so delightful. After the wearisome sameness of unvaried snow, their eyes expanded at the sight of verdant fields, cheerful spires, and busy houses. Along with the satisfaction of being thus once again in the abodes of men, they felt no small degree of honest pride at what they had achieved. Nor were the guides the least vain-glorious; they hid the ropes, and stoutly asserted that their sticks were their only support over a pass which few ever dared to attempt.

They now returned to the *hospice*, and only met with one adventure on the road. After describing the difficulties of the way, M. Desor continues:—"Add to this, we had to struggle against a flock of sheep, which, as if in defiance, stood before us and obstructed our way, at the same time deafening us with their bleating. When he had succeeded in driving one set away, another soon came up and recommenced the same uproar and the same manœuvring. 'Your Swiss sheep must be mad,' M. Arnaud (a Frenchman who had joined them) would repeat with pettishness. And in truth, a stranger must be astonished to find such boldness in animals usually so mild. The reason is, the sheep pass the whole of the warm season in the higher regions of the Alps, and are only visited when it is necessary to provide them with salt. Hence, as soon as they espy a human figure, they crowd round him in order to obtain their rations. The party soon arrived at the *hospice*, where they were welcomed by M. Zippach, who was growing anxious about their safety. Another day still remained, and with it the period allotted for

the excursion would end. After some discussion it was decided that this last day they would ascend and sleep on the top of the Liedlehorn, in order to see the sun set and rise. They went, but the mountain was so enveloped in clouds and fog that they could see nothing; and the next morning they hurried down from the summit, and proceeded to their respective homes.

THE GREAT FIRE OF HAMBURGH.

THIS ill-fated but far-famed city, so large a section of which now unfortunately lies prostrate by the effects of the late dreadful conflagration, was, according to Malte-Brun, founded by Charlemagne, and has often been subject to dreadful calamities, arising from inundations, fire, and the destructive effects of war. In 1510 it was declared to be an imperial city, and, after London and Amsterdam, the most commercial one in Europe; in the same year the river Elbe overflowed it, and the damage sustained amounted to 5,000,000 of marks. In 1771, although a dyke had been built along the river, the water broke through the barrier, and covered the whole neighbourhood, and the greater portion of the city; the destruction of the merchandise, and other description of property, amounted to 8,000,000 of marks. In 1790 the Elbe rose in one night upwards of 20 feet. This sudden inundation caused the loss of numbers of lives, and the damage to property was incalculable. In 1810 this unfortunate city was doomed, from its peculiar local situation, to suffer from the scourge of war, which then pervaded the continent, and was made the capital of a department—"the Mouths of the Elbe." With a population of 128,000 it was suddenly changed into a fortified town. The military works occasioned a loss of property to the amount of £3,000,000 sterling, and in addition to the wants of the various armies, by which it was often surrounded, rendered demands to be made on the bank of the industrious citizens to the amount of 10,000 000 of marks.

ON Thursday, the 5th May, 1842, about one o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in a narrow and obscure street of Hamburgh, called the Deich Strasse. The watch were quickly on the spot, but did not succeed in stopping the progress of the flames. In the upper part of the house in which the fire originated a quantity of rags were stored, and although at

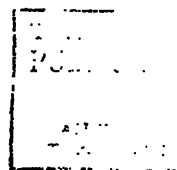
the time when it burst forth there was little wind stirring, the combustible nature of these materials and the large proportion of timber used in the construction of the neighbouring houses in that narrow street rendered them an easy prey to the flames. Eight or nine hours after the commencement of the fire, it was mentioned in distant parts of the city, which the conflagration afterwards reached, that a large fire was raging in the neighbourhood of the Deich Strasse; but this news, detailed as part of the morning's gossip, excited only that general sentiment of regret which persons who are not likely to be themselves sufferers are apt to entertain on such occasions. The householder of Pall-Mall fears not for himself when a fire occurs at Temple Bar, and yet a space as extensive as this was finally comprehended in the same devastation at Hanburgh. This indifference was soon changed into consternation as accounts were successively circulated respecting the extent of the fire; though still many who lived in parts which were yet distant from its ravages felt themselves secure; and sympathy for the loss of property and the distresses of others was the only feeling which these reports called forth. But the fire continued to rage wildly and fiercely, and at length there was not an inhabitant of Hamburgh who did not tremble with apprehension at its awful progress, as it swept from street to street, across the canals and market-places, enveloping churches, the public buildings of the city, warehouses with their stores of coffee, sugar, tobacco, corn, and other merchandise, the lighter in the canal ready to discharge its cargo, shops, dwelling-houses, and all in one common ruin. The wind had changed into a violent gale, and gave wings to the burning embers which rose from the crackling timbers as the roof-tree and crumbling walls yielded to the fury of the conflagration. The following letter, written by a young lady on the spot, gives so excellent a general view of

the progress of the fire, and the circumstances which marked its successive stages, that we are induced to transcribe it in preference to compiling our account from a variety of other sources. The letter is dated on the 9th of May :—

“ On Thursday morning (says the writer), Ascension-day, the 5th instant, my sister, her husband, and I walked to the French church. Frederick, on taking away the breakfast, told us that since eight or nine o'clock a terrible fire had been raging in the Deich Strasse. Papa, who knows the distance between the Neuer Jungfernstieg and the Deich Strasse, will agree that we had no cause for alarm. In coming out of church the servant said to Madame Parish (who, you are aware, lives in the country, and had come thence this morning direct), that she could not go to her town-house in the carriage; that twenty-two houses had already been totally burnt—that, in fact, hers was in great danger, and that the fire was becoming more and more formidable. A few hours afterwards came the news that the house of Mr. Parish was no more, and that the flames were spreading every instant. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, from our attic windows, we witnessed the destruction of St. Nicholas's church. It was terrible to see this beautiful building become the prey of the element, which was becoming more fearful the more ground it gained. My sister and her husband were to have gone to the Opera in the evening, but it was announced that in consequence of the calamity there would be no performance. The spectacle became from hour to hour more shocking. The whole city now began to show the most lively alarm. The bells, the firing of cannon, the cries and confusion in the streets, all presaged a night of anguish and terror. Our apprehensions, alas! were but too faithfully realized. It was not, however, till night had spread *her sad wings* over the scene that we could perceive

the whole extent of the destruction which menaced the entire city. The heavens became as red as blood—the devouring flames, increased more and more by an impetuous wind, rose to a gigantic height. At seven o'clock Madame —— came to us in a wretched state. She told us that her sisters at Holzdamm (who were farther from the fire than we, the flames having taken the direction of Dreck Wall and Bleichen) had sent all their valuables to her, so great was the fear they were in. We could hardly avoid smiling; for we thought it incredible that the fire could possibly reach Holzdamm. At ten, Madame —— went home, and my sister retired to bed towards eleven, but afterwards we received a visit from some gentlemen, who came to say that serious measures were about to be taken, by blowing up some houses which were likely to cause the fire to spread farther. At half-past twelve, I went to bed myself; but the noise of the explosions, the rumbling of the carriages and carts, the cries, the large flakes of fire which every instant were driven impetuously by the wind across my windows, threatening to set fire to our house, the excessive light of the conflagration, the whistling of the wind, and, as you will easily think, the idea that the lives of persons in whom we were interested were in continual danger, not to mention the conviction of the numberless misfortunes that were happening, prevented all sleep. The windows trembled with the redoubled concussions of the explosions, and the whole house seemed as if it would be annihilated. In such a state I could not close an eye; visions and dreams, but, above all, still sadder realities presented themselves to my imagination continually. Before three o'clock had struck I found myself again with my sister, who, like me, had been kept awake by the dreadful noise caused by the blowing up of the Rath-haus. At this moment an order of the police was announced to us to wet the roof of our house, and to cause the water to flow in

the gutters. Frederick had flown to the assistance of his brothers. We were therefore alone, and mounting on the roof, scarcely dressed, were soon throwing over it pails of water, and our neighbours were doing the same. We prepared ourselves for the worst—threw on our clothes: the confusion increased—we could not remain. We packed up in sheets and in boxes some of our effects. With the appearance of day our fears increased. It was a spectacle as sublime as it was fearful to view the sun, clear and brilliant, rising in all its splendour over the Lombard's bridge, and on the city side to see nothing but a single mass of flames. It was not, however, a moment for contemplation, but for action; for the worst was to come. We called for the coachman to carry away the things we had packed; but how ridiculous to think we had any longer servants at our disposal! The city, or the passengers, had become masters of the coachmen of my brother-in-law and his mother, and not a man was to be got to carry away our effects for love or money; our horses were harnessed to the fire-engines, and the greatest confusion prevailed. Now succeeded hours which I cannot describe to you. The old Jungfernstieg began to be endangered. The Alster, before our windows, was covered with barges full of burning furniture; the old Jungfernstieg heaped also with goods on fire. On the promenade even of the new Jungfernstieg, I do not speak too largely when I say there were thousands of cars full of furniture, of merchandise, and of people who were saving themselves. Two carts were burning before our house. With our own hands we helped to extinguish the flames. A woman was on fire before our eyes; fortunately I perceived it in time to save her. The horses became unmanageable, and fell down with fright almost into the Alster. A tremendous shower of ashes and of fire nearly suffocated us, and obstructed our sight. The wind blew with great violence, and the dust was





frightful. The fire had now gained St. Peter's. The people thought the Day of Judgment was come. They wept, they screamed, they knew not what to do at the sight of so much misery. The horses, without drivers, were dragging the carts about in disorder over the Esplanade. Soldiers escorted from the city the dead and the dying, and prisoners who had been plundering. At last, after the greatest efforts, we obtained carts and horses to transport our goods; but the exhausted horses, as well as men, refused to work. With bread in our hands we ourselves fed them. Whole families fell down and fainted before our doors. Along all the walls and out of the Damthor and other gates nothing was to be seen but one spectacle of misery—a camp of unfortunates in bivouac, groaning, exhausted, famishing. I saw some who had become deranged, mothers with infants at breasts which had no nourishment for them. Fauteuilles of gold and satin adorned the ramparts, and the poor exhausted firemen were reposing on them."

The burning of the church of St. Nicholas is described by various persons as a magnificent spectacle. It was four hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty broad, and the spire was four hundred feet in height. The copper with which the spire was covered became so intensely heated as to ignite the wood-work of the edifice. After burning some time, the steeple fell gradually in. This was on the evening of Thursday. About this time three Englishmen, residing at Hamburgh, and engaged in the profession of civil engineers, proposed to the senate to blow up some of the houses in the vicinity of the fire, so as to create a barrier to its progress; but while they deliberated on this proposal, the conflagration seemed to gather fresh strength. The three Englishmen at length received the sanction of the Senate to use their best endeavours to accomplish their purpose. Gunpowder could not be procured for some time, but small quantities were

obtained from the stores of private individuals, and some of the houses nearest the fire were blown up; but at first this process was conducted on too small a scale to accomplish the effect intended. The wind occasionally veered and changed the direction of the fire, and burning flakes carried destruction into fresh quarters. It was natural that the process of wilfully destroying property by blowing up houses not yet in flames should at first be conducted with too much timidity; but the scale of operations was subsequently enlarged, when it became apparent that this was the chief means by which the safety of the remainder of the city could be effected. Many Englishmen residing in Hamburg, and the crews of one or two English ships, assisted their three countrymen in their endeavours to arrest the fire; and it was while thus engaged that a few cases occurred in which they were ill-treated by the mob, who, in the midst of such scenes of horror, not unnaturally mistook them for a band of incendiaries. Many persons took advantage of the confusion and entered houses under the pretence of removing property to a place of security, but in reality to obtain plunder, or for the sake of intoxicating liquors. Twelve of these unfortunate wretches were subsequently found buried by rubbish in a wine-cellar. The loss of life was otherwise comparatively trifling, not amounting to fifty altogether; but so many persons being suddenly deprived of the shelter and comforts of home, and driven for safety to the open fields, added to the mental shock occasioned by such disasters, would doubtless hurry numbers prematurely to the grave. Some died in the streets and highways while the fire was raging.

About mid-day on Sunday, May 8th, the fire exhausted itself on the eastern side of the large sheet of water called the Binnen Alster, leaving a space of ground nearly a mile in length and, in one part, about *half a mile* wide covered with the smouldering ruins

of houses, shops, warehouses, churches, and public buildings. The Bank was destroyed, but fortunately the treasure in money and bullion was safely secured in fire-proof vaults. The churches of St. Peter and Gertrude, the Rath-haus, two prisons, the orphan-house, were also destroyed. The new Exchange, although in the midst of the conflagration, was not injured. The number of streets and places totally destroyed was forty-eight, comprising two thousand houses, or one-fifth of the total number of houses in the city. Thirty thousand persons were rendered homeless. The reflection of the fire was seen by the passengers on board a Swedish steam-boat in the Baltic, and pieces of burning tapestry, paper, silk, &c., fell at Lubeck, forty miles distant from Ham-burgh.

SHIPWRECK OF THE KITE, AND IMPRISONMENT OF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS IN CHINA.

THERE are few narratives that have interested us more than the one now placed before the reader. The novel scenes here described fail not to awaken curiosity, while we freely accord our sympathy at the recital of the many privations and sufferings endured. The Kite, a brig of 281 tons, commanded by John Noble, sailed from Shields to Bordeaux, in July, 1839; thence in October to the Mauritius, with a cargo of wines; and early in the following year to Madras, where she was taken up by Government to carry stores to the British fleet destined for China. The vessel arrived at Chusan only a day too late to be present at its capture. After one or two trips, she was unfortunately wrecked, on the 15th of September, 1840, at the mouth of the Yeang-tse-keang river. Some of the party, among whom was Mrs. Noble, saved themselves in the jolly boat; others, among whom was Mr. Scott, bestirred themselves in collecting spars and booms to make a raft. They were thus separated into two parties, of whose privations and dangers narratives have been published. Mrs. Noble, the wife of the commander of the vessel, thus furnishes the melancholy details in a letter to a friend.

I SHALL infer that you know all our affairs up to, I think, the 10th of September, when the Kite was

again on her way to Chusan; all went well to the 15th, and we then hoped to reach Chusan in two days. About 12 o'clock in the forenoon, the vessel struck on an awful quick-sand, not laid down in the chart. The shock was as sudden as it was dreadful; all efforts at the moment were used, but in vain, and in a few moments, almost before we could think or speak, or alas! even have time to fetch my sweet child from the cabin, the vessel went over with a tremendous crash on her broadside, and every creature on board (except my dear child) was precipitated with great violence into the sea. The moment was so dreadful I saw nothing, and whether my beloved husband, who was giving orders to the last moment, ran to the cabin to save his darling child, or whether he fell with the rest, I know not; but, alas! he was never seen or heard of more; his last words to me were "Hold on, Anne!"—never, never shall I forget them. My sweet child must have perished in his cradle. I tremble to think of the sufferings of both. Oh! how often have I wished I had shared the same grave, yet the will of God was otherwise, and I know it was very wicked; but when you know my almost unparalleled sufferings, you will not wonder at it. To return to the wreck—after struggling under water for some time, I caught hold of one of the iron bars that held the boat on the quarter, to which I clung, my body being still in the water, and the breakers coming over me with great force. Lieut. Douglas arose close by me, and although for a time he could not help me, yet I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude the kind manner in which he stood by me, doing all in his power to soothe me, and, by his orders, to save the lives of all. Oh! could I picture to you the scene at this moment—the vessel on her broadside, her masts and sails in the water, numbers of persons rising and clinging to the wreck, the horror of every countenance, and the dreadful

noise of the breakers : but it is too much even to tell you I saw it all : never, never shall I forget the sight. Lieut. Douglas, with Mr. Witts, the chief officer, who now kindly came forward to my aid, did all in their power to save me, and they were, by the blessing of God, the means of preserving my unhappy life. These two gentlemen, with the poor cabin boys, got into the boat. I had just strength to raise my foot, of which one of the gentlemen took hold, drew the boat to, and lifted me in. The boat being nearly full of water and the breakers still coming over it every moment, the gentlemen were obliged to cut the rope to prevent her sinking. The current immediately took her, and nothing could prevent her from leaving the wreck. The people had now got on the upper side of the vessel. I strained my eyes in vain to find those so dear to me. I saw all but them. I tore my hair in despair, and called till they could hear me no longer, telling them to seek my husband and child. Hour after hour the wreck was seen ; at last we lost sight of it entirely. You will fancy me weeping and screaming all this time ; I assure you, no : my trouble was too overwhelming ; I could not shed a tear, although my heart was fit to break ; I sat more like a statue, my eyes seeking in vain for the wreck. The boat's little kedger was thrown out, and the water rushing by was almost like a wall on either side of our boat. We saw many things washed from the wreck pass us. About 4 o'clock the current turned in our favour, and after some hours of anxiety we came in sight of the wreck ; as we drew near, we found the vessel had sunk in the sand, and only her maintop was now in sight, to which all the poor sufferers clung for life. Efforts were made to reach the wreck, but it was impossible. Lieut. Douglas spoke to the men and told them to make a raft, hoping on the morrow to be able to render them some assistance. We now again *left the wreck*, and night began to set

in; the gentlemen lay down in the bottom of the boat, and I sat and kept watch by the stars. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but I need not say appeared very long, and often did I speak to Lieut. Douglas, who slept very little.

On the 16th, we again passed the wreck early, and, as before, strove in vain to reach the poor crew. A few words were spoken, until we were carried away by the current. In the afternoon we passed the wreck for the last time; every thing possible was done to reach it, but to no purpose; and after speaking a few words, once more we had to endure the trial of being carried past. What our feelings were, none but those in a like situation can conceive. It was now again night, and, as before, I kept my melancholy watch. After this we could not find the wreck, and we were obliged to come to the dreadful conclusion that all the crew must have perished, or have been taken from the wreck by the Chinese. I now felt almost sure, that I was a widow, and all alone in the world; but yet I think I hoped even against hope, and Lieut. Douglas, who was most kind to me, rather led me to believe such happiness possible. Oh! could I only tell you all the kindness I received from that dear gentleman. One remark he made, when I felt almost heart-broken, was, "Depend on it, my dear Mrs. Noble, the Almighty has preserved you for a future and a better purpose." Thus did he at all times, in the most kind and soothing manner, try to cheer my truly sad heart. Picture for a moment our situation—five of us in a small boat, with little clothing—the gentlemen being but thinly clad, and myself in a thin morning gown, no bonnet, no shawl, and no shoes, the latter having been washed off: no food, no water, no sail, only two oars and near an enemy's country. On this day we went on board a fishing-boat; the men were kind to us and gave us a little dry rice, some water, and an old mat to try to

make a sail of. Soon after, we thought we saw a small English sail; never shall I forget the excitement we felt; but, after a long time, we found we were mistaken. Towards evening we picked up a small pumpkin, of which I took a little—the first food I had taken since the wreck. Whilst we were thus driven about from place to place, again we thought we thought we saw a steamer, and we did all in our power to make them observe us, raising a signal of distress on one of our oars, and once more we were as before disappointed. On Wednesday night the breakers came over our little boat with such violence, that we thought she would have sunk; it washed away one of our oars, and we were all wet through; but still the Almighty preserved us, glory be to his holy name! Lieut. Douglas and myself had a prayer together, in which we thanked God for all his past mercies, and asked his future protection; we were very cold, but felt comforted.

Thursday, the 17th, we boarded another boat, and asked them to take us to Chusan, which they promised to do, but to which the master of the party would not accede. However, they took us up a canal, and told us that was the way. It now began to rain a little, and at night we found ourselves in a small creek, with numbers of Chinamen round us. They appeared kind, and brought us a little boiled rice. Wonderful to say, although we had been so long without food, not one in the boat complained of hunger; and of the rice now brought, very little was eaten; the rain now fell fast, and we all lay down in the bottom of the boat, and laid the old mat over the top. About twelve o'clock I thought I heard footsteps, and on looking up saw about twenty Chinamen round our boat, carrying gay lanterns. I awoke Lieut. Douglas in alarm; however, they still appeared kind and gave us more food. In the morning, it being very wet, we went barefooted to a Chinaman's

house. After sitting a short time, they told us that they would get us something to eat, and then take us to Chusan. We followed; they took us to a temple for shelter from the rain. One of the party now left us, and we began to suspect that all was not right, and set off to regain our boat. Alas! it was too late. We had scarcely ascended the bank, when, on looking behind, we saw a large party of soldiers, a Mandarin, and numbers of Chinese, pursuing us. We saw at once we were betrayed; flight was impossible, resistance as vain. I was leaning on Lieut. Douglas's arm; he stood boldly in my defence, but it was of no use, for they struck me several times. They then put chains around our necks, hurrying us along a path, not half a yard in breadth, to a large city, through every street of which they led us. The people thronged by thousands to stare, so that we could scarcely pass. Their savage cries were terrific. From this they led us to a temple full of soldiers, and one of the wretches stole my wedding ring from my finger, the only thing I treasured. Alas! that I was not to keep that one dear pledge of my husband's affection. They then set a table and wrote Chinese, asking whether we understood it. Never shall I forget that temple, their fierce grimace and savage threats. Hitherto Lieut. Douglas had been my only friend, and I think I may say, that we have been a mutual comfort to one another throughout our sufferings. But we were now to part. The soldiers bound Lieut. Douglas's hands behind him, and tied him to a post, and in this situation I was forced from him. We took an affectionate leave of one another, as friends never expecting to meet again, until we met in heaven. He gave me his black silk handkerchief to tie round my waist, which I shall ever treasure as a remembrance of that truly sad moment. We anticipated death in its most cruel form; and I think I

could say, surely the bitterness of death is past ! I now felt indeed alone.

Mr. Witts, one of the boys, and myself, were now again dragged through the rain, and my feet being bare, I slipped at every step, and they were at last obliged to bring me a pair of straw sandals. I was obliged to hang to the coat of a tall man, who held me by the chain. We must have looked wretched in the extreme, our clothes being much covered with dirt, as well as drenched with rain. My hair hung dishevelled round my neck. In this state we must have walked at least twenty miles, and passed through numberless cities, all the inhabitants of which crowded round us ; their hooting and savage yells were frightful. We twice passed through water nearly up to our waist. After having reached a temple, we were allowed to rest ourselves on some stones. They gave us here some prison clothes and food. At night they laid down some mats and a quilt, on either side of a large temple. Mr, Witts and the boy took one side, and after a short prayer to my Almighty Heavenly Father, I lay down, but not to sleep ; the chain round our necks being fastened to the wall. Would that I could describe to you the scene !—the temple beautifully lighted up with lanterns, our miserable beds, and more miserable selves, all the dark faces of the frightful looking Chinese (of whom I think there were eight), the smoke from their long pipes : the din of the gongs and other noises, which they kept up all night, were indeed horrid. Long, very long, did this night appear. Morning at last dawned, and the keepers brought us a little water to wash with, which was a great comfort ; after which they led us to an open court, to be exposed to the public gaze of numberless spectators to come throughout the day. Here they took our height, the length of our hair, and noted every feature in an exact manner, and then

made us write an account of the wreck of the Kite. In the evening I was taken to see the Mandarin's wife and daughters, but although my appearance must have been wretched in the extreme, they did not evince the least feeling towards me, but rather treated me as an object of scorn. This I felt the more, as I was enabled to make them understand that I had lost both my dear husband and child in the wreck. We remained here two days and three nights, derided and taunted by all around us. On the morning of Monday, the 21st, they took the end of our chains, and bade us follow them. They put our coats and quilts into small cages, just such as we should think a proper place to confine a wild beast in; mine was scarcely a yard high, a little more than three-quarters of a yard long, and a little more than half a yard broad. The door opened from the top. Into these we were lifted, the chain round our necks being locked to the cover. They put a long piece of bamboo through the middle, a man took either end, and in this manner we were jolted from city to city, to suffer insults from the rabble, the cries of whom were awful.

In body I was now very weak, having scarcely eaten anything since the wreck; but my spirit was strong in the Lord. We again stopped at another city, and were taken out of our cages, having heavy irons put on our legs, with a chain half a yard long. Mr. Witts and the boy had also irons on their wrists; although I saw mine, they did not put them on at that time. The former were carried on board one boat, and I myself put into another; and thus we proceeded two days and three nights on a canal, during which time I did not taste any food, as they would not permit me to get out of my little cage on any account. You may judge what my sufferings were.

I believe it was Wednesday, the 23rd, that we arrived at Ningpo. You may imagine my happiness

in finding my dear friend Lieut. Douglas, and my delight to hear that he had been treated rather better than myself, and had arrived here a short time before. I also heard with gratitude and joy, that all the Kite's crew had been taken from the wreck by the Chinese, and were prisoners in the city. But alas, alas ! with all this good news my worst fears were confirmed, that all I treasured lay buried in the ocean. What can I say ?—my dear child could not have lived in an open boat and suffered as I had done, and my devoted husband, being of a warm and most affectionate temper, would not, could not, have lived to have seen me suffer as I have suffered, and how would it have torn my heart to have seen those, ten thousand times dearer to me than my own life, endure so much ! I humbly pray to be enabled to say, " thy will be done !"

At Ningpo I was sorry to find another prisoner, Captain Anstruther of the Madras Artillery, who has since proved to me a most kind and true friend : there was also the Compradore, whom I think you have some knowledge of. My most cruel sufferings were now at an end, and of course I felt more deeply my sad loss ; yet I knew, that I still enjoyed many blessings. Captain Anstruther's prison was next door to mine, and I had the pleasure of seeing him often. The Mandarins gave me some Chinese clothes of the gayest colours ; distressing as it was to my feelings, I was obliged to wear them, and I was put into, what the keeper styled, a clean prison with a woman to attend on me in my captivity. After breakfasting with Lieutenant Douglas at the Mandarin's, I went to my lonely cell,—a small dirty room, two sides of which were a mere grating, in many places daylight appeared through the rafters, and it was scarcely fit to live in, its only furniture being my cage (in which I still slept at night, and into which I was put whenever I went to any of the Mandarins ;) a lamp, an

old table, and a stool. For the first time after the wreck, I was enabled to undress myself and arrange my hair. I could not but rejoice when a large room was prepared for the three gentlemen to reside together in,—Lieutenant Douglas having been hitherto obliged to endure all the discomforts of the common prison,—although it deprived me of the company of my friend. Subsequently we met only when we visited and dined at the Mandarin's which we did at first frequently, but after their curiosity was satisfied, I seldom saw them. When at their home, they amused themselves by questioning us about Her Majesty and her government, the number of her navy and army, and the rank and income of the officers. Often I had to repeat my sad tale, particularly on the arrival of other officers; this I thought a great trial, especially when alone. Their inquiries about our respective families were most minute: particularly what relatives we were to Queen Victoria, and whether I myself was not her sister, which, notwithstanding what was said to the contrary, I was declared to be. But it would be endless to repeat all the foolish questions they asked; however, they made notes of all our replies. Captain Anstruther was generally employed drawing, and I am sure his great talent as well as the patience he exhibited often ensured us kindness. I dwell with gratification on those bright shades of my then dreary life. It was always with deep regret I saw the arrival of my little cage. I had the pleasure of receiving from the gentlemen's prison a note almost daily. The Compradore lived near me, and shewed me many and great acts of kindness.

Two days after the removal of the gentlemen from the common prison, all the remaining captives were taken to a far distant jail under the pretence of better accommodations, excepting two who were sick. I had *the melancholy* satisfaction of seeing them passing

my door, but was not allowed to speak to them; it made my heart bleed to observe their distressed looks and haggard countenances.

It was October the 8th that Captain Anstruther received some supplies from Chusan, with letters that held out hopes of release. He kindly sent me a large share of his clothes. The Compradore was now taken away from us, which distressed me greatly, as I had now not a creature to whom to speak. They now gave me a bedstead, which I found a great luxury, having hitherto lain on a dirty floor. I was sometimes allowed to see and converse with the sick prisoners, and I almost felt a consolation in dwelling upon the dreadful past. Frequently my heart was sadly torn, on account of different reports about my late dearly beloved husband and child. I was once told that he was seen going to his cabin to rescue his child, and was afterwards seen dead with the baby on his bosom. Many were the sleepless nights that such accounts gave me, but I found subsequently, when meeting all the prisoners at the Mandarin's and minutely examining into the fact, that this rumour was unfounded, for they had never seen the Captain after the ship had heeled over.

On the 8th of October I was far from well; two days afterwards I suffered much from violent pain, and was not able to lie down during the whole night, on account of the pain. This I felt deeply, not being able to speak to a creature, and being threatened to have irons put on my wrists: they had let them off only one night on account of my being so ill. On the 9th I was only too glad to see the Compradore return, who had been sent to Chinhae in order to ascertain, whether the British delegate was really Captain Elliot, and, if this was not the case, the individual who dared to appear under an assumed name was to be taken.

On the 26th, we were all summoned by the

superior Mandarins. I felt much grieved on my way, being entirely alone, little thinking what joy was in store for me. Clothes and letters had arrived from Chusan, clothes in abundance which I had not the least reason to expect, but for which, as I subsequently heard, I was indebted to dear Mrs. Proudfoot. The gentlemen received large supplies of clothes, wine, ale, and other articles, with 300 dollars from Admiral Elliot; and all the prisoners had clothes given to them. All the Englishmen, except the two sick, were present, and to our great satisfaction our fetters were struck off; we were also informed, that we should be free within five or six days for a certainty. Gladness then pervaded every breast, but, as usual, mine was mixed with bitter grief,—to think how short a time since a happy wife and a joyful mother, and that I must now return desolate and alone. However, I could but be thankful to be freed from my fetters, having worn them, if I imagine aright, for thirty-two days; and on our way home,—if our wretched prisons deserve such a name,—our hearts were much lighter and we began to put confidence in the glad tidings. Little did I then think that we should be obliged still to drag on four long months of our existence in the dreary abode. I now worked very diligently to provide myself with comfortable clothing, which I was soon enabled to do. On the arrival of letters, &c., I was usually the first person sent for by the Mandarins to make known their contents. The gentlemen supplied me liberally with money, to provide myself with mourning and other necessaries, as also with comforts for the sick.

About the 1st of November, it was reported publicly that I should be sent to Chusan alone, and that the gentlemen would be sent to Canton. On the strength of this account they wrote letters for their friends, which I was to have taken, but, like the many rumours we had before heard, this also proved ground-

less. Some time afterwards the two marines, already mentioned, were removed to the other prison. I felt sure, that one of them was then dying, and I greatly feared that he would never reach the prison. His weakness was so excessive that he once fell down on his way, though supported by a Chinaman; after a few days, the news of his death was brought to me. Notwithstanding all the representations of Lieutenant Douglas the irons were not taken off this poor man, until he breathed his last. The prison was so excessively small that they could not turn around, without squeezing each other, and though their commander remonstrated, and insisted upon their being allowed to walk about and enjoy the fresh air, they were never permitted to take any exercise in the court. I frequently wrote a few lines to the lads, for whom I felt most deeply, as well as for the crew in general. Lieutenant Douglas was now able to provide them with money, and once only, during the four months' imprisonment, was he permitted to visit his men; for, on seeing the deep interest he took in their welfare, and his great anxiety to better their condition, they never permitted him to see them any more. I was delighted to observe the noble feelings evinced by Lieutenant Douglas towards the crew of the Kite, who suffered great hardships.

February the 8th, I had the pleasure of a visit from some Chinese naval officers, who told me that we were to leave Ningpo within a fortnight. We thought there was truth in the news, but we were not certain until the 14th, when I received the glad tidings from yourself. It would be impossible to describe what our feelings were on that occasion. I had thought that the gentlemen had known it the day before, so that our meeting at the first moment was not so joyful as it otherwise would have been, but they had no sooner read my letter than our mutual congratulations were warm and most sincere, and I

again had the happiness of welcoming them to my poor prison, where we wrote answers to our friends. Nothing was now spoken of but the surety of our speedy relief; as for myself I could scarcely believe it, till I was on my way to Chinhae.

On the 22d of February, before I arose, my attendant came to my bedstead, saying, "Chinhae, Chusan, get up!" and immediately the Compradore called to me, saying that we were indeed to go to Chinhae. Alas! poor fellow, he little thought that he was not to form one of the party, I am sure, you will believe me, when I tell you that I knew not which thing to do first. Numbers of people came round my prison, and I was obliged to shut the door to keep them out. After my morning devotions, with the Compradore's aid, I got all my boxes packed. While thus engaged, he was sent for by the Mandarins, who told him that he was not like the other English prisoners; they would therefore not allow him to accompany them, but send him down to Canton. This threw an immediate gloom over my spirits, and I felt deeply when, a few minutes afterwards, I saw him locked up in his prison,—as he had long been my friend in adversity. I now with difficulty got through the crowd to the gentlemen's prison, where I received a hearty welcome and the warmest congratulations, and was forbidden to speak of past troubles. Captain Anstruther now insisted upon seeing the Compradore to give him money, and, after many entreaties made to the Mandarin, whom he had greatly offended by withholding a picture for some unkindness shewn, he at last succeeded in beating his way through the crowd. We walked a great while in the prison yard until, by dint of perseverance and much pushing among the crowd, we got into our palanqueens. We had a guard to escort us, and, having crossed the river in our conveyances, I looked back and was astounded at the dense mass of spec

tators. Indeed the excitement at Ningpo was indescribable. Our road to Chinhae led principally along the river side, and our travelling was anything but comfortable, the pass being so bad, that I feared our palanqueen bearers would slip. When near Chinhae, one of my bearers tumbled, and the palanqueen thumped on the ground. I struck my head, but the alarm was more than the injury. I thought my troubles would not be at an end until I reached Chinhae. On the road we met several emissaries urging on the bearers to use all speed, to the mutual gratification of both parties. At last we arrived safely at Chinhae, where we were received with due honour by the Mandarins.

INCIDENTS FROM SCOTT'S NARRATIVE.

A **LITTLE** volume has been published containing a narrative of the dangers to which the party left on the wreck were exposed. As soon as the current would allow they began cheerfully to make a raft in the best manner they could, and as they were collecting the spars for this purpose several Chinese boats approached, filled with armed soldiers. Resistance would have been in vain, even if advisable. From the following extracts an idea may be formed of the treatment they received when they reached the shore; and will serve to fill up a blank in Mrs. Noble's interesting letter. We would add that the whole work will amply repay perusal. It is written in a pleasing unaffected style, and contains many incidental notices of Chinese manners.

WE reached the shore about three in the morning, and the Chinese made signs to us that if we would follow them they would give us something to eat. We accordingly walked after them till we arrived at a small village, which consisted of a few miserable mud huts, with but one respectable brick house; but from these few huts a swarm of men, women, and children, poured out on our approach. We were taken into an out-house, one-half of which was occupied by an immense buffalo, and in the other half was a cane-bed, with musquito curtains. In one corner was a ladder, leading to a loft containing another couch. They

now brought us some hot rice, and a kind of preserved vegetable : we contented ourselves with the rice and a basin of tea, the preserve being so exceedingly nasty we could none of us eat it. While in this place, a Chinese, who seemed the superior of the village, and doubtless was the owner of the one brick house, brought a piece of paper written upon in Chinese characters, and made signs for one of us to write upon it ; intimating, at the same time, that he had written some account of us on this paper, which I accordingly gave him, stating the time and cause of our shipwreck, and also our present situation, hoping that he would take it to the Mandarin of the district, and that from him it might be forwarded to the authorities at Chusan, who might thus learn where we were, and take some steps for our return to the fleet. When it was broad daylight, we mentioned the name of Ningpo ; and they made signs that if we would go with them they would show us the way there ; so we started, as we imagined, for Ningpo. Having no trousers, and my only clothing being a flannel shirt, and a black silk handkerchief round my head, which Trizell had given me when in the maintop, they gave me a piece of matting ; but this proving rather an encumbrance than of any service I soon threw it off, and walked on *sans culottes*. We passed in this style through a highly-cultivated country ; on every side large plantations of cotton and rice, and various kinds of vegetables, but all unknown to me. Having gone six or seven miles, seeing very few houses, but crowds of people turning out of each as we passed, we at length arrived at a cross-road. Here another party of Chinese appeared, who absolutely forbade our proceeding any further ; but as our guides went on, and beckoned us to follow, we pushed through our opponents and walked on ; but they, having collected more men, headed us, and we were obliged to come to a *stand-still*. In this case we found the want of a

perfect understanding amongst ourselves ; for the lascars were so frightened at their situation, that they fell on their knees before the Chinamen, which of course encouraged the latter, and, before we could look around us, men rose up as it were from the ground, separated us, and made us all prisoners at once, with the exception of four, who ran off, though without any idea whither they should run, or what they should do.

At length we arrived at a large village, and here my first keeper left me, much to my regret, as, after he was gone, my hands, hitherto free, were made fast behind my back, and the cord being drawn as tight as possible, the flesh soon rose and caused me great pain ; another rope was put round my neck, by which they led me about. At times I gave myself up for lost ; but still I could not fancy the Chinese to be so cruel a people as to murder us in cold blood, particularly after the manner in which we had fallen into their hands. I hardly knew what to think. My new keeper led me into the court-yard of a house, and made me fast to one of several pillars that supported a rude kind of verandah, dragging the rope as tight as he could ; however, he brought me some water to drink, when I made signs for it. I had not been here long when one of the Melville's people was brought in, and made fast to an opposite pillar ; but we could not speak to, and could hardly see each other, as the yard was crowded with people anxious to get a peep at us. After standing here some time a man came and took me away to another house, where, in the yard, was a quantity of cotton, and in one corner, looking out of a window, a Chinese gentleman and lady, before whom my guide led me, and prostrated himself, wishing me to do the same ; but I contented myself with bowing, upon which the gentleman waved his hand, and I was led to the back-yard, where my guide brought me some rice and vegetables. I did

not feel so grateful for my dinner as I perhaps ought, as I imagined this person had bought me for a slave. When I had finished my repast I was led back, and, being made fast to a tree, was left exposed to the mercy of the mob without a guard. The people amused themselves with making signs; some that my head would be cut off; others that I should not lose my head, but my eyes, tongue, nose, and all those little necessities, and then be sent away; a most unenviable state to be reduced to. I was kept here some time, surrounded by a number of ugly old women who seemed to take a delight in teasing me; but the most active of my tormentors was neither old nor ugly, being a tall and well-made person; her feet were not so mis-shapen as the generality of her countrywomen's; in fact, she was the handsomest woman I saw in China. At last a man came, loosed me from the tree, and led me off to a little distance; and while one man brought a stone block, another was sent away, as I imagined, for an axe or some such instrument: before this block I was desired to kneel, but this I refused to do, determined not to give up my life in so quiet a manner as they seemed to propose. The messenger returned shortly, the block was taken away, and I was led out of the village. Being now guarded by a dozen armed men, I was led along the banks of a canal until I came to a bridge, where I saw some of my companions in misfortune; I could only exchange a hurried word or two as they dragged me past, as I supposed, to the place of execution. I went on thus until we came to another village, or rather town, and I was taken to what appeared to me to be the hall of justice. I was led to the back-yard, and placed in a room half filled with a heap of wood-ashes. Here I found three more of the crew in the same miserable condition as myself; but still, even here, we found some to feel for and relieve us a little, for, on making signs that my hands were bound too

tight, one of the Chinese loosened the bonds, and afterwards went out : returning shortly with a lapful of cakes, he distributed them amongst us, and then procured us some water, of which we stood in great need, as we had had a long march under a broiling sun. We had scarcely finished our cakes, when some of the soldiers came in, and took one of my fellow-prisoners just outside the door ; as I could observe almost all that passed, it was with feelings of the most unpleasant nature that I saw him made to kneel, and directly surrounded by the soldiers, one of whom came in and took away a basketful of the ashes. I now supposed that we had in reality come to the last gasp ; I fancied that my companion's head was off, and that the ashes were taken out to serve in the place of sawdust to soak up the blood. I was not long kept in suspense, for the door opened, and some soldiers entered, who forced me to get up and go out into the yard. I now took it for granted that my hour was really come ; but, to my great relief, they had only brought me out to fetter me. They put irons on my hands and feet, those on my ankles being connected by a chain of five or six links, and an iron collar round my neck, with a stick fast to it, which was also made fast by a padlock to my handcuffs.

This ceremony ended, Mr. Scott was again tied to a post and mocked and insulted by the cowardly mob. From the post he was transferred to a boat guarded by soldiers, and towed down a canal with great rapidity. The party posted through more than one town ; halting at last, he, along with some others of his companions in adversity, underwent an examination before a Mandarin, who asked them by signs if they had any guns or opium on board the Kite, and on receiving a negative, ordered them off into a Joss-house for the night. At length they were incarcerated in a prison at Ningpo, crowded and filthy, and swarming with vermin. They were allowed plenty of provision, principally fine white rice ; and were, upon the whole, not unkindly treated by their jailors and guards, upon whom, indeed, they soon began (by way of amusing themselves) to play sailors' tricks.

The chief functionary to whose care we were entrusted, was an old man with a loud voice, cross looks,

and a piece of thyme, or some other herb, always stuck on his upper lip. He opened the lids of the cages of the eight Lascars, and took the irons off their wrists, thus enabling them to stand upright and shake themselves; we had no such indulgence, but were kept fast. At eight o'clock our breakfast was brought in, it was jail allowance, two small basins full of rice, some of vegetables; the cages were opened and the irons taken off our hands, whilst we ate our scanty meal, which we had no sooner finished than we were fastened down again; we remained in this state all day, and after our evening allowance, were again secured for the night. A little before dark the watch was set, and a large gong, at a short distance was struck once; upon which a number of smaller gongs struck up, and when they had finished, a boy outside the room began to strike a piece of bamboo with a stick, which noise was continued without intermission the whole night. This horrid noise effectually prevented sleep. The following morning the jailor unlocked the lids of our cages and took the irons off our hands; so that we were at liberty to stand upright and stretch our limbs, which, from our cramped position, much needed the relaxation.

We were sometimes amused with a fight in the yard between two of the soldiers—a most unpleasant kind of combat, for they seized hold of each other's tails with one hand, and dragging the head down with the other hand, clawed and scratched till the one with the weakest tail rolled over and gave in; we always tried to get out and see fair play, but the soldiers mustered too strong at these times. Sometimes, again, a drunken soldier would make his appearance, and coming to the window afford us a little amusement, for, getting hold of his tail, we made it fast to the grating, and then left him to get loose as he could; generally one of his comrades, attracted by his bellowing, came and released him.

We had only two meals a day, morning and evening, and these being soon settled, and not being allowed anything in the middle of the day, we made bags of our old clothes, and at breakfast time filled them with rice, when the servants were out of the room, and stowed them away for a mid-day meal. The servants discovered it once or twice, but we generally managed to secrete some rice from our breakfast.

About this time, having got rather free and easy with our jailors, one of our party slipped out into the passage, whilst the servants were removing the rice and dishes, and brought in the piece of bamboo and stick, which the watch used at night; in the evening we saw the soldiers searching for it, but we kept quiet till dark, and then we began to keep watch ourselves; but the noise soon brought our jailor in, who took the bamboo away, threatening to put us in irons. This threat made but little impression, for a short time after another of the party walked off with a teapot belonging to one of the soldiers; this we kept for several days, till the owner found out where it was; but we would not give it up unless he paid for it, and as our jailor and his own comrades only laughed at him, we obliged him to redeem his teapot with a hundred or more pice, much to his dissatisfaction.

One evening, whilst at our supper, one of the soldiers came to the window, and amused himself by imitating our awkward attempts to eat with the chopsticks. This impertinence so incensed one of our men, that he jumped up, and filling a basin with water dashed it through the bars into the soldier's face, taking him quite by surprise: the water streamed down his breast, inside his numerous jackets, and must have made him most uncomfortable. But his only revenge was shaking his fist at us as he ran away. Finding that *no harm* arose from this attempt, we

determined never to be annoyed again, regretting that we had allowed ourselves to be overlooked so long; therefore all parties that would not pay for peeping, we drove away by throwing water at them; and having a bucketful in the room the water was always at hand. Our proceedings amused the old jailor exceedingly, and he very often brought people to see us, and then getting behind them, made signs for us to throw the water in their faces; taking care, however, always to get out of the reach of the shower, and to condole with the visitors, who generally received a good ducking.

Our room was too much crowded for us to feel the cold much, but still it was rather chilly; so, to keep ourselves warm, we ran round and round our apartment, played at leap-frog, and such other games, which kept the blood from freezing in our veins; besides, we bought pipes and tobacco, and constantly smoked, which warmed us a little, and probably prevented sickness getting in amongst us; this was a great advantage, for if any fever had broken out we might all have been carried off from the extreme unwholesomeness of our apartment. We could see the old officer, who lived in the room next to ours, sitting for hours together in his yard, basking in the sun, and smoking a long pipe; wrapped up in two or three dresses made of skins sown together, and wearing a curious kind of head-dress, resembling the cap worn by jesters in the olden time, only minus the bells.

Once, when I retired whilst Wombwell was giving his version of a letter I was taken to an officer's rooms, and saw him and three others at dinner; but, notwithstanding my signs to that purpose, they would not allow me to share it with them. In the centre of the table was a large bowl, with a heater in the middle of it, containing a rich soup, full of vegetables and meat, cut into very small pieces. Around this

were several large plates, containing pork and fowls, cut up, the bones having been taken out, pickled fish and vegetables in a rich thick gravy; two small plates, one containing salted shrimps, and the other, something exactly like sea-weed, and also a small basin, filled with a white lard, into which the officers dipped their chopsticks, and taking a small quantity, mixed it with their rice. The rice, which was very fine and white, was in a small wooden bucket; from which the servants gave their masters a fresh supply, when their basins were empty. The chopsticks were made of a hard black polished wood, something like ebony; and the basins and plates were of that beautiful transparent China ware which we esteem so highly, with figures and flowers painted on them in most brilliant colours. Two servants stood behind their masters' chairs, and waited upon them with the assiduity of European servants. They followed their masters' example in excluding me from their repast; though they very readily gave me cups of hot water, which I suppose they called tea, as I could discern two or three leaves at the bottom of the cup. Having now nothing to do I went to the entrance, and, on looking out, I observed opposite to me a building from which proceeded a Babel of voices, and seeing a little girl come out of the door I thought I would take the opportunity, whilst the officers were in another apartment, and the servants intent upon their supper, to walk over, and see what was in this place; so on the girl's return I followed her; but was noticed too soon by the ladies inside, who no sooner saw me than they jumped up, and slammed the door in my face, setting up most dreadful shrieks, which brought the officers out, who immediately ran over to me, and led me back, laughing heartily at the same time; so that my attempt to see a Chinese lady's apartment was frustrated.

On the 21st of February, 1841, after five months' confinement, Mr. Scott was at last released.

On getting outside the gate we found an immense crowd assembled; they did not molest us in the least, but we passed on very quietly. We were taken through a different quarter of the town to any I had been in before, but the streets were built and ornamented in the same manner; they were lined on both sides with such a number of people, that where they could all have come from I could not imagine. We went on thus till we came to the gates of the city, where the Mandarins were assembled to see us pass out. The walls were about eighteen feet thick, and twenty-five feet high; but the materials (stones and bricks) seemed so loosely put together, that a swivel might very soon have made a breach in them. We were now in the suburbs, and close to the river, to which we were taken; and each sedan being placed in a separate boat, we were soon ferried across. The river here was divided into two branches, across one of which we had just been carried; and we went down the left bank of the other; it was about the breadth of the Thames at Westminster. As they conveyed me over, I got out of the sedan, and looked back at the place of my imprisonment. It seemed a large town, walled all around; but in some places the walls were in a very ruinous condition. On the ramparts and plain, outside the city, were thousands and thousands of people. We were carried down by the water-side, still in our sedans; and as it was a cold day, and there was a good stiff breeze right in our faces, I got out of the sedan, and walked between the poles. I observed that I was not the only one, for I saw that all the white men were walking also; the Lascars, having their legs still chained, were unable to walk. The people in the villages turned out everywhere in great numbers, to stare at us. The crops were in some places beginning to make their appearance, and

almost every inch of ground was cultivated; all that appeared bad unprofitable land was covered with tombs, and particularly the sides of the hills; in summer the white tombs peeping out from the high grass and shrubs would have a very picturesque effect. The coffins were placed upon the ground, and some were covered over with bamboo and matting; a very slight defence, which in many instances had given way, and left parts of the coffin exposed; other graves had square tombs over them, built of brick, and covered with a slab of red stone; but in some of these the bricks had given way, and the slab falling in on the coffin, had burst it open: others being, I suppose, for the superior class, were built entirely of stone, curiously and rather tastefully ornamented. The coffins being made of slight materials, the smell on passing the burial places was very unpleasant. We continued our journey, sometimes walking, sometimes in the sedan, the officers scarcely ever allowing the bearers to rest, and indeed beating them severely with sticks, and their heavy sheathed swords, if they stopped for even a moment without leave.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.

FROM the active service which Captain Anstruther rendered to Mrs. Noble and her companions in captivity, the reader will naturally be desirous to learn the manner in which the worthy Captain—unhappily for himself, but fortunately for the other parties—fell into the hands of the Chinese. This we are prepared to anticipate by introducing the following “round and unvarnished” letter, in which the gallantry and spirit so characteristic of the British soldier are pleasingly displayed.

ON Wednesday, the 16th September, I started about ten o'clock, to get the valleys on the left of the great north road from Tinghae put down accurately in my survey. I went about 1000 yards to where there are several houses and gardens, and whence a road branches off to the westward. I am thus particular

in naming the place and describing it, as I hope B—— will take a dozen or two of our people, and go and burn the place where the rascals pinned me. He cannot miss it; it is the valley which divided the hill on a spur of which the Cameronians were pitched, from the peaked hill right in front of our mess tent; so go and pitch into them B——, and oblige, yours, sincerely—I'll do as much for you another time. I went down the western side of the Pass, and in a very short time was sensible of my imprudence, as the path goes past a jos house on the right, thick trees overhanging both sides of the narrow path, and making it quite dark. The jos house is in a walled garden full of large trees. I determined as soon as I got clear of this dark and dangerous looking place to retrace my steps, but on getting to the other end of the grove I became aware that we were followed by a crowd of Chinamen. I took no notice, but turned to the left, meaning to go up the hill again, keeping to the open ground. We had hardly turned, when a Chinese soldier rushed out from the crowd with a hoe in his hand, and struck at my old lascar, the only man with me. He avoided the blow and ran up to me in great alarm. I took from him the iron spud which he had used to pitch the flag, and met the soldier and drove him back; but a number of others, with what they term spears (but from their double prongs we should call them pitchforks) charged me and my poor old man, and of course we had nothing for it but to run. I told the old man to run up the hill, and they would only follow me, but he refused to leave me. The armed people kept on the hill side to cut off my chance of getting up the hill, so I determined to attempt to force my way by the long valley. I am but a bad runner, and my poor old servant was worse, so I went slowly along the valley, turning now and then to keep the Chinese at bay. Meantime the whole population of the valley gathered with loud

uts in our front, and it was evidently a hopeless
 I could not get my old man to leave me and
 to escape unnoticed. So we held on, and at a
 in the path, I was opposed by a few scoundrels
 sticks and stones. I charged them, and they
 all round me, and then my poor old man ran back
 ut eighty yards, where he was met by the crowd
 owing us, and struck down. I have an inexpressi-
 reluctance to write what follows, but must. I
 mpted to force my way towards him, but could
 , and I saw the inhuman villains pounding his
 d with large stones as he lay with his face down-
 ds. I cannot doubt that he died. His two sons
 my pensioners now at the Mount School, and of
 re my brother, or W—— MacT——, will see
 t their pension continues to be paid. I saw that
 mpt at flight was useless, and expecting a fate
 ilar to that of my Lascar, I set to work to make
 rascals pay for it, and fought my best. Of course
 nbers prevailed, and I was beat down. Instead of
 hing out my brains they set to work to tie my
 ds behind me, and my ankles together,—tied a
 ge gag on my mouth, and then quietly took a large
 aboo, and hammered my knees just over the knee-
 , to prevent the possibility of escape. I was then
 in a palanquin, which was evidently kept ready
 some such contingency, and we hurried off to a
 age about ten miles west of the Sapper's Point.
 re we waited till night-fall, my conductors com-
 ing me by repeating the word Ningpo, and draw-
 ; their hands across their throats. At about seven
 m. we got into a boat with a cover, and I lay down
 I slept. About midnight, as I should guess, I was
 akened, and told to get out of the boat, my ankles
 re set free, a chain put round my neck, and I was
 liged to walk, although my legs were hardly able
 bear me, and my head ached dreadfully from two
 ts I had received in the skirmish over the skull. 1

think they were dealt with hoers, but am not su
 We travelled in a south-west direction all night, a
 all the next day, till about one o'clock, when
 reached the banks of a river, and got into a bo
 About two hours rowing with the stream brought
 into Ningpo, where we landed, and I went in a pal
 quin to Mandarins of Ningpo outer city or "Hee
 Here, I was examined as to the number of shi
 men, and other particulars of our state at Chusan,
 interpreter being Poo King Poo, the Compradore, v
 was seized at Chusan about a fortnight after our la
 ing. I was fed, and sent to a prison prepared for
 by the removal of the four Chusan Mandarins, v
 had been confined by the Emperor's order for all
 ing the English to land at Chusan. I may h
 mention that the Wellesley's first broadside mort
 wounded the naval Mandarin, and the first shell fi
 on shore killed the Setpun (Letpun) or Chief M
 darin of the island, and these two deaths had str
 great terror into the Mandarins everywhere, as th
 believed we aimed at them, so M—— may enjoy
 credit of killing the chief. In the prison I was for
 to get into a cage of which I will show you
 sketches, with wooden bars, one yard long, c
 yard high, and two feet wide outside the bars.
 ring was put round my neck (of iron) and
 hands put in handcuffs locked to a stick about
 foot long, which was fastened to my neck ring. V
 heavy leg irons had been put on me at the Man
 rin's, in consequence, I supposed, of the abomina
 exaggerated account my conductors gave of my re
 tance, by way of shewing their own valour in taking
 fierce a warrior. These irons weighed I think 18
 and I wore them for four weeks. In this horrid li
 cage a chain was locked on to my leg-irons, and
 jailor slept with a light close to me, so I thin
 would have puzzled Jack Shepherd to escape. N
 day I went again to the Mandarin's, and in course

conversation he asked about our Steamers; I offered to draw one for him and did it, he became civil and friendly, and gave the compradore and myself a good dinner, after which I got some hot water and washed off some of the blood and dirt of the struggle; found my head handsomely laid open to the bone, my legs and arms covered with bruises, but no wound of any consequence, and the very judicious *diet* of the prison soon cured all the bangs and bruises.

On the 19th and 20th, I again went to the Tagins (Tazin) and the latter day met there seven other prisoners, from whom I heard of the wreck of their ship, the Kite, and their capture. The Mandarins became more and more friendly in their manner towards me, and on this day ordered a bigger cage for me; three feet six inches by two feet one inch. This was comparative comfort, and was the fruit of my drawing for the Mandarins, a map of Chusan bay, town, and suburb, with ships and tents: next day I was told to draw a map of London, and did it; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace, all pleasantly situated in a Park, with Grosvenor Place very well situated for viewing all four! Next day I had to draw a map of England, shewing mail coaches and cattle somewhat larger than cities or towns; this day (22d) I met Lt. Douglas, R. N. of the Kite, and a nephew of my friend and neighbour, Keith Douglas, of Grangemuir in Fife. He was in a small cage, and very much worse off than I, being in a worse prison: next day Mrs. Noble, wife of the captain of the Kite, who with his child was lost in the wreck, was brought to Ningpo with Mr. Wilts, chief officer of that ship. The lady was put in a cage in the next cell to mine, chained like me, only the irons were lighter, and so by-the-by were those of Douglas, Wilts, the marines and sailors. We went every day to the Mandarins to answer all sorts of foolish childish question: ex. gr.

“what relation was Mrs. Noble to the Queen of England?” Our ages, and the state of our families, our pay, and a thousand other things, were the subjects of cross questioning. On Monday, the 1st of September, came a change: Douglas, Wilts, and I were moved into a new prison, a large room with a fine place to walk in, in front, the cages taken away, and good bedsteads placed for us, and all very much more comfortable; and better than all, I got a letter from B——r, which shewed they knew where I was, and that the news would go to England, not, as I feared, an account of my death, but of a mere temporary imprisonment, just like the Sheriffs of Middlesex got from the House of Commons. On the 1st of December I wrote this account to be ready for Lord Del's next visit, so I will put this by, and write the account of the Kite's wreck. Neither I nor Douglas have had a minute's sickness, nor have been (nor will we be) down-hearted or a minute. We are told now that in about ten days we shall be free.

THE VANISHED SEASONS.

WHEN first the snowdrop told of flowers
 Of Spring, what busy hopes were ours,—
 Whilst yet fair Nature's folded powers
 Were silver-cold,—
 Of April sweets in sun-bow showers,
 And May's flower-gold!

The violet and the primrose fleet,
 In their old stations did we meet,

As travellers passing by who greet,
Just seen and fled;
And then was Spring, that maiden sweet,
A beauty dead!

Then Summer came, a matron fair,
Showering June's roses on the air;
With field-flowers waving everywhere,
In meadows bright;
With blissful sounds, with visions rare,
A large delight!

How rich the woods! how loud with song!
How glad was Nature's heart and strong!
With beams that might not linger long,
The summer shone:
A scythe was heard—a sound of wrong—
And she was gone!

Next, sunburnt Autumn trod the plain,
With ruddy fruits, and rustling grain;
And labouring steed, and loaded wain;
And mirthful cheer:
Then vanished she, with all her train,
From stubbles sere!

The light upspringing from the ground,
The light of flowers, no more is found;
Nor song of birds, nor stream's glad sound,
May longer flow:
Now Winter with dead leaves is crowned,
Where shall we go?

Where gleams the fire on MILTON's bust,
Gold-bronzing Time's insidious rust;
And in strong SHAKESPEARE's light we must
Our joyance take;
And, to the past and present just,
Fresh Summer make.

It shall not be a time of gloom !
Gathered from Nature's endless bloom,
With happy light will we illumine
 The season sad ;
And nightly make our winter-room
 An Eden glad !

RICHARD HOWIT

THE DESERT OF SUEZ.

IN the late Miss Emma Roberts's 'Journey to Bombay' we find the following graphic and characteristic description of a journey across the desert. The party consisted of four ladies, an infant only months old and its nurse, with no male attendants but hired natives, and it is worthy of note that they travelled with perfect comfort and safety.

WE found the equipages in which we were to cross the desert waiting for us at the City of Tombs. The party consisted of donkey-chairs, one being provided for each of the females of the party. Nothing could be more comfortable than these vehicles ; a comfortable arm-chair was fastened with a sort of wooden frame which projected in front about a foot, thereby enabling the passenger to carry a small basket or other baggage ; and these, by means of ropes or straps placed across, were fastened upon the backs of donkeys—in front, the other behind. Five long and narrow vehicles of this kind running across the desert presented a sufficiently droll and singular appearance ; and we did nothing but admire each other as we went along. Our cavalcade consisted, besides, of two stout camels, which carried the beds and carpet bags of the whole party ; thus enabling us to send the camels a-head : the three men-servants were also mounted on donkeys. There were eight or ten donkey-men

a boy: the latter generally contrived to ride, but the others walked by the side of the equipages.

In first striking into the desert we all enjoyed a most delightful feeling of repose; everything around appeared so calm and tranquil that, especially after encountering the noises and multitudes of a large and crowded city, it was soothing to the mind thus to emerge from the haunts of men, and wander through the vast solitudes that spread their wastes before us. To me there was nothing dismal in the aspect of the desert, nor was the view so boundless as I had expected. In these wide plains the fall of a few inches is sufficient to diversify the prospect: there is always some gentle acclivity to be surmounted, which cheats the sense with the expectation of finding a novel scene beyond: the sand-hills in the distance also range themselves in wild and fantastic forms, many appearing like promontories jutting into some noble harbour, to which the traveller seems to be approaching. Nor were there wanting living objects to animate the scene; our own little kafila was sufficiently large and cheerful to banish every idea of dreariness, and we encountered others much more picturesque.

After losing sight of the tombs we came upon a party who had bivouacked for the night; the camels unladen, were, with their burthens, placed in a circle, and the people busily employed in preparing their evening meal. Evidences began to appear that the toils of the desert were but too frequently fatal to the wretched beasts of burthen employed in traversing these barren wastes. Our first stop was the shortest of the whole, and we came to the rest-house just as night closed in.

In consequence of several delays it was rather late, past nine o'clock, before we set forward. I had provided myself with a pair of crape spectacles and a double veil, but I speedily discarded both. Though the sun was rather warm, its heat was tempered by a

fresh cold air which blew across the desert, though not strongly enough to lift the sand. I could not endure to mar the prospect by looking at it through a veil, and found my parasol quite sufficient protection from the rays of the sun.

Occasionally we saw a small party of Bedouins, easily distinguished by their fierce countenances, glaring from beneath the large rolls of cloth twisted over their turbans and round their throats, leaving nothing besides flashing eyes, a strongly developed nose, and a bushy beard to be seen. One or two, superior to the rest, were handsomely dressed, armed to the teeth, and rode camels well groomed, and richly caparisoned: wild looking warriors, whom it would not have been agreeable to meet were the country in a less tranquil state.

When we reached the bungalow or resting place, we found Ali, whom we had sent forward, busily superintending the cooking for dinner, which was performed in the open air. The share of bread and apples given to me upon the road I now bestowed upon my donkeys, not having reflected at the time that the drivers would be glad of it; so the next day, when the usual distributions were made, I gave the grapes, &c. to the donkey-men, who stuffed them into their usual repository, the bosoms of their blue shirts, and seemed very well pleased to get them.

We were as usual rather late the following morning; our dear little play-thing, the baby, bore the journey wonderfully, she appeared to enjoy the scene as much as ourselves: sometimes seated in the lap of her nurse, who travelled in a chair; at others, at the bottom of one of our chairs; then in the arms of her male attendant, who rode a donkey, or in those of the donkey-men, trudging on foot. I mention her, not only for the delight she afforded us, but also to show how very easily infants at her tender age—she was not more than seven months old—could be trans-

ported across the desert. After breakfast, and just as we were about to start on our day's journey, we saw what must certainly be called a strange sight—a wheeled carriage approaching our encampment. It came along like the wind, and proved to be a phaeton, doubled bodied, with a driving-seat in front, with a European charioteer guiding a pair of horses as the wheelers; while the leaders were camels, with an Arab riding postilion. During this day's journey we met several parties coming from Suez. We arrived at rather an early hour at our halting place for the night; and as we considered it to be desirable to get into Suez as speedily as possible, we agreed to start by three o'clock on the following morning. Just as we had finished our evening meal, three gentlemen of our acquaintance, who had scrambled across the desert from the Pyramids, came up, weary and way-worn, and as hungry as possible. We put the best that we had before them, and then retired to the opposite apartment. But in this place I found it impossible to stay; there was no free circulation of air throughout the room, and it had all the benefit of the smell from the stable.

Leaving, therefore, my companions asleep, and wrapping myself up in my shawl, I stole out into the passage, where there were several Arabs lying about, and not without difficulty contrived to step between them, and to unfasten the door which opened upon the desert. There was no moon, but the stars gave sufficient light to render the scene distinctly visible. A lamp gleamed from the window of the apartment which I had quitted, and the camels, donkeys, and people belonging to the united parties formed themselves into very picturesque groups upon the sand, constituting a picture which could not fail to excite many agreeable sensations. The whitened bones of animals perishing from fatigue and thirst, while attempting to cross the arid expanse, associated in our

minds with privation, toil, and danger, told too truly that these notions were not purely ideal. I had long desired to spend a night alone upon the desert; and, without wandering to a dangerous distance, I placed a ridge of sand between my solitary station and the objects which brought the busy world in view, and indulged in thoughts of scenes and circumstances which happened in times long gone by. According to the best authorities, we were in the track of the Israelites; and in meditations suggested by this interesting portion of Bible history the time passed so rapidly, that I was surprised when I found the people astir, and preparing for our departure. My garments were rather damp with the night-dews, I was not, therefore, sorry to find myself warmly wrapped up in my chair, in which I should have slept very comfortably, had not the man who guided the donkeys taken it into his head to quarrel with one of his comrades, and to bawl out his grievances close to my ear. My wakefulness was, however, amply repaid by the most glorious sunrise I ever witnessed. The sky had been for some time obscured by clouds, which had gathered themselves in a bank upon the eastern horizon. The sun's rays started up at once, like an imperial crown, above this bank, and as they darted their glittering spears, for such they seemed, along the heavens, the clouds, dispersing, formed into a mighty arch, their edges becoming golden; while below all, was one flush of crimson light.

We made no stay at the rest-house, which we reached about nine o'clock in the morning; and here we saw the Governor of Jiddah and his party winding along at some distance, giving life and character to the desert. The fantastic appearance of the hills increase as we advance; the slightest stretch of fancy was alone necessary to transform many into fortresses and towers; and at length a bright glitter at a distance revealed the Red Sea. The sun gleaming upon its

waters shewed them like a mirror, and soon afterwards the appearance of some low buildings indicated the town of Suez.

ENCOUNTER WITH TWO INDIANS.

THE story of Adam Poe's desperate encounter with two Indians, as told in "Metcalf's Indian Warfare of the West," is one of the most characteristic traditions of the Ohio. The work from which this account is abridged, contains many wild and striking narratives of border life in the backwoods of America.

It was about the close of the American Revolution, that a party of six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio River, fifty miles below Pittsburg, and in their hostile excursions among the early settlers, killed an old man whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people; seven or eight of whom seized their rifles and pursued the marauders. In this party were two brothers, named Adam and Andrew Poe, strong and active men, and much respected in the settlement. They followed up the chase all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track; the Indians could now be easily followed by their traces on the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus known that a famous Indian of uncommon size and strength must be of the party. The track led to the river. The whites followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted; who, fearing that they might be taken by surprise, broke off from the rest. His intention was to creep along the edge of the bank under cover of the trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages so suddenly that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At

the point where he suspected they were he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks, and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two—the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one—separate from the others, and holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped without giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound : Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly he leaped down upon them, and caught the large Indian by the clothes on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck ; they all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian, the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow-savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian at this moment threw his arms about Poe's body, and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well, that, at the instant of the intended stroke, he raised his foot, and, by a vigorous and skilful blow, knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this the large Indian cried out with an expression of contempt for the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again, and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows, to deceive Poe as to the fatal stroke, which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active, that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist, with a considerable wound deep enough to cripple but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril

he made a violent effort, and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle, and shot the small one as he run up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and the leg hurled him in the air, heels over head, upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued. The bank was slippery, and they fell into the water, when each strove to drown the other : their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half strangled, until Poe fortunately grasped with his unwounded hand the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he manifested all the symptoms of a drowning man bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for victory and life. They were naturally carried further into the stream, and the current becoming stronger, bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other, and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun ; but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water to avoid a greater danger ; meaning to dive, if possible, to escape the fire. Fortunately for him, the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of the other savage. At this critical juncture Poe's brother Andrew presented himself. He had just left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them at the expense of the lives of three of their own number. He had heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in a fight with two against him ; for one of the whites had mistaken Adam in the water, with his bloody hand, for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his

shoulder. Adam now cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore; but Andrew's gun had been discharged, and was not again loaded. The contest was now between the savage and Andrew. Each laboured to load his rifle first. The Indian, after putting in his powder, and hurrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, as the Indian had still to ram his bullet home. But a hair would have turned the scale; for the savage was just raising his gun to his eye with unerring aim, when he received the fatal fire of the backwoodsman. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home as a trophy than his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the fate of Adam to allow him to obey, and the high-souled Wyandot, jealous of his honour as a warrior even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was swept down beyond the chance of pursuit.

ANECDOTES OF THE SPOTTED FLY-CATCHER.

WE extract the following anecdotic sketch of this creature from a communication made to the Kendal Natural History Society, and published lately in the Kendal Mercury.

A PAIR of small birds (the spotted fly-catcher of Bewick) built their nest lately in a corner of my bed-

room window. I happened to see them when they were about beginning their little structure; but my attention was withdrawn for two or three days, and when I looked again it was finished, so that I unfortunately lost the opportunity (so seldom afforded) of witnessing the mode of building of those tiny architects. So soon, however, as the young were hatched, did these indefatigable birds feed them with flies of different descriptions, from five or six o'clock in the morning until ten at night; and often so quickly as every minute or half minute. The male as well as the female took part in this labour of love: for they were frequently both present at the nest at the same time; though, from their similarity of plumage, they are not easily distinguished. There were five young ones, and when a fly was brought, it was deposited in one of the gaping mouths, without hesitation, though I regret I could not ascertain the method by which they contrived not to cram one too much, while another was left wanting, for the little cormorants were all ready to swallow when the food came. Whether each of the parents had its own part of the offspring to attend to, or however it was managed, I have little doubt they made an equitable distribution, and that no pets or pampered nestlings were allowed in this feathered household. I once took notice of three of them being fed in succession. A small white-winged butterfly was brought to the young, but not having been previously killed, instead of being swallowed it was making its escape with what speed it could muster, but was pounced upon and seized before it had got a foot from the nest. Another time, the hen (as I took it) had fed her young one, but before she flew away the cock came and sat down, when, without ceremony, she took the food from his bill, and gave it to one of the nestlings herself, as if, like a good mother, she had some doubt of her helpmate's sound discretion in the matter. She would often, after

having delivered her fly, stay awhile and look on her little family, as if to indulge a mother's fondness, or perhaps for the purpose of clearing away the excrement, which was done with wonderful dexterity the moment it was ejected. And it was curious I could never see any thing come from the young, except when one of the old birds was there to remove it. When the young were feathered, and had increased in size, they were a good deal incommoded for want of room in the nest. Indeed, they filled it above the brim; and it was amusing to see two or three of these little creatures clambering over and sitting on the backs of the others; yet, although the nest was placed close to the edge of the window-sill, such was their instinct of self-preservation, they took care not to fall from it, which would have been almost instant destruction. After they had left the nest, they sat near it in a row, for two or three days, on the outside of the window, where the old ones fed them as usual. They did not take their final departure all together, at the same time; on one day, two went away; on the day following, another; and the remaining two on the next. It appears as if they had immediately removed to some distance, as I have never since been able to get a sight of my little fly-catchers. The last disappeared on the 1st of July. Perhaps I ought to mention, that in order to witness the goings-on in the nest, unobserved myself, I heaped up a pile of books and newspapers to form a screen, through an opening in which I could view the nest and its inhabitants.

I noticed one circumstance so remarkable, that I must not forget to mention it. The nest was sheltered from the rays of the forenoon and noontide sun by a projection of a part of the house; but when he came round to three or four o'clock in the afternoon on a clear day, his warm beams shone right against the corner where the nest was placed, to the great distress of the poor little nestlings. (The old birds

had evidently not foreseen this, for the inconvenience would have been nearly prevented had they built in the other corner of the window.) One warm afternoon, the young ones were panting with open bills from the great heat; and judge my surprise and pleasure to see one of the old birds (the female, I supposed) seated on the sunward side of the nest, and stretching over them with wings a little extended, to shield and protect them, and apparently, from her open mouth, suffering much or more than themselves! Here she would continue till the sun got lower. I observed them for at least three sunny afternoons; and when the young were suffering from the heat, one of the old birds was never absent, sitting at the nest side, if not to shelter, to lean over with open bill, as if, at least, to sympathise with her distressed brood!

In respect to this beautiful trait in the character of these little birds, shielding their young from the burning rays of the sun, I have certainly read of something of the same kind related of the swallow or martin, though I do not recollect where. It is undoubtedly a very striking circumstance, but I shall not comment upon it. Yet one thing may be remarked. It is clear they could perceive the distress of their young; they could infer the cause, and they took the most effectual means in their power to ward off the inconvenience. The more intimately we are acquainted with the habits of the inferior animals, the more shall we be convinced of the surprising degree of intelligence bestowed upon them by their great Creator, whether we choose to call it instinct or reason.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE humming-bird!—the humming-bird!
 So fairy-like and bright;
 It lives among the sunny flowers,
 A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
 Where fragrant spices grow,
 A thousand, thousand humming-birds
 Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
 Scarce larger than a bee,
 Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
 And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
 Where stately moras tower—
 Where hangs from branching tree to tree
 The scarlet passion-flower—

Where, on the mighty river banks,
 La Plate or Amazon,
 The cayman, like a forest tree,
 Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the humming-bird
 Within the ancient wood,
 Her nest of silky cotton down,
 And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
 Where waves it light and free,
 As the campanero trolls his song,
 And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers,
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers!

A reign of summer's joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey in the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

MARY HOWITT.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN LEDYARD, THE TRAVELLER.

JOHN LEDYARD was a remarkable instance of the power possessed by a mind *confidently* relying on its own resources, of attaining the object determined upon. When he had fixed his mind upon a thing, nothing turned him from his purpose; and we shall find him, when disappointed of promised assistance, setting out with an axe, two dogs, and a tobacco-pipe, as his sole companions in exploring the wilds of America. It is not our intention to hold his character up as an object of unlimited admiration; for, not to speak of other failings,—such as his impatience of control or reproof, and his unsettled habits,—the very excess of the quality by which he attained such surprising results, his self-confidence, frequently led him to act with a

wilfulness and want of caution which did him much injury. Confident in himself, he took too little heed of the morrow, and thus was often obliged to encounter difficulties which the exercise of a little prudence might have prevented. The result of these failings will be seen in the short narrative we are about to enter upon; they are to be lamented and avoided. But his determined perseverance, which enabled him to triumph over obstacles which would have daunted and disheartened almost any other man, is to be admired, and to be regarded as a worthy object of our imitation.

John Ledyard was born at Groton, a small village in Connecticut: he was the eldest of four children, who, by the death of their father, were early thrown upon the sole care of their mother, who was left in very straitened circumstances. She was a woman possessing excellent qualities and a well-informed mind, and, above all, eminent for piety and the religious virtues. Her early instructions were never forgotten by her son John, who was tenderly attached to her. Some years after his father's death, John Ledyard was taken charge of by his grandfather, who sent him to the grammar-school at Hartford, and subsequently placed him in a lawyer's office. This situation by no means suited John Ledyard, who, after a few months' trial, gave up the law. His fondness for wandering and adventure was probably the cause of the choice he now made of a pursuit. A college had shortly before been established at Hanover, then almost a wilderness, for the education of Indians and of young men designed as Indian missionaries. The principal, Dr. Wheelock, offered to receive Ledyard, who accordingly repaired to Dartmouth College, where, however, he continued scarcely a year. Three months of this time were occupied in a ramble among the Indians, which he undertook *unaccompanied*, and of which we possess no particu-

lars, further than that the time was spent in wandering through the forests, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with the various tribes with whom he fell in, and that his excursions extended as far as Canada.

The routine of the college duties was irksome to one for whom the forest had such charms; and, though he could study the Greek Testament in his solitary canoe, on the brink of a cataract, yet he could but ill brook the confinement of a class-room.

His conduct, though strictly moral, was in other respects so irregular as to call down reproof, which Ledyard could not endure. He determined to leave college, and he effected his purpose in a manner the most characteristic. He felled a large tree on the banks of the Connecticut, and, with the aid of his companions, shaped it into a canoe, fifty feet long and three broad, in which he embarked, with a good stock of provisions, a bearskin, a paddle, a Greek Testament, and an Ovid, and trusted himself upon a river interrupted by rapids and falls, with which he was totally unacquainted. Fourteen years afterwards, he told Mr. Jefferson that he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellows's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that Fall without being instantly dashed in pieces; and it was with difficulty that he gained the shore. He procured oxen, and having conveyed his canoe overland past the Falls, and continuing his solitary voyage without accident, surprised his friends at Hartford with his very unexpected appearance.

Having totally abandoned the idea of the Indian mission, he now desired to devote himself to the ministry, in which he was (not very judiciously) encouraged by some of his friends, and several ministers to whom he applied. Their good-nature made

them unwilling to discourage him in a pursuit in which his talents were fully equal to the labour, but for which his peculiar character rendered him very unfit. Some time, though not a long period, was spent in study, and he sought to obtain his object—immediate admission to the ministry—with his accustomed energy; but he was foiled in his efforts, and at length abandoned his design. He now fell in with an old friend of his father, a Captain Deshon, the master of a merchantman; and on board his ship, about to sail from New London, bound to Gibraltar, the Barbary coast, and home by way of the West Indies, he entered as a common sailor, although he was treated by the captain rather as a friend and associate, than according to the rank he held on board the vessel. This was not an unnatural step on the part of an ardent young man disappointed in the schemes which he had wished to realise, and whose adventurous disposition made the sight of foreign lands desirable, even in the humble station of a common sailor. Nothing very remarkable occurred during the voyage, save at Gibraltar, where, during a short residence on shore, he took a fancy for the army, and actually enlisted in a British regiment, and was lost to his shipmates, until the captain accidentally discovered him on parade, going through the exercise with scrupulous accuracy. Captain Deshon remonstrated with him, and urged him to return to the ship. He said he enlisted because he was partial to the service, and thought the profession of a soldier well suited to a man of honour and enterprise. Eventually he was released, and returned to America with Captain Deshon.

When once more in America, he found himself wholly without occupation, and saw no opening for pushing his fortune. The wandering mania appears to have already seized him, as, in a letter he wrote from Gibraltar, he told his friends that he had allotted

to himself a further seven years' wandering. He had heard from his grandfather that he had relations in England who were rich, and in the hope of discovering these, and by their means obtaining assistance in prosecuting his favourite schemes of travel, he worked his passage to Plymouth, and literally begged his way to London, indulging all the time bright dreams of the future. He succeeded in discovering his relations, but his claims being at first doubted, he indignantly left the house; and although assistance was afterwards tendered he refused to accept it.

Captain Cook was now preparing to set out on the voyage from which he was never to return, and Ledyard determined to make one of the expedition. With this view he enlisted in the marines, and then, contriving to obtain an interview with Captain Cook, found no difficulty in persuading him to take him as one of the complement. Cook promoted him to the rank of corporal, and in that capacity he served during the voyage. He kept a journal during this period; but, on his return to England, it was, in common with all other journals and memoranda made by any one on board, taken possession of by the Admiralty, in order to prevent any mis-statements in the first public account of the expedition.

Ledyard subsequently published an account of the voyage, in America; but as this, although curious in some respects, especially as regards the circumstances of Captain Cook's death, relates to matters already well known, we shall not advert to it, except in one affair in which he was personally engaged, and which much affected his future course of life. After exploring Nootka Sound, where Ledyard made many observations on the advantages to be obtained from a trade in furs with the natives, the vessels arrived at the island of Onalaska, where they were very much surprised at meeting with many signs of European intercourse among the natives. This made Captain

Cook very desirous of exploring the island, but he was in doubt as to the best means of accomplishing his object. Ledyard volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted by Cook, who appreciated his character. He set out, entirely unarmed, under the guidance of the natives, who, after a tedious journey on foot across the island, conducted him to a settlement made by the Russians, who had there established a station in communication with their establishment in Kamtschatka, for the purpose of carrying on the fur-trade. Ledyard succeeded in his mission, and an interview took place between Captain Cook and some of the Russians, who accompanied Ledyard back to the vessels. The observations he made here confirmed him in his views of the practicability of establishing a very profitable trade in furs; and which was still further strengthened when he became aware of the very high price that might be obtained for them in China. He made, and carefully recorded, very minute inquiries on this subject, which have since been appreciated, although the projector met nothing but discouragement.

Ledyard returned to England with the expedition, and continued upwards of two years in the service, but the American war having now broken out, he for some time declined engaging against his countrymen. He, however, at length embarked on board a vessel destined for America, but he took the earliest opportunity to desert. After visiting his friends, and suffering sufficient time to elapse to prevent the probability of a seizure from the English powers, he bent all the energies of his mind, and they were great, to the accomplishment of the scheme he had formed, of establishing a trade with the north-west of America. Everything he proposed has been since shown to be well founded, but the difficulties he encountered prevented him and his country from reaping the reward. Upwards of two years were consumed in attempts to

effect this object. The scheme was repeatedly taken up and abandoned by different merchants. Ledyard's exertions were extreme. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and New London, were again and again visited ; and repeatedly the cup of hope was raised to his lips, but to be dashed away.

At length, finding all hope of support in America vain, he resolved to expend the slender stock of money he possessed, derived from the remuneration he received for his lost time, from the merchants who had withdrawn from the enterprise, in visiting France, with the intention of engaging some of the merchants of L'Orient in his design. At L'Orient he was detained a whole year ; his scheme was at first entertained, and he appeared to be on the point of realizing all his expectations. But the season was unpropitious, and after delays most vexatious to his ardent mind, it was abandoned. Yet undaunted, he proceeded to Paris ; he knew he was right, and that the timidity which made his supporters, one after another, draw back, was unreasonable. " In Paris," thought he, " I shall surely find some who will duly value the plans I propose."

Mr. Jefferson, who was at this time minister from the United States to the Court of France, at once perceived the advantages that would flow from such a voyage as Ledyard proposed, and approved highly of his design ; but he took no steps in promoting it at present, although the expedition under Lewis and Clarke, which he projected twenty years afterwards, had its origin in the views suggested by Ledyard.

He had not been many days in Paris, when he met the celebrated adventurer, Paul Jones, at that time acting under a commission from the United States, and who had come to Paris for the purpose of recovering the value of several prizes he had taken and sent into French ports. Jones's ardent spirit eagerly caught at the schemes proposed by Ledyard. He

joined heartily in forwarding them; proposed to engage two vessels, store them with a fitting cargo, proceed with Ledyard to the North-west coast, spend six months in building a fort and stockade, and collecting furs, and then, leaving Ledyard in charge of this establishment, proceed with a cargo of fur to China; barter them for Chinese produce, and then proceeding, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, either to Europe or the United States, sell his cargo, and taking on board articles fit for the Indian market, return to the fort. Jones was so earnest in the business, that he advanced money to Ledyard for the purchase of cargo for the outfit; but just at this crisis he was called away to L'Orient, where he was detained some months. Either unexpected obstacles occurred, or his ardour cooled, for he abandoned the scheme he had been so earnest in, and Ledyard once more had the mortification to see his dearest hopes blighted at the very moment when his prospects seemed to be the brightest. Ledyard next endeavoured to organise a company in Paris for the purpose of carrying out his darling scheme, and in the plan he proposed to them he designed to return himself over-land to the United States, after despatching a vessel to China. After months of unavailing efforts this scheme proved abortive, and Ledyard found himself once more cast loose on the world.

Nothing daunted, he now proposed to apply to the Empress of Russia for permission to travel across her dominions to Behring's Straits. Mr. Jefferson approved his plan, and introduced him to Baron Grimm, the confidential agent of the Empress, by whom the application was forwarded to Petersburg; but five months elapsed without bringing an answer, during which time Ledyard subsisted on supplies levied on "vice-consuls, consuls, ministers, and plenipotentiaries." At length, just when he was thinking of *setting off* without the permission of the Empress, a

proceeding from which his friends dissuaded him, he received a letter from Sir James Hall, who had seen and befriended him at Paris, which induced him to go to London. He there found an English ship in complete readiness to sail for the Pacific Ocean. Sir James Hall introduced him to the owners, who immediately offered him a free passage in the vessel, with the promise that he should be set on shore at any place on the North-west coast which he might choose. The merchants, no doubt, hoped to profit somewhat by his knowledge and experience. One of Cook's officers was also going out in the same vessel. The day before he was to go on board, he thus wrote to Mr. Jefferson:—"Sir James Hall presented me with twenty guineas, *pro bono publico*; I bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet. My want of time, as well as of money, will prevent my going any otherwise than indifferently equipped for such an enterprise; but it is certain that I shall be much more in want before I see Virginia."

When the anchor was raised, and the sails were spread to a fair wind, Ledyard believed that at last the wish of his heart would be fulfilled; but he seemed born for disappointment. The vessel was not out of sight of land, when it was brought back for some breach of the revenue laws, and ultimately condemned. This was a severe blow to poor Ledyard: he rallied manfully against it, and renewing his project of a journey through Siberia, and thence to America, a subscription was raised for the purpose of enabling him to carry his design into execution. Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Hunter, Sir James Hall, and Colonel Smith, were his chief patrons. The amount raised could not have been very large, since we find that, on his arrival at Hamburgh, he had but ten guineas left. Here he found that Major Langbain, a very eccentric American traveller, had recently been at the hotel where Ledyard lodged, and that he had

gone off to Copenhagen without his baggage, taking with him only one spare shirt, and very few other articles of clothing. His trunks were to be sent after him, but being accidentally delayed, he had written for them in terms which induced Ledyard to believe he was in want of money. Ledyard hastened to relieve the imagined distress of his countryman, and although it was far out of his way, he went straight to Copenhagen, where he found Langbain in a very awkward situation, without money or friends, and shut up in his room for want of decent apparel to appear abroad in. Ledyard's ten guineas soon vanished. He spent two weeks with Langbain, but could not persuade him to join him in his expedition even as far as Petersburg; Langbain refused, saying, "No! I esteem you; but I can travel in the way I do with no man on earth." Ledyard consequently prepared to set out for Petersburg by himself; but how was he to do this without a farthing? He drew a small bill on Colonel Smith, and he had the good fortune to meet with a merchant who consented to cash it for him. A sum had been left in the Colonel's hands to answer such an exigence, but not to the full amount of the bill; which was, however, duly honoured when it came to hand. Thus furnished he set out, and arrived at Stockholm about the end of January, 1787. The common route from Stockholm to Petersburg is across the Gulf of Bothnia to Abo in Finland, touching at the isle of Aland on the passage—a journey performed over the ice in winter; but the season was so mild that the ice was too insecure to risk a passage, and no alternative remained but travelling round the gulf into Lapland, and thence through the whole extent of Finland to Petersburg, or staying at Stockholm till the passage to Abo was open. He did not long hesitate, but set out at once, alone and on foot, for Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, but a few miles south of the arctic circle, and thence he proceeded to Petersburg,

where he arrived before the 20th of March, without money, and almost destitute of clothes. How he performed this surprising journey is not known, nor even the route which he took from Tornea ; but, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, he speaks of passing through the most unfrequented parts of Finland, from whence it is concluded that he did not follow the usual coast road to Abo. It is a most astonishing fact, that he was able to accomplish this formidable journey within seven weeks of the time of leaving Stockholm, making the average distance travelled about two hundred miles a week.

He had letters of introduction with him, and soon found friends at Petersburg, and venturing to draw for twenty pounds on Sir Joseph Banks, was (for him) well supplied with money. Mr. William Brown, a Scotch physician, was proceeding to the province of Kolyvan, in the employment of the Empress. Ledyard joined him, and thus had a companion on his tour for more than three thousand miles. From this arrangement he enjoyed an important advantage, for Dr. Brown travelled at the expense of the Government ; and as Ledyard went with him by permission of the proper authority, his travelling charges were probably defrayed—in part at least—from the public funds. The party left Petersburg on the 1st of June, and in six days arrived at Moscow, where they hired a person to go with them to Kazan, a distance of five hundred and fifty miles, and drive their kibitka with three horses.

They staid a week at Kazan, and then commenced their journey to Tobolsk, where they arrived on the 11th of July, having crossed the Ural mountains, and passed the frontiers of Europe and Asia. The face of the country had hitherto been level, with hardly an eminence springing from the great plain which spreads over the vast territory from Moscow to Tobolsk. The ascent of the Ural mountains was so gradual as scarcely

to form an exception to this general remark, and nothing could be more monotonous and dreary than the interminable wastes over which their route had led them since leaving Kazan, with here and there a miserable village, and unproductive culture of the soil. Tobolsk is a city of considerable interest, having been once the capital of all Siberia. It stands at the junction of two large rivers, the Tobol and Irtish. It is a handsome well-built town, and some good society is to be found there, as it is the chief place of residence for persons exiled for political offences. But as it was the object of both our travellers to push on with the utmost expedition, they made but a short stay at Tobolsk, and proceeded forward to Bamaoul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan, where Dr. Brown was about to take up his residence. This place is, in many respects, one of the most agreeable places of residence in Siberia. The province of which it is the capital, is a rich mining district, and this brings together in the town persons of science and respectability, who are employed as public officers to superintend the working of the mines. The surrounding country, moreover, is well suited to agriculture, abounding in good lands for pasture and grain, supporting vast herds of cattle, and producing vegetables in great profusion. In consequence of these bounties of nature, there is an overflowing and cheap market, an absence of want, and much positive happiness among the people. It is in the fifty-third degree of north latitude.

In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, written from Bamaoul on the 29th of July, 1787, he thus expresses himself:—

“How I have come thus far, and how I am to go still farther, is an enigma that I must disclose to you on some happier occasion. I shall never be able without seeing you in person, and perhaps not then, to inform you how universally and circumstantially

the Tartars resemble the aborigines of America. They are the same people; the most ancient and the most numerous of any other; and had not a small sea divided them, they would all have been still known by the same name. The cloak of civilisation sits as ill upon them as upon our American Tartars. They have been a long time Tartars, and it will be a long time before they will be any other kind of people. I shall send this letter to Petersburg, to the care of Professor Pallas. He will transmit it to you, together with one for the Marquis de la Fayette [who had shown Ledyard much attention at Paris,] in the mail of the Count Ségur. My health is perfectly good; but notwithstanding the vigour of my body, my mind keeps the start of me, and I anticipate my future fate with the most lively ardour. Pity it is, that in such a career one should be subjected, like a horse, to *the beggarly impediments of sleep and hunger.*"

It was arranged that he should travel from Bamaoul to Irkutsk, a distance of 1732 versts, or 1155 miles, three versts being equal to two miles, with the courier who carried the mail. This was another fortunate circumstance, and enabled the traveller to proceed much more rapidly than it would otherwise have been possible, and it appeared that all the expenses were defrayed by the government. Between Bamaoul and Tomsk, the first halting-place, a distance of about 300 miles passed over in two days and three nights, the effects of the violent winds, which frequently desolate whole districts, were very perceptible. At Tomsk, a miserable town, the abode of the vilest and most wretched convicts, they were detained two or three days, but were hospitably entertained by the governor, a Frenchman. In ten days from the time of leaving Tomsk, they arrived in Irkutsk, over a road of which he speaks in no terms of commendation. From Tomsk to Yenessey the country exhibited a rather agreeable aspect and marks of cultivation, and in this

region he first found the "real craggy peaked hill or mountain," and from Krasnojarsk to Irkutsk was the first stony road which he had passed over in the Russian dominions. The streets of Tobolsk, and some of the other towns on his route, were paved with wood.

From Irkutsk, where he was delayed for some days waiting for the post, he proceeded to the river Lena, and there embarking in a bateau, arrived at Yakutsk, after a fatiguing voyage of twenty-two days. When he left Irkutsk, it was just in the midst of harvest-time, and the reapers were in the fields; but when he entered Yakutsk, the snow was six inches deep, and the boys were whipping their tops on the ice. Here his travels in prosecution of his favourite scheme were put an end to. Under pretence that the season was too far advanced, the governor at first threw difficulties in his way, and at length absolutely prevented him from proceeding. Ledyard made several unavailing attempts to proceed, as he believed, and truly, that the difficulties were exaggerated; but he was forced to give way, and occupied himself during his sojourn in inquiries upon the condition of the country and its inhabitants; holding ever before his eyes his favourite idea, that the Tartars and the North American Indians were the same race; he was also curious in his inquiries respecting the variation of colour in different races, and the causes of those variations, as he felt a strong desire to prove that these were caused by exterior circumstances, and not from an organic distinction. Whilst at Yakutsk he met with Captain Billings, the commander of a Russian expedition of discovery, and an old fellow-companion in Cook's voyage. Billings had been assistant to Bayly the astronomer, attached to Cook's expedition, and had had the good fortune to be employed by the Empress Catherine in the exploration of the North-eastern regions of her territories. Billings was going up to Irkutsk, and, without any idea of the fate that awaited

his friend, persuaded him to accompany him, merely to pass away the time in society. One evening Ledyard was suddenly arrested by the Russian police, acting under an order just received from the Empress; he was hurried into a kibitka, and carried as fast as post-horses could convey him to the frontiers of Poland, where he was coolly turned adrift, and told that it was at the risk of his life if he ever attempted to enter Russia again. At first sight such a proceeding, after the great facilities that had been afforded to him in the earlier part of his journey, appears strange, but it is easily accounted for. When Ledyard obtained his passport and government protection the court was abroad, and occupied by amusements, and probably the Empress thought that by showing a trifling favour to an American, she would engage him in her service; and she was at that time extremely anxious to retain men of talent of any nation, and to spread abroad a good idea of her own administration; consequently, she considered it good policy to show favour to Ledyard, who was represented as a mere traveller, and from whom no harm was to be dreaded. The Governor of Yakutsk must have known well that the views of Ledyard would, if realised, very much weaken the Russian power in Eastern Asia, and, at least, very much interfere with the establishments already made, and still extending, by which they then enjoyed a monopoly of the fur trade with the Northwestern American Indians. No wonder that he held Ledyard fast, till he could send home and get a ukase of banishment against our unfortunate traveller. Is it possible to conceive the feelings of a man, who, after triumphing over every difficulty, after penetrating from London to Yakutsk, one-half of the circumference of the globe, or nearly so, in the earnest pursuit of a purpose on which his mind was set; for the sake of which he had hazarded everything; for which he had suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue, when he

found himself at length, after being trained on by flattering hopes, disappointed? Who that reads this narrative, and believes himself of sufficient spirit to have gone through what Ledyard suffered, would have borne up as he did?

He was turned adrift on the frontiers of Poland without a penny, and commanded never to set foot again in Russia. He managed to raise five pounds on a draft on Sir Joseph Banks, and with these slender means contrived to reach London, where he arrived in the beginning of May, "disappointed, ragged, and penniless." He was received with great kindness by Sir Joseph Banks, who gave him a recommendation to the African Association, who were then seeking for a traveller willing to explore the interior of Africa, and, if possible, discover the source of the Niger. Ledyard went directly to Mr. Beaufoy, Secretary of the Association, who thus describes the interview:—

"Before I had learned from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and from thence westward in the the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him, that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said, he would think himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out. 'Tomorrow morning,' was his answer."

He left London on the 30th of June, and proceeded without accident to Cairo, but just as he was on the point of setting out with the caravan to Sennaar, he was attacked by illness, occasioned by exposure to the sun, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians at Cairo, he expired towards the

1 of November, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of age.

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE SHADOW ON THE SUN-DIAL.

UPON yon dial-stone,
Behold the shade of Time,
For ever circling on and on,
In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres,
Peeled forth its march to mortal ears.

It metes us hour by hour,
Doles out our little span,
Reveals a presence and a power
Felt and confessed by man—
The drop of moments day by day
That rocks of ages wear away.

Woven by a hand unseen,
Upon that stone survey
A rope of dark sepulchral green—
The mantle of decay—
The fold of chill oblivion's pall
That falleth with yon shadows fall.

Day is the time for toil;
Night balms the weary breast;
Stars have their vigils; seas awhile
Will sink to peaceful rest;
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not nor sleeps:—

Effacing all that's fair,
 Hushing the voice of mirth
 Into the silence of despair
 Around the lonesome hearth;
 And training ivy garlands green
 O'er the once gay and social scene.

In beauty fading fast,
 Its silent trace appears;
 And,—where a phantom of the past,
 Dim in the mists of years,—
 Gleams Tadmor o'er oblivion's waves,
 Like wrecks above their ocean graves.

Before the ceaseless shade
 That round the world doth sail;
 Its towers and temples bow the head,
 The pyramids look pale;
 The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
 The everlasting hills wax old.

Coeval with the sun,
 Its silent course began,
 And still its phantom-race shall run,
 Till worlds with age grow wan—
 Till darkness spread her funeral pall
 And one vast shadow circle all.

MALCOLM.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

THE following interesting details respecting the treatment of offenders against the criminal laws of Russia, who are sent to Siberia, are given by the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, on the authority of a correspondent at St. Petersburg:—

ALTHOUGH the government banishes to Siberia criminals condemned by the tribunals, it provides for them

in that part of the empire means of employment which are often preferable to what they could obtain in their native places. Each exile receives on setting out two shirts, a long surtout called a zipoon, and a pair of boots. These articles are for his use during the six summer months. For those of winter he is provided in addition with two other shirts, a long cloth great-coat made of sheepskin, a cap of the same material, woollen gloves and stockings, a pair of common boots, and another pair lined with fur. All these articles are new, solid, and of good quality. Whenever a caravan with convicts passes through a principal town, these articles are examined in presence of the governor and his superior officers, and if any of them are in bad condition, they are immediately repaired or exchanged for others entirely new. A physician, specially appointed, examines into the health of each person in the caravan. If any of the prisoners are found to be too enfeebled to proceed on foot, they are placed in cars, or remain in the hospital of the town. During the journey each exile receives daily the small sum of money necessary for his food. Such exiles as are destined to the colonization of Siberia journey by night and rest during the day. They march by stations, placed at certain distances. The station-houses are solid buildings, surrounded by strong palisades, and are generally erected at the extremities of a village. Their distance from each other is about twenty-five verstres (about five French leagues); but that this journey may not be too great, particularly in winter, resting places have been established half way. The station-house is a clean and commodious building, almost comfortable, composed of four large rooms, and a fifth for women who may have followed their husbands, brothers, or near relations. These women are permitted to travel in the cars which accompany the caravan. Attached to each station-house are kitchens and store-houses, and at

every 100 or 125 verstres, that is, every fourth or fifth station, is an establishment of steam baths. When the exiles have arrived in Siberia, each receives an order to proceed to the colony for which he is intended. Near the high roads, in the government of Tobolsk, Yennisseysk, and Irkoutsk, some fine colonies of this nature may be seen, distant from each other about five or six verstres, which present a picturesque appearance. They are usually established in valleys, on the banks of rivers where fish is abundant, and in the midst of forests which colonists find of great service. In elegance and solidity of construction, regularity of plan, and cleanliness, these colonies may be compared to the finest villages of Western Europe. Each house is inhabited by four exiles, or families of exiles; of whom some person, on account of his good conduct, is looked upon as the master of the house, and has under his orders his companions. The houses are of wood, ornamented with a handsome façade, well enclosed, each containing four large chambers, a spacious court, two stables, and two store-houses. In the centre of each village is placed a large square, with buildings on all sides. Among them are the church, the public offices, and the habitations belonging to the overseers and employés. Store-houses are also erected, in which are placed agricultural instruments, stores of seeds and corn, as well as an apparatus for extinguishing fires. The whole colony is surrounded by an extremely high palisade, having but one outlet, at which is placed the sentry box. Each exile receives on his arrival in the colony an axe, a plough, agricultural instruments, and household articles necessary for his use, a cow, a horse, and a sheep. He also gets for two years seed for sowing and vegetables for his garden, and it is not until the third year that he begins to pay a small return to the public treasury. The instruction given to heads of districts and governments enjoin them to

encourage continually in every possible way the colonists, and give them assistance, and do all they can to bring them back to sentiments of propriety and good feeling. Banishment, in the place where it is undergone, ceases to be considered a disgrace, and he who is not deeply depraved can only see in it a step to social happiness. The ties of relationship, or even friendship, are religiously respected. The wife is not separated from her husband, the children from the father, nor the female from her betrothed. Everything is in fact encouraged which can inculcate social sentiments in the mind of the exile. But though this remarkable improvement on the penitentiary system is steadily pursued by the Russian government as regards criminals, no diminution of severity has yet been permitted towards political offenders. The rigour which has hitherto afflicted them is still continued.

DEATH OF ALI PASHA, AND SUPPRESSION OF THE JANISSARIES.

THE manner of Ali's death has been variously reported, and the accounts I have seen are generally incorrect. The following particulars of that event, and what followed it, may be relied on; as they were obtained partly from the report of the Reis Effendi, and partly from eye-witnesses, personally acquainted with the facts.

Ali had placed at Constantinople an Albanian Turk, who was his confidential agent, to manage his affairs with the Porte, and give him secret information of all that was going on. Suspecting, however, that he had used his influence to his prejudice, and had be-

trayed his confidence, he was determined to get rid of him; the next persons, therefore, whom he sent with despatches to the Porte, had orders to kill this man before they left Constantinople. Two Albanians undertook the commission. They first proceeded, on their arrival, to the Reis Effendi with their despatches from Ali, received answers to convey back to him, and on their return through the town called at the house of their intended victim. As Ali's messengers had always done so, there was nothing extraordinary in their doing so now. Notwithstanding this his agent, rendered suspicious either by his own consciousness or from some information, instead of coming to the gate, as he usually did, to receive their communication, appeared at the window above, and demanded any letters they had for him: they pretended to search for them; but instead of letters, they drew out their pistols, and both fired at him from below. He was wounded, but not killed, and the Albanians immediately proceeded at full gallop through the town; and as this is the manner in which Tartars bearing despatches always go, they were suffered to pass without inquiry or hindrance. Meantime the wounded man sent an account to the Porte of what had occurred, and Tartar cavalry were despatched in all directions to arrest the fugitives. They were overtaken at Rodosto, about ninety miles from Constantinople, where one of them was seized, brought back, and executed; but the other, after a vigorous resistance, effected his escape to Ali, and continued faithfully attached to him to the last.

This was the immediate occasion of the deposition of Ali. The Porte expressed the utmost horror at this attempted assassination of a man under the protection, and in the very residence of the Calif of the Faithful. A firman, therefore, was immediately issued, that Ali was deposed from his Sangiac or province, and the government of it conferred upon his enemy.

He refused to obey the firman, and it was for some time debated at the Porte what should be done with him; at length, on the suggestion of Halet Effendi, then at the height of his influence, an army was sent against him. After various vicissitudes, he was so pressed by Hourchid Pasha, who commanded this army, that he was compelled to take refuge in a part of the citadel of Yanina, with about fifty men who had remained faithful to him. The place which he had chosen for this last retreat was a building divided into three stages, or stories, the uppermost was occupied by Ali and his immediate suite; his treasures, which were supposed to be immense, occupied the next; and the floor below was filled with gunpowder and other combustibles, ready to be exploded at a moment's warning.

Hourchid, apprised of the localities of this fortress, and what arrangements had been made, sent his Silidhar to Ali, to propose that he should surrender at discretion, give up the citadel which he possessed, and consign his treasures to this officer, as the only reasonable line of conduct which he could pursue in the extremity to which he was reduced. He had heard, he said, that Ali intended to set fire to the powder, and blow up himself and his treasures in case his demands were not complied with; but that this menace was idle—for if he did not immediately decide, he would come himself and apply the match. This determined communication seemed to have terrified the old man, who, till that moment, had remained inflexible in his resolution not to submit: but the love of life prevailed when it was no longer of any value to him; and he replied, that considering the hopelessness of his situation, he would surrender himself, his fortress, and his treasures, provided his life were assured to him.

The Silidhar charged himself with this message to Hourchid, and returned after a short time with an

answer, that the accomplishment of his wish depended upon the Sultan exclusively; that he might assure himself that his good offices should be employed for the purpose: but, in the mean time, his only hope of success would depend on Ali's having previously surrendered his fortress, and all it contained, into his hands; and that, for the present, he should retire to a small island in the lake near the town, and await there the arrival of the Sultan's orders. Ali demanded time to reflect on this proposal; and after several conferences, it was at length agreed that he and his little troop should evacuate the fortress and retire to the island; but that he should leave behind him a man, in whom he had confidence, to act according to circumstances: if the return of the messenger sent to the Porte, brought him and his companions assurances of safety, everything was to be surrendered; if not, to be blown into the air. The person whom he left behind, and who undertook to execute this extraordinary commission, was a man who he knew would do it. His name was Kûtchuk Achmét, or Little Achmet: his body was contracted by a wound he had received in his leg, and he was so lame as to be almost powerless; but he was known to be a man of the most daring intrepidity, and who would not hesitate to blow himself into the air, to execute any command intrusted to him.

It is among the anomalies of the human character, that some action is found to contradict the whole experience and conviction of former life. Ali was himself the most suspicious, because he was the most artful and perfidious of men; he moreover knew that he had to deal with an enemy as artful and perfidious as himself, and who never lost an opportunity, by any restraint of faith or honour, of taking an advantage of an adversary, even if he had not given such provocation as he had, and so was not the marked and hope-

less criminal he knew himself to be: yet, on the simple reliance of a vague promise, he surrendered himself, and in his old age clung to a life which he had a thousand times exposed with the most fearless indifference. He was received on the island by the Silidhar, with a number of men equal to his own party, and they made a show of rendering him all the honours due to his rank as Pasha and Vizir; and, after having been treated for some days by Hourchid with an appearance of great kindness and regard, the suspicions of the practised dissembler, which were never known to sleep before, were now completely lulled, and he issued an order to his faithful adherent to surrender the fortress with which he had been intrusted. This was done, and the treasures and the powder were removed to a place of security.

Ali now entertaining, it should appear, some apprehension of the consequence of his imprudence, demanded that one of his captains, who commanded a small corps of about a hundred men, should be admitted to the island with his troops, and remain there. This was complied with by Hourchid, who immediately sent an equal number of his own troops at the same time, to hold them in check.

Different Pashas, of inferior rank, had been in the habit of daily visiting Ali; but on the 31st of the moon Djemazim-ewiel, corresponding with our 5th of February, the governor of the Morea, Mohamed Pasha, also paid him a visit. They held together a long conversation of a very confidential nature, and mutual attachment and good-will seemed to be established between them. Mohamed pressed him to name anything in which he could contribute to his personal comforts, particularly in the article of provisions; and offered to procure for him such as he desired, however rare and difficult to be had. Lamb is considered a great luxury by the Turks at this particular season,

and it is very difficult to procure, because there is a strict law which prohibits its use before March. This, Ali now said he would prefer to any other food, and it was instantly promised by his friendly visiter; who asked him again, was there anything else in which he could gratify him? The old man replied, that there was one thing more, which he was reluctant to name, because his religious scruples restrained him; but, pressed by his friend, he named a particular kind of wine, which was also immediately promised him.

The conversation continued a short time longer, in terms of great amity, and Mohamed rose to depart, with expressions of affectionate good-will on both sides. As they were of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the divan on which they were sitting, and the Pasha of the Morea, as he was retiring, made a low and ceremonial reverence: the Pasha of Yanina returned it with the same profound inclination of the body; but before he could recover himself again, Mohamed drew his yatigan from his girdle, and plunged it into the back of his host with such force, that it passed completely through his heart and out at his left breast. Ali fell dead at his feet, and his assassin immediately left the chamber with the bloody yatigan in his hand, and announced to those abroad that he had now ceased to exist. Some soldiers of Mohamed entered the apartment, severed the head from the body, and bringing it outside, held it up to their own comrades and the soldiers of Ali, as the head of a traitor. Finding themselves thus betrayed, the soldiers of Ali instantly attacked their adversaries, headed by the lame Albanian Kûtchuk Achmet. He was soon killed, and the rest were overpowered, who now finding all resistance fruitless, made no further opposition, but joined in the cry of "Long live the Sultan, and his Vizir Hourchid Pasha!" Such was the real termination of Ali Pasha's

career; he who had himself so often betrayed others, fell a confiding victim to the treachery of his guest.

It was generally rumoured at this time in Constantinople that Ali was on his way to the city: and a Tartaravan, or carriage supported on poles, like a sedan chair, suspended between four mules, had actually set out to meet him. When it returned, it brought back not Ali, but his head, which, as usual, was sent up to be exhibited as the head of a malefactor. It arrived on the 23rd of February, enclosed in a box; and on the 24th it was exposed in the court of the Seraglio to all who wished to see it. I took a janissary, and proceeded to witness a display of Oriental usage which has remained unchanged from the earliest times.

As Ali was a Pasha, his head was treated with the respect due to his rank. Instead of being exhibited in the common way at the gate, it was placed on a dish, on a low marble pillar, between the first and second gates of the Seraglio; where it exactly resembled John the Baptist's head in a charger. Over it, at some little distance, hung a yafta, or paper containing his accusation, like that which was placed over malefactors on the cross; and beside it stood a bostangee with a wand in his hand. The dish was surrounded by a small circle of people, who, when I approached, made way for me; and the bostangee touching the dish with his wand, it turned round, that I might have a distinct view of the head in every position; while the people looked on with the most imperturbable gravity, without evincing any more emotion than if they were looking at the stone pillar on which it stood.

And here, perhaps, you would know what became of Ali's inveterate enemy, Halet Effendi, by whose advice the war against him was undertaken and prosecuted to his destruction. I will tell you, not only because I have nowhere seen the circumstances of

the death of this once powerful man accurately stated but because they led ultimately to the destruction of the whole corps of janissaries.

Halet Effendi had been ambassador at the Court of France, and after a residence there of some years, returned home, bringing with him some tincture of the literature and feelings of Europe. The Sultan pleased with his acquirements, appointed him to the situation of Nizamdgé, or Keeper of the Signet; and he affixed the Sultan's names and titles, convoluted together into a complicated signature, to all official papers. Holding no other post than this, which confers no power or patronage, he at length gained such an ascendancy over the Sultan's mind, and influenced the decisions of the Turkish cabinet, that for several years he was known to be the main spring that moved the whole machine of government. This secret influence, which though not acknowledged was known to all the world, became, like all such interference, very irksome to those who held official situations; but particularly so to the janissaries, who were exceedingly jealous that any one should dictate to the Sultan but themselves. After some time, therefore, they became very discontented, and had various meetings in different places: provisions were at the time scarce and dear, and the people in general were disposed everywhere to complain. Among those who had the greatest influence with the janissaries was a dervish named Hadgé Bectash. You are aware that this corps owes its institution to one of that class.

In the year of the Hegira 763, Mourad Algha, the third Sultan from Othman, instituted a new military order. He selected the fifth part of those who were taken prisoners in the Greek wars, to instruct new corps in the art of war and gunnery; and, to give them a stability founded on the religious prejudices of the people, he sent them to a dervish of great reputation, named Al-Hadgé-Bectash. The dervish

off the sleeve of his tunic, which was of a coarse linen, put it on the head of the Aga, and blessing the troops, he called them *Yeni-seri*, or new soldiers. This name, with slight variation, they are known by at the present day, and the dervish's sleeve still hangs suspended from the head whenever the janissary appears in uniform; they holding the memory of him who conferred them both in the highest estimation. The dervish *Hadgé Bectash*, therefore, as a descendant of their patron, possessed their entire confidence, and at their instance represented very freely the state of things to *Halet Effendi*. This, however, gave great offence; and on the 28th of February, 1822, after a strong representation of this kind, *Hadgé Bectash* was banished from Constantinople. It was given out that he had gone to Persia, where it was known that the affairs of his convent frequently led him; but it was generally believed that he was strangled, and he never again made his appearance.

The janissaries, indignant at this, now held more frequent meetings; and the final result of their deliberation was, to draw up a petition to the Sultan, or rather a demand, for the dismissal of seven of his ministers who were most offensive to them. This petition was presented to the Sultan in the usual form, on his way to the mosque, on Friday, the 1st of November, 1822. On every Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath, the Sultan proceeds to some mosque in the city on horseback, as well to set his subjects an example of piety, as to show himself to them: the particular mosque he proposes to go to is announced beforehand; and every person who wishes to present a petition avails himself of this public opportunity. On this occasion I saw a man stand in a conspicuous place in the street; as the Sultan approached, he held in both his hands a large folded paper, which he set over his head. It caught the eye of the Sultan as he passed, and he nodded to one of his attendants,

who walked over to the man, took the paper and put it into a bag, and then passed on.

The janissaries now anxiously waited for an answer, but no answer was returned ; and on the next Friday they charged their janissary Aga to demand an explanation. It is his duty to attend the Sultan to the mosque, and hold his stirrup while he dismounts from his horse ; and he was directed to avail himself of that opportunity to inquire the result of their petition. He did so ; and then the Sultan expressed his surprise and his entire ignorance of the whole affair. The Aga, who was a plain, rude man, in a few energetic words explained to him the state of things, and the necessity there was of immediately attending to the complaints of the janissaries. Inquiries were therefore made after the petition, and it was found at the Porte, in the bureau of one of the ministers ; those whose deposition was demanded had laid it there, and never suffered it to reach the Sultan. It is said that the Sultan himself, alarmed at the state of affairs, had several times proceeded incognito through the streets and coffee-houses of Constantinople, like his predecessor Haroun Alraschid ; and mixing with the people in disguise, had formed his opinion from their conversation. He particularly did so on the evening of the 9th of November ; and on the next day the ministry was broken up, and four of the members who composed it exiled to Asia Minor.

It was reported that Halet Effendi, the most offending of them all, was immediately strangled, to appease the resentment of the janissaries : but this was not the case ; he was reserved to exhibit another extraordinary proof of Turkish faith in their transactions with one another. The Sultan was strongly attached to Halet, and on his dismissal assured him of his personal safety ; and to confirm his word, he had given him a written protection under his own hand. He further told him that he meant to recal

him when the present excitement should subside ; and in the meantime directed him to retire to Brusa, as the pleasantest place of exile he could appoint for him. Halet set out with perfect confidence, being allowed to take with him a retinue of forty horse as a guard of honour, and having his written protection in his bosom. On his way, however, he found his place of exile changed to Konia, which he considered as further proof of the Sultan's good-will, To ingratiate himself, it is supposed, with the janissaries, he had formerly become a member of a college of dervishes ; at Konia there was a large establishment of them, among whom he intended to retire for the present, and live in perfect security under the protection of their sanctity. He advanced leisurely, by easy stages, and was everywhere treated with distinguished respect by the constituted authorities wherever he rested.

When he arrived near the village of Bola-Vashee, where he intended to pass the night, he was overtaken near the town by a chouash, attended by an escort of twenty horse, who passed him rapidly on the road. This man had been despatched after Halet, and had in his bosom another firman from the Sultan to bring back his head. He arrived first at Bola-Vashee, apprized the Muzzellim, or Governor, of the object of his mission, and that his victim was following immediately after him. It was then agreed between them that Halet should not be permitted to proceed to Konia, lest the influence of the dervishes should throw any obstacle in the way of his execution ; so, having arranged everything, the Muzzellim and his attendants met Halet at the gate with the usual show of attention and respect, introduced him to an apartment in his house, and after the refreshment of coffee they sat on the divan, smoking their pipes in friendly conversation ; one having no suspicion, and the other not giving the slightest intimation of what was to follow.

The executioner now entered the room, and immediately produced from his bosom the Sultan's firman for Halet's death. Halet, in reply, coolly put his hand also into his bosom, and produced the Sultan's firman for his safety. The Muzzellim calmly examined them, and found that his death warrant was that which was last dated, and gave it as his opinion that it was that which must now be executed. Halet then proposed to proceed to Konia, and write back by the chouash a letter to the Sultan, to rectify what he affirmed was all a mistake: but the executioner would consent to no delay; he therefore produced his bow-string, and at once put an end to all discussion, by strangling him on the divan where he sat. His head was cut off, and brought back by the chouash, with the same rapidity as he had come. It was exposed, as usual, on a dish in the court of the Seraglio, where the head of his enemy Ali had been exhibited a few months before: but it had not been treated with the same respect by those who had prepared it; for it was frightfully disfigured in the operation. A great crowd was gathered round to see it, and they expressed an exultation, which, considering the apathy of a Turk, was a strong indication of the unpopularity of the man, and reminded me of the fate of Sejanus, while they examined his mutilated features.

Halet, among other acts of munificence, and in accordance with those ideas which he had adopted from European society, had built a fine library at the College of Dancing Dervishes, at Kioutoupané, in Pera, and in imitation of Rachûb, the celebrated Vizir of Osman III., had annexed to it a splendid mausoleum, in which his body was to be deposited after his decease. His wife, with whom he had not lived happily, was so rejoiced at his death, that she sacrificed two sheep, and went to see his head exposed; but softened by such a dismal sight, she relented, purchased his head for 2000 piastres, and

deposited it in his splendid tomb. The inveteracy of the janissaries, however, was not to be appeased by his death; they insisted that his head should be thrown into the sea; and notwithstanding all opposition, it was actually disinterred, brought to the Seralio point, and cast into the current of the Bosphorus.

The treasures which Halet had amassed were immense. As the property of all who are executed, and indeed of all men in public situations, merges in the state at their death, precautions are generally taken to secure it in the hands of a Saraf, or banker, who is for the most part either an Armenian or a Jew. The deposit is merely one of honour, and there is nothing to prevent the banker from appropriating it to his own use, but then he runs horrible risks even in holding it. The first thing always done, on the execution of a public man, is to seal up his house, and the next to seize on his banker; and if any doubt arises as to the real value of the effects, he is immediately put to the torture to extort confession. This was the case of the Armenian banker of Rhagib, as mentioned by Baron de Tott; and this was also the case of the Jewish banker of Halet Effendi. This man's name was Hazekiel, and he bore an indifferent character. He appeared among the crowd at the exhibition of Halet's head, and laughed, or affected to laugh, at the fate of his benefactor. His house stood on the shores of the Bosphorus, at Kourou Chesmé. It was immediately searched, and several large chests filled with jewels and specie were discovered. A man who lives in the village informed me that it required eight hummals, or porters, to bring some of them to the boat that was to convey them to Constantinople; and when laid in, the boat was sunk to the edge of the water. In this way they procured to the value of five millions of piastres; but this was not deemed sufficient, and the wretched Jew was put to the torture, which was applied till he disgorged three millions more; so that the

whole sum the state has acquired by the death of the favourite, amounts to eight millions of piastres, about £300,000.

The death of Halet, though not the immediate cause of the extinction of the janissaries. The present Sultan resembles Peter the Great in many points of character; the same determination in undertaking, the same energy in pursuing, and the same relentless rigour in executing any purpose; like Peter, he found the domineering of his prætorian guards no longer tolerable; and as Peter rid himself of his Strelitzers, so Mahomed determined to dispose of his janissaries. It had been long a favourite project of the Turkish government to introduce European discipline among their troops. Selim, the predecessor of the present Sultan, attempted to establish it, among other improvements which that enlightened Turkish monarch deavoured to introduce into the empire; but his subjects were not ripe for it, and he fell a victim to the rage of the janissaries. The Greek war, however, had now convinced every thinking man of its necessity; as they saw the Egyptian troops had adopted it, and so were able, though very inferior to the Turks, to change entirely the state of affairs in the Morea. The Sultan was determined once more to make the attempt: if the janissaries assented, to hold them in check with his disciplined troops; if they opposed, to exterminate them altogether. Having therefore secured the concurrence of some of the most influential men in the state, he matured his plan, and proceeded to act on it accordingly.


He first, by money well applied, by promises and menaces, and in some instances by secret execution of the refractory, brought over a majority of the janissary officers to acquiesce in his plan. In order to be more secure of their concurrence, and to take from them the power of retracting, he exacted a written declaration of their approval of his plan, and th

determination to promote it. They agreed to furnish one hundred and fifty men from each Orta or regiment; and Egyptian officers, who were already instructed and practised in European tactics, were sent for, to drill and discipline the new corps. The Turks, like all ignorant people, annex more importance to words than things; so it was necessary to manage them on this point. The former regiments, which Selim had attempted to discipline, were called Nizam dgedit, or the new regulation, and the very sound of anything like an innovation on ancient usage, had at once prejudiced the people against it. This ill-omened name, therefore, was laid aside, and the same thing was called by an opposite appellation, Nizam attic, or the old regulation, and the troops were satisfied. It was further declared, that it was merely the revival of an old institution of Soliman I.; so things went on very quietly under that impression, and the soldiers came regularly to drill.

They were so far advanced, that the 15th of June was appointed for a general review, when the Sultan, the Ulemas, and the Ministers proposed to be present, and the Etmeidan was fixed on as the field of exercise. In order that you may not confound names, as I was wont to do, it may be necessary to inform you that Meidan, in Turkish, signifies a place, of which there are many so called in Constantinople; Okmeidan, the place of the arrow, where the Sultan exercises archery; Atmeidan, the place of the horse, the ancient Hippodrome, of which the Turkish word is a translation; and Et-meidan, of which we now speak. This last is a very extensive area near the centre of the city, which had always been appropriated to the use of the janissaries, and it was enlarged and prepared for the grand field day. It literally means, the place of meat. It is entered by a lofty gateway, opposite to which is an edifice, with an inscription on

it in large Turkish characters;—"Here is the place where meat is distributed to the janissaries."

On the day preceding, the different corps were ordered to assemble here to practise together, that they might be more expert in their evolutions before the Sultan. It was now, for the first time, that the soldiers perceived that they were practising the very thing they had all determined to resist. A bairactar or standard-bearer, as soon as the tardy though struck him, cried out aloud—"Why this is very much like Russian manœuvring;" another answered him "It is much worse;" and a strong feeling of dislike was beginning, unexpectedly, to manifest itself. To stifle this rising discontent, one of the men was severely reprimanded by the janissary Aga, to whom his expression had been reported, and the other was imprudently struck in the face by an Egyptian officer. This seemed the signal for a general display of feeling: discipline was abandoned, and all the corps assembled were at once in a state of commotion. They turned into the streets; robbed and insulted all they met; and such seemed to be the general sympathy, that the police made no attempt to interfere or restrain them. The janissary Aga had rendered himself particularly disliked by the active part he had taken to promote the plan of discipline. A party of the mutineers, therefore, proceeded to his house to assassinate him. He had just time to make his escape; but they killed his kiaya, or lieutenant, and destroyed everything they found in the building; and in their rage, even went so far as to violate those observances which a Turk holds in the highest respect—they entered his harem, and abused and insulted his women. The Sultan was, at this time, at Beshiktash, a kiosk a few miles up the Bosphorus; and here the janissary Aga, the Grand Vizir, and other ministers from the Porte, immediately repaired, and informed him what had happened.



The ministers had scarcely left the Porte, when the mutineers arrived there : they were joined by an immense mob of the lowest rabble ; and, to make a common cause with them, the new corps tore off their uniforms, and trampled them in the streets. They then proceeded to demolish the edifice by battering it to pieces : they plundered and carried off any valuables they found within, and destroyed the archives which they supposed had registered their organisation.

The janissaries now displayed a spirit of determination, which they never manifest but in extreme cases. The first thing that struck me, on my arrival, as odd and singular in the streets of Constantinople, was an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow dressed in a leather jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thongs ; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This I found, on inquiry, was the soup kettle of a corps of janissaries, and always held in the highest respect : indeed, so distinguishing a characteristic of this body is their soup, that their colonel is called *Tchorbadgé*, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is, in fact, their standard ; and whenever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprise. These kettles were now solemnly displayed in the *Etmeidan*, inverted in the middle of the area, and in a short time twenty thousand men rallied round them.

The crisis had now arrived which the Sultan both feared and wished for ; and he immediately availed himself of all those resources which he had previously prepared for such an event. He first transmitted secret orders to the *Aga Pasha* of *Yenikui*, and to the *Topgee Bashi*, or Commander of the Artillery, to

hold themselves in readiness with their forces, if their presence should be required ; and then he summoned a council, which was numerously attended. He expressed to them the state of the janissaries, their spirit of mutiny, and their incapability of subordination ; he declared his intention of either ruling without their control, or of passing over to Asia, and leaving Constantinople and European Turkey to their mercy ; and he submitted to them, as a measure of immediate expediency, to raise the Sandjâk Sheriff, or Sacred Standard of Mahomet, that all good Musselmen might rally round it. This last proposal met with unanimous applause, and orders were immediately issued for the purpose.

This sacred relic, said to have been the small-clothes of Mahomet, is never produced but on the most solemn occasions, and it was not seen in Constantinople for fifty years before. It was now taken from the imperial treasury, to the imperial mosque of Sultan Achmet. The ulemas and softas walked before, and the Sultan and his court followed it, all rehearsing the Koran ; fellas, or public criers, were sent to announce everywhere what had been done ; and in a short time the solemn news was communicated all over the city. This seems to have been a master-stroke of policy, listing at once on his side the prejudices and fanaticism of the whole nation. No sooner was it announced, than thousands rushed from their houses in all directions, and joined the procession with the fiercest enthusiasm. When they entered the magnificent mosque, the mufti planted the standard on the pulpit, and the Sultan pronounced an anathema against all who refused to range themselves under it. The Aga Pasha's troops now arrived from the Bosphorus, and the Topgee Bashi landed his artillery at the Yali Kiosk, just under the walls of the Seraglio. The Galiondgees, or Marines, and the Bostangees, or Corps of Gardeners, had also been previously pre-

pared and in readiness; so that every thing seemed to have been as perfectly matured as it was sagaciously planned. A few who had joined the janissaries had landed higher up in the harbour: they were but a handful, and it was already seen that their cause was desperate.

Four officers of rank were despatched to the Etmeidan, to offer the Sultan's pardon to the janissaries, if they would desist from their demands, acknowledge their error, and immediately disperse. This, of course, was rejected with scorn. The experience of centuries had taught them that they had only to persist in their demands to have them conceded; and in this conviction they immediately put to death the four officers who had dared to propose submission to them. They peremptorily demanded that the Sultan should for ever renounce his plans of innovation; and that the Grand Vizir, the Aga Pasha, the janissary Aga, and Negib Effendi, the Egyptian agent, should be delivered up to them, to be punished as subverters of the ancient usages of the empire. The Sultan demanded from the Sheik Islam, whether it was lawful for him to put down his rebellious subjects by force. The Sheik replied that it was. "Then," said the Sultan, "give me a Fetva, authorising me to kill them if they resist." He did so; and every thing was accomplished.

The Aga Pasha had by this time collected a force of 60,000 men, on whom he could entirely depend; and he received immediate orders to put the janissaries down by force, which he lost no time in executing. He surrounded the Etmeidan, where they were all tumultuously assembled in a dense crowd, and having no apprehension of such a measure; and the first intimation many of them had of their situation, was a murderous discharge of grape-shot from the cannon of the Topghees. Vast numbers were killed on the spot, and the survivors retired to their *kislaas*,

or barracks, which were close by: here they shut themselves up; and in order to dislodge them, it was necessary to set the kisas on fire, as they refused all terms of surrender. The flames were soon seen from Pera, bursting out in different places; and that none might escape, the barracks were surrounded, like the Etmeidan, with cannon, and the discharges continued without intermission. It is not possible, perhaps, to conceive any situation more horrible than that in which the janissaries now found themselves; the houses in flames over their heads, and the walls battered down about them, torn to pieces with grape-shot, and overwhelmed with ruins and burning fragments. As it was determined to exterminate them utterly, no quarter was any longer offered or given, and the conflagration and discharge of artillery continued for the remainder of the day. The janissaries, notwithstanding the surprise and comparatively unprepared state in which they were taken, defended themselves with a desperate fierceness and intrepidity. The Aga Pasha was wounded, and had four horses killed under him, and his troops suffered severely. At length, however, opposition ceased, when there was no longer anything left alive to make it. The firing slackened and silenced; the flames were extinguished of themselves; and the next morning presented a frightful scene,—burning ruins slaked in blood—a huge mass of mangled flesh and smoking ashes.

During the whole of the two ensuing days, the gates continued closed, with the exception of one to admit faithful Musselmen from the country, to pay their devotion to the sacred standard; and they came in crowds, with the Imaum, or parish priest, at their head. But the principal remnant of the janissaries, who had escaped the carnage of the Etmeidan, was thus shut in and unremittingly hunted and destroyed; so that the streets, as well as the barracks, were

everywhere covered with dead bodies. During all this time, no Christian was allowed, under any pretence, to pass over to Constantinople. But though the two places are separated only by a narrow channel, the most perfect tranquillity reigned in Pera; the people bought and sold, and pursued their ordinary occupations; and would have known nothing, perhaps, of the tremendous convulsions of the other side, if it were not for the blaze of the fire and the report of the cannon.

The exposure of the Sandjâk Sheriff brought immense crowds to Constantinople. It was a sight as rare as it was holy to the faithful; and many considered it equal to a visit to the tomb of the Prophet. The Sultan in the mean time appeared in the uniform of the new corps, and went to the mosque, attended by the Seymen, Topghees, and Cromboradgees, instead of his usual guard of janissaries, whose nizams, or badges, were everywhere torn down and trampled upon: they had been affixed to numerous gates and guard-houses in the city, and indicated the extensive power and influence of the corps to which they belonged. The janissaries were also distinguished by certain marks on their arms, indicating the Orta to which they belonged. This was tattooed, in the same manner as is frequently seen on the arms of our sailors: the skin was punctured, and a solution of gunpowder was rubbed in, which left an ineffaceable mark under the skin. It was particularly directed that this should be obliterated; but it was found impossible to erase it; and such was the terror and alarm of the unfortunate survivors, that many were known to cut out the whole piece of flesh, rather than retain about them any mark which would betray the fact of their having been janissaries. On the next day, the Sultan publicly anathematised the whole body of janissaries,—inhibited the mention of their name, or any allusion to them,—and in their place

solemnly conferred the appellation of Assakiri Mahamoodich, or forces of Mahomet, on the new army now forming to replace them; and in the evening, fellas, or public criers, were everywhere sent about the city and suburbs to proclaim that tranquillity was restored.

The number of janissaries destroyed on this occasion is variously reported: besides those who perished at the Etmeidan barracks, and in the public streets, multitudes were caught and privately strangled in the houses where they were found, or brought to appointed places where they were beheaded together. These slaughter-houses, as represented by eye witnesses, were very horrible. None of the large body assembled were supposed to have escaped. All the officers, with the exception of a few of high rank who had joined the Sultan's party, were known to have perished; and the general opinion is, that 20,000 were sacrificed on the occasion. Arubas and other machines were employed for several days in dragging down the mangled bodies, and casting them into the harbour and Bosphorus. Here they lay, till becoming buoyant by corruption, they again rose to the top, and were floated into the sea of Marmora, where the eddies frequently carried them into still water; covering the surface with large putrid masses, in which boats and ships were sometimes entangled and delayed; exhibiting, in nearly the same place, the reality of that which the poet only feigned of the vessel of Xerxes impeded by the bodies of his own soldiers.

Those who were not destroyed in the attack, or afterwards in the houses, were banished from Constantinople to the different parts of Asia from whence they came. A certain number were put together in the same Teskerai, or passport, and they were transported across the sea of Marmora to the Gulf of Ismid or Moudania, where they were landed, and

thence proceeded to their own country. They had generally amassed money, which was taken from them, and a small sum allowed for their several expenses to their place of abode. In this way 20 or 30,000, who had concealed themselves and escaped the first massacre, were permitted to leave Constantinople; and as they had suffered before from wounds, privations, and anxiety of mind, numbers sunk under debility, and died on the road; so that it is supposed not half of them ever reached their own country.

WALSH'S *Constantinople*.

A SAILOR'S LIFE AFLOAT.

From a very pleasant volume, entitled 'Two Years before the Mast; or Personal Narrative of a Life at Sea,' we select a few passages, and doubt not that the reader will be greatly charmed by the feeling, simplicity and manliness of sentiment which they display. The work is written by R. H. Dana, son of an American author of considerable celebrity. While a student at the university, his eyes became so weak that the physicians despaired of a cure, without a total abandonment of books and studies and an entire change of life; and it was in consequence that he resolved to embark as a sailor, and thus put himself beyond the reach of temptation. He set sail from Boston in a small vessel called *The Pilgrim*, bound for the Pacific, to collect hides, and commanded by a Captain F—, of whose unfeeling disposition our author presents many traits. But we proceed at once to our promised extracts, and begin with his first experiment of a seaman's life:—

THE FIRST WATCH AT SEA.

I BEING in the starboard or second mate's watch, had the opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea. S—, a young man, making, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and as he was the son of a professional man, and had been in a counting-room in Boston, we found that we had many friends and topics in common. We talked these matters over, —Boston, what our friends were probably doing, our voyage, &c., until he went to take his turn at the

look-out, and left me to myself. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go, one or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join, so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say, that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete "hurrah's nest," as the sailors say, "everything on top and nothing at hand." A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress and blankets had all *fetched away* and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To

crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting every moment to hear the cry of "all hands ahoy," which the approaching storm would soon make necessary. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder, the loud cry of "All hands, ahoy! tumble up here and take in sail," saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail haliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and, to me, unintelligible orders constantly given and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along, I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my

strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favour, for the confusion of every thing below, and that inexpressible sickening smell, caused by the shaking up of the bilge-water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experience of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage. When we were on deck we were not much better off, for we were continually ordered about by the officer, who said that it was good for us to be in motion. Yet anything was better than the horrible state of things below. I remember very well going to the hatchway and putting my head down, when I was oppressed by *nausea*, and always being relieved immediately, it was as good as an emetic.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

THE following melancholy incident made memorable the passage round Cape Horn.

AT seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just i

time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side ; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main topmast-head, for ringtail haliards, and had the strap and block, a coil of haliards, and a marline-spike, about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore ; his body remains with his friends, and " the mourners go about the streets ;" but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an *object*, and a *real evidence* ; but at sea the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a *vacancy* shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you *miss a man so much*. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon

the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft, and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said that it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So we then filled away, and kept her off to her course.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

THIS island was soon reached; and those who have read Robinson Crusoe,—and who has not?—will be gratified by a perusal of the following description of its present appearance and inhabitants. Our author, with all the enthusiasm of a young sailor, was eager to set foot on shore.

WHEN all hands were called it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up water-casks, &c., I had a good view of the objects about me. The harbour was nearly land-locked, and at the head of it was a land-

ing-place, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly a hundred in number, the best of them built of mud and whitewashed, but the greater part Robinson Crusoe like—of posts and branches of trees. The governor's house, as it is called, was most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet, like all the rest, only of one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, low, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was dignified by the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing-place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how my friend S—— and myself got the laugh of the crew upon us by our eagerness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter-boat to be lowered, we both sprang down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in our haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a tow-line for a half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the crew, who had seen our manœuvre.

After breakfast the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water-casks, and to my joy I was among the number. We pulled ashore with the empty casks; and here again fortune favoured me, for the water was too thick and muddy to be put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries, abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson. The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest whether we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruits, &c. Knives also were in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and that it was necessary to keep all weapons from their hands. The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay for nearly two years; and the governor—an Englishman who had entered the Chilian navy—with a priest, half a dozen taskmasters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order. This was no easy task; and only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night, boarded a brig lying in the harbour, sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat, and gone off to sea. We were informed of this, and loaded our arms and kept strict watch on board through the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore. The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up *under sentry* in caves dug into the side of the moun-

tain, nearly half-way up, with mule-tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under task-masters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works; while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth.

Having filled our casks, we returned on board, and soon after the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *Padre*, in the dress of the grey friars, with hood and all complete, and the *Capitan*, with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine. While at dinner a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon afterwards we saw a light whale-boat pulling into the harbour. The ship lay off and on, and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker, dressed all in brown. The ship was the *Cortes*, whaleman, of New Bedford, and had put in to see if there were any vessels from round the Horn, and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite—as they styled themselves—brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandal-wood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon despatched; a piece of the sandal-wood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the centre of the island. I have always regretted that I did not bring away other specimens of the products of the island, having afterwards lost all that I had with me—the piece of sandal-wood, and a small flower which I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpawling, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a book.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our water-casks, we commenced getting under weigh, and were not a little while about it; for we were in thirty fathoms water, and in one of the gusts which came from off shore had let go our other bow anchor; and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains and comes off in uncertain flaws, we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and after stoppering and unshackling it again and again, and hoisting and hauling down sail, we at length tripped our anchor and stood out to sea. It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us in its still beauty, and I gave a parting look, and bid farewell to the most romantic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first land that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading Robinson Crusoe. To this I may add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its peculiar charm.

LIBERTY-DAY ON SHORE.

THE *Pilgrim* set sail, and soon arrived on the coast of California. Here the crew had much hard work from sunrise to sunset, in taking in hides from the shore, and beaching their boats through the Pacific surf. A part of their number obtain a day's liberty to go on shore.

I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from the confinement, labour, and strict rule of a vessel—of being once more in my life, though

only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet while it lasts it is perfect. He is under no one's eye, and can do whatever, and go wherever, he pleases. This day, for the first time, I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard—the sweets of liberty. My friend S—— was with me; and turning our backs upon the vessels, we walked slowly along, talking of the pleasure of being our own masters, of the times past, when we were free and in midst of friends, in America, and of the prospect of our return.

We went about among the houses, endeavouring to get horses for the day, so that we might ride round and see the country. At first we had but little success; all that we could get out of the lazy fellows, in reply to our questions, being the eternal drawling "*Quien sabe?*" ("who knows?") which is an answer to all questions. After several efforts, we at length fell in with a little Sandwich Island boy, who belonged to Captain Wilson of the Ayacucho, and was well acquainted with the place; and he knowing where to go, soon procured us two horses ready saddled and bridled, each with a *lasso* coiled over the pummel. These we were to have all day, with the privilege of riding them down to the beach at night, for a dollar, which we paid in advance. Horses are the cheapest things in California; the very best not being worth more than ten dollars apiece, and very good ones being often sold for three and four. In taking a day's ride you pay for the use of the saddle, and for the labour and trouble of catching the horses. If you bring the saddle back safe, they care but little what becomes of the horse. Mounted on our horses, which were spirited beasts—and which, by the way, in this country, are always steered by pressing the contrary rein against the neck, and not by pulling on the bit—we started off on a fine run over the country. The first place we went to was the old ruinous pr

sidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village, which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side in which the commandant lived with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve half clothed and half starved looking fellows composed the garrison; and they, it was said, had not a musket apiece. The small settlement lay directly below the fort, composed of about forty dark brown looking huts, or houses, and two larger ones plastered, which belonged to two of the "gente de razón." This town is not more than half as large as Monterey, or Santa Barbara, and has little or no business. From the presidio we rode off in the direction of the mission, which we were told was three miles distant. The country was rather sandy, and there was nothing for miles which could be called a tree; but the grass grew green and rank, and there were many bushes and thickets; and the soil is said to be good. After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles, we saw the white walls of the mission, and fording a small river, we came directly before it. The mission is built of mud, or rather of the unburnt bricks of the country, and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance: a number of irregular buildings, connected with one another, and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end, rising above the rest, with a tower containing five belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with an immense rusty iron cross at the top. Just outside of the buildings, and under the walls, stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw and of the branches of trees, grouped together, in which a few Indians lived, under the protection and in the service of the mission.

Entering a gateway we drove into the open square,

in which the stillness of death reigned. On one side was the church; on another, a range of high buildings with grated windows; a third was a range of smaller buildings or offices; and the fourth seemed to be little more than a high connecting wall. Not a living creature could we see. We rode twice round the square in the hope of waking up some one; and in one circuit saw a tall monk, with shaven head, sandals, and the dress of the Grey Friars, pass rapidly through a gallery, but he disappeared without noticing us. After two circuits we stopped our horses, and saw, at last, a man show himself in front of one of the small buildings. We rode up to him, and found him dressed in the common dress of the country, with a silver chain round his neck, supporting a large bunch of keys. From this we took him to be the steward of the mission, and addressing him as "Mayordomo," received a low bow and an invitation to walk into his room. Making our horses fast we went in. It was a plain room, containing a table, three or four chairs, a small picture or two of some saint, or miracle, or martyrdom, and a few dishes and glasses. "Hay algunas cosas á comer?" said I. "Si Senor!" said he. "Que gusta usted?" Mentioning frijoles, which I knew they must have if they had nothing else, and beef and bread, and a hint for wine, if they had any; he went off to another building, across the court, and returned in a few moments with a couple of Indian boys bearing dishes and a decanter of wine. The dishes contained baked meats, frijoles stewed with peppers and onions, boiled eggs, and California flour baked into a kind of macaroni. These, together with the wine, made the most sumptuous meal we had eaten since we left Boston; and, compared with the fare we had lived upon for seven months, it was a regal banquet. After despatching our meal, we took out some money and asked him how much we were to pay. He shook his head and crossed himself, saying

that it was charity:—that the Lord gave it to us. Knowing the amount of this to be that he did not sell, but was willing to receive a present, we gave him ten or twelve *reals*, which he pocketed with admirable nonchalance, saying, “Dios se lo pague.” Taking leave of him, we rode out to the Indians’ huts. The little children were running about among the huts, stark naked, and the men were not much better; but the women had generally coarse gowns, of a sort of tow cloth. The men are employed most of the time in tending the cattle of the mission, and in working in the garden, which is a very large one, including several acres, and filled, it is said, with the best fruits of the climate. The language of these people, which is spoken by all the Indians of California, is the most brutish and inhuman language, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could well be conceived. It is a complete *slabber*. The words fall off of the ends of their tongues, and a continual *slabbering* sound is made in the cheeks, outside of the teeth. It cannot have been the language of Montezuma and the independent Mexicans.

Leaving the mission, we returned to the village, going nearly all the way on a full run. The California horses have no medium gait, which is pleasant, between walking and running; for as there are no streets and parades, they have no need of the genteel trot, and their riders usually keep them at the top of their speed until they are tired, and then let them rest themselves by walking. The fine air of the afternoon; the rapid rate of the animals; who seemed almost to fly over the ground; and the excitement and novelty of the motion to us, who had been so long confined on shipboard, were exhilarating beyond expression, and we felt willing to ride all day long. Coming into the village, we found things looking very lively. The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sunday, were engaged at playing a kind of running

game of ball, on a level piece of ground, near the houses. The old ones sat down in a ring, looking on, while the young ones—men, boys, and girls—were chasing the ball, and throwing it with all their might. Some of the girls ran like greyhounds. At every accident, or remarkable feat, the old people set up a deafening screaming and clapping of hands. Several blue jackets were reeling about among the houses, which showed that the pulperias had been well patronized. One or two of the sailors had got on horse-back, but being rather indifferent horsemen, and the Spaniards having given them vicious horses, they were soon thrown, much to the amusement of the people. A half-dozen Sandwich Islanders, from the hide-houses and the two brigs, who are bold riders, were dashing about on the full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men.

It was now nearly sundown, and S—— and myself went into a house, and sat quietly down to rest ourselves before going down to the beach. When we came to leave the house, we found that our horses, which we left tied at the door, were both gone. We had paid for them to ride down to the beach, but they were not to be found. We went to the man of whom we hired them, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and to our question, "Where are the horses?" only answered—"Quien sabe?" but as he was very easy, and made no inquiries for the saddles, we saw that he knew very well where they were. After a little trouble, determined not to walk down—a distance of three miles—we procured two, at four *reals* apiece, with an Indian boy to run on behind and bring them back. Determined to have "the go" out of the horses, for our trouble, we went down at full speed, and were on the beach in fifteen minutes. Wishing to make our liberty last as long as possible, we rode up and down among the hide-houses, amusing ourselves with seeing the men as they came down (it was

now dusk), some on horseback and others on foot. We inquired for our shipmates, and were told that two of them had started on horseback and been thrown or had fallen off, and were seen heading for the beach but steering pretty wild, and by the looks of things would not be down much before midnight.

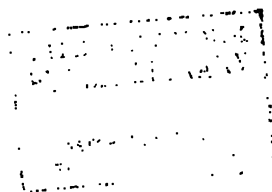
The Indian boys having arrived, we gave them horses, and having seen them safely off, hailed the boat and went aboard.

THE LEAVE-TAKING OF "OLD BESS."

AFTER landing our hides, we next sent ashore all spare spars and rigging; all the stores which we did not want to use in the course of one trip to windward, and, in fact, everything which we could spare, so as to make room for hides: among other things, the *sty*, and with it "Old Bess." This was an old pig that we had brought from Boston, and which lived through round Cape Horn, where all the other pigs perished from cold and wet. Report says that she had been on the Canton voyage before. She had been the pet of the cook during the whole passage, and he had fed her with the best of everything, and taught her to follow his voice, and to do a number of strange tricks for amusement. Tom Cringle says that no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig; and I believe it is right, for it almost broke our poor *darky's* heart when he heard that Bess was to be taken ashore, that he was to have the care of her no more during the whole voyage. He had depended upon her for solace during the long trips up and down the coast. "Obey orders, if you break owners!" said the cook. "Break hearts," he meant to have said; and he put his hand to get her over the side, trying to make it as easy for her as possible. We got a whip up on the main-yard, and hooking it to a strap round her back



21



wayed away; and giving a wink to one another, ran er chock up to the yard. "Vast there! 'vast!" said as mate; "none of your skylarking! Lower away!" but he evidently enjoyed the joke. The pig squealed like the "crack of doom," and tears stood in the poor lark's eyes, and he muttered something about having no pity on a dumb beast. "*Dumb* beast!" said Jack; "if she's what you call a dumb beast, then my eyes a'nt mates." This produced a laugh from all but the cook. He was too intent upon seeing her safe in the boat. He watched her all the way ashore, where, upon her landing, she was received by a whole troop of her kind, who had been set ashore from the other vessels, and had multiplied and formed a large commonwealth. From the door of his galley, the cook used to watch them in their manœuvres, setting up a shout and clapping his hands whenever Bess came off victorious in the struggles for pieces of raw hide and half-picked bones which were lying about the beach. During the day he saved all the nice things, and made a bucket of swill, and asked us to take it ashore in the gig, and looked quite disconcerted when the mate told him that he would pitch the swill overboard, and him after it, if he saw any of it go into the boats. We told him that he thought more about the pig than he did about his wife, who lived down in Robinson's Alley; and, indeed, he could hardly have been more attentive, for he actually, on several nights after dark, when he thought he would not be seen, sculled himself ashore in a boat with a bucket of nice swill, and returned like Leander from crossing the Hellespont.

WOODCUTTING EXCURSIONS.

They now began to collect hides for the homeward voyage. These were brought in from all parts of the coast and deposited at San Diego, the general depot of the trade; where they were dried and cleaned,—a

disagreeable duty to which Dana was appointed. Their excursions inland to obtain wood for cooking helped to vary their monotonous course of life.

Two afternoons in the week, generally Monday and Thursday, as soon as we had got through dinner, we started off for the bush, each of us furnished with a hatchet and a long piece of rope, and dragging the hand-cart behind us, and followed by the whole colony of dogs, who were always ready for the bush, and were half mad whenever they saw our preparations. We went with the hand-cart as far as we could conveniently drag it, and leaving it in an open, conspicuous place, separated ourselves, each taking his own course, and looking about for some good place to begin upon. Frequently, we had to go nearly a mile from the hand-cart before we could find any fit place. Having lighted upon a good thicket, the next thing was to clear away the under-brush, and have fair play at the trees. These trees are seldom more than five or six feet high, and the highest that I ever saw in these expeditions could not have been more than twelve; so that, with lopping off the branches and clearing away the underwood, we had a good deal of cutting to do for a very little wood. Having cut enough for a "back-load," the next thing was to make it well fast with the rope, and heaving the bundle upon our backs, and taking the hatchet in hand, to walk off, up hill and down dale, to the hand-cart. Two good back-loads a-piece filled the hand-cart; and that was each one's proportion. When each had brought down his second load, we filled the hand-cart, and took our way again slowly back to the beach. It was generally sundown when we got back, and unloading, covering the hides for the night, and getting our supper, finished the day's work.

These wooding excursions had always a mixture of something rather pleasant in them. Roaming about in the woods with hatchet in hand, like a backwoods

man, followed by a troop of dogs; starting up of birds, snakes, hares and foxes, and examining the various kinds of trees, flowers, and birds' nests, was at least a change from the monotonous drag and pull on shipboard. Frequently, too, we had some amusement and adventure. The coati, of which I have before spoken,—a sort of mixture of the fox and wolf breeds,—fierce little animals, with bushy tails and large heads, and a quick, sharp bark, abound here, as in all other parts of California. These the dogs were very watchful for, and whenever they saw them started off in full run after them. We had many fine chases; yet, although our dogs ran finely, the rascals generally escaped. They are a match for the dog, one to one; but as the dogs generally went in squads, there was seldom a fair fight. A smaller dog, belonging to us, once attacked a coati, single, and got a good deal worsted, and might, perhaps, have been killed, had we not come to his assistance. We had, however, one dog, which gave them a good deal of trouble, and many hard runs. He was a fine tall fellow, and united strength and agility better than any dog that I have ever seen. He was born at the Islands; his father being an English mastiff, and his mother a greyhound. He had the high head, long legs, narrow body, and springing gait of the latter, and the heavy jaw, thick jowls, and strong fore-quarters of the mastiff. When he was brought to San Diego an English sailor said that he looked, about the face, precisely like the Duke of Wellington, whom he had once seen at the Tower; and, indeed, there was something about him which resembled the portraits of the Duke. From this time he was christened "Welly," and became the favourite and bully of the beach. He always led the dogs by several yards in the chase, and had killed two coati at different times in single combats. We often had fine sport with these fellows. A quick, sharp bark from a coati, and in an instant

every dog was at the height of his speed. A few moments made up for an unfair start, and gave each dog his relative place. Welly, at the head, seemed almost to skim over the bushes; and after him came Fanny, Bravo, Childers, and the other fleet ones,—the spaniels and terriers; and then behind followed the heavy corps,—bulldogs, &c.; for we had every breed. Pursuit by us was in vain, and in about half an hour a few of them would come panting and straggling back.

Beside the coati, the dogs sometimes made prizes of rabbits and hares, which are very plentiful here and great numbers of which we often shot for our dinners. There was another animal, that I was not so much disposed to find amusement from, and that was the rattlesnake. These are very abundant here especially during the spring of the year. The latter part of the time that I was on shore, I did not meet with so many; but for the first two months we seldom went into "the bush" without one of our numbers starting some of them. The first that I ever saw I remember perfectly well. I had left my companion and was beginning to clear away a fine clump of trees, when, just in the midst of the thicket, not more than eight yards from me, one of these fellows set up his hiss. It is a sharp, continuous sound, and resembles very much the letting off of the steam from the small pipe of a steamboat, except that it is on a smaller scale. I knew, by the sound of an axe, one of my companions was near, and called to him, to let him know what I had fallen upon. He took it very lightly; and as he seemed inclined to laugh at me for being afraid, I determined to stay in my place. I knew that so long as I could hear the rattle, I was safe, for these snakes never make a sound when they are in motion. Accordingly I kept on my work, and the noise which I made with cutting and breaking the trees kept him in alarm, so that

the rattle to show me his whereabouts. Once or twice the noise stopped for a short time, which gave me a little uneasiness, and retreating a few steps, I threw something into the bush, at which he would set his rattle agoing; and finding that he had not moved from his first place I was easy again. In this way I continued at my work till I had cut a full load, never suffering him to be quiet for a moment. Having cut my load, I strapped it together, and got everything ready for starting. I felt that I could now call the others without the imputation of being afraid, and went in search of them. In a few minutes we were all collected, and began an attack upon the bush. The big Frenchman, who was the one that I had called to at first, I found as little inclined to approach the snake as I had been. The dogs, too, seemed afraid of the rattle, and kept up a barking at a safe distance; but the Kanakas showed no fear, and, getting long sticks, went into the bush, and keeping a bright lookout, stood within a few feet of him. One or two blows struck near him, and a few stones thrown, started him, and we lost his track, and had the pleasant consciousness that he might be directly under our feet. By throwing stones and chips in different directions, we made him spring his rattle again, and began another attack. This time we drove him into the clear ground, and saw him gliding off, with head and tail erect, when a stone, well aimed, knocked him over the bank, down a declivity of fifteen or twenty feet, and stretched him at his length. Having made sure of him by a few more stones, we went down, and one of the Kanakas cut off his rattle. These rattles vary in number, it is said, according to the age of the snake; though the Indians think they indicate the number of creatures they have killed. We always preserved them as trophies, and at the end of the summer had quite a number. None of our people were ever bitten by them; but one of our dogs died

of a bite, and another was supposed to have been bitten, but recovered. We had no remedy for the bite, though it was said that the Indians of the country had, and the Kanakas professed to have an herb which would cure it; but it was fortunately never brought to the test.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

AFTER many months spent in hide-curing, young Dana grew heartily weary of it, and when the *Alert* put into San Diego, he exchanged with another sailor, and again put to sea. This second vessel was more comfortable, being large and well appointed.

At length a few whiffs came across the water, and by eleven o'clock the regular north-west wind set steadily in. There was no need of calling all hands, for we had all been hanging about the fore-castle the whole forenoon, and were ready for a start upon the first sign of a breeze. All eyes were aft upon the captain who was walking the deck, with, every now and then a look to windward. He made a sign to the man who came forward, took his station deliberately between the knight-heads, cast a glance aloft, and called out, "All hands lay aloft and loose the sails!" were half in the rigging before the order came; never since we left Boston were the gaskets off the yards, and the rigging overhauled, in a shorter time. "All ready forward, sir!"—"All ready the main Cross-jack yards all ready, sir!"—"Lay down your hands but one on each yard!" The yard-arm bunt gaskets were cast off; and each sail hung by its jigger, with one man standing by the tie to let it down. At the same moment that we sprang aloft, a number of hands sprang into the rigging of the Californian in an instant were all over her yards; and he too, was ready to be dropped at the word. In the mean time our bow-gun had been loaded and ready.

and its discharge was to be the signal for dropping the sails. A cloud of smoke came out of our bows; the echoes of the gun rattled our farewell among the hills of California; and the two ships were covered from head to foot with their white canvass. For a few minutes all was uproar and apparent confusion: men flying about like monkeys in the rigging; ropes and blocks flying; orders given and answered; and the confused noises of men singing out at the ropes. The top-sails came to the mast-heads with "Cheerily, men!" and in a few minutes every sail was set; for the wind was light. The head sails were backed, the windlass came round "slip—slap" to the cry of the sailors;—"Hove short, sir," said the mate;—"Up with him!"—"Ay, ay, sir."—A few hearty and long heaves, and the anchor showed its head. "Hook cat!"—The fall was stretched along the decks;—all hands laid hold;—"Hurrah, for the last time!" said the mate; and the anchor came to the cat-head to the tune of "Time for us to go," with a loud chorus. Everything was done quick, as though it were for the last time. The head yards were filled away, and our ship began to move through the water on her homeward-bound course.

During our watches below we overhauled our clothes, and made and mended everything for bad weather. Each of us had made for himself a suit of oil-cloth or tarpawling, and these we got out, and gave thorough coatings of oil or tar, and hung upon the stays to dry. Our stout boots, too, we covered over with a thick mixture of melted grease and tar, and hung out to dry. Thus we took advantage of the warm sun and fine weather of the Pacific to prepare for its other face. In the forenoon watches below, our forecastle looked like the workshop of what a sailor is,—a Jack at all trades. Thick stockings and drawers were darned and patched; mittens dragged from the bottom of the chest and mended; comforters

made for the neck and ears; old flannel shirts cut up to line monkey-jackets; south-westerns lined with flannel, and a pot of paint smuggled forward to give them a coat on the outside; and everything turned to hand; so that, although two years had left us but a scanty wardrobe, yet the economy and invention which necessity teaches a sailor, soon put each of us in pretty good trim for bad weather, even before we had seen the last of the fine. Even the cobbler's art was not out of place. Several old shoes were very decently repaired; and with waxed ends, an awl, and the top of an old boot, I made me quite a respectable sheath for my knife.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

As they sailed southward, the days became shorter, the weather colder, the sky began to look cheerless and angry and long, heavy seas forewarned them of the dangers they had to expect.

THERE began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in its course each day, and giving less and less heat; and the nights so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight of a clear night; the skies looking cold and angry; and, at times, a long, heavy, ugly sea, setting in from the southward, told us what we were coming to. Still, however, we had a fine strong breeze, and kept on our way under as much sail as our ship would bear. Toward the middle of the week the wind hauled to the southward, which brought us upon a taught bowline, made the ship meet, nearly head-on, the heavy sea which rolled from that direction; and there was something not at all encouraging in the manner in which she met it. Being so deep and heavy, she wanted the buoyancy which should have carried her over the seas, and she dropped

heavily into them, the water washing over the decks ; and every now and then, when an unusually large sea met her fairly upon the bows, she struck it with a sound as dead and heavy as that with which a sledgehammer falls upon the pile, and took the whole of it in upon the forecastle, and rising, carried it aft in the scuppers, washing the rigging off the pins, and carrying along with it everything which was loose on deck. She had been acting in this way all of our forenoon watch below ; as we could tell by the washing of the water over our heads, and the heavy breaking of the seas against her bows (with a sound as though she were striking against a rock), only the thickness of the plank from our heads, as we lay in our berths, which are directly against the bows. At eight bells the watch was called, and we came on deck, one hand going aft to take the wheel, and another going to the galley to get the *grub* for dinner. I stood on the forecastle looking at the seas, which were rolling high as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know, by "the feeling of her" under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and seizing hold of the fore-stay with my hands, drew myself up upon it. My feet were just off the stanchion when she struck fairly into the middle of the sea, and it washed her fore and aft, burying her in the water. As soon as she rose out of it I looked aft, and everything forward of the mainmast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pig-sty, the hen-coop, and a large sheep-pen which had been built upon the fore-hatch, were all gone in the twinkling of an eye—leaving the deck as clean as a chin

new-reaped—and not a stick left to show where they had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about—the wreck of the sheep-pen—and half a dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come upon them. As soon as the sea had washed by, all hands sprung up out of the fore-castle to see what had become of the ship; and in a few moments the cook and Old Bill crawled out from under the galley, where they had been lying in the water, nearly smothered, with the galley over them. Fortunately it rested against the bulwarks, or it would have broken some of their bones. When the water ran off we picked the sheep up, and put them in the long-boat, got the galley back in its place, and set things a little to rights; but had not our ship had uncommonly high bulwarks and rail, everything must have been washed overboard, not excepting Old Bill and the cook. Bill had been standing at the galley-door, with the kid of beef in his hand for the fore-castle mess, when away he went, kid, beef, and all. He held on to the kid till the last, like a good-fellow; but the beef was gone, and when the water had run off, we saw it lying high and dry, like a rock at low tide—nothing could hurt *that*. We took the loss of our beef very easily, consoling ourselves with the recollection that the cabin had more to lose than we; and chuckled not a little at seeing the remains of the chicken-pie and pancakes floating in the scuppers. “This will never do!” was what some said, and every one felt. Here we were, not yet within a thousand miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, and our decks swept by a sea not one half so high as we must expect to find there. Some blamed the captain for loading his ship so deep, when he knew what he must expect; while others said that the wind was always south-west off the Cape in the winter; and that, running before it, we should not mind the seas:

much. When we got down into the fore-castle, old Bill, who was somewhat of a croaker—having met with a great many accidents at sea—said that if that was the way she was going to act, we might as well make our wills, and balance the books at once, and put on a clean shirt. “Vast there, you bloody old owl! you’re always hanging out blue lights! You’re frightened by the ducking you got in the scuppers, and can’t take a joke! What’s the use in being always on the look-out for Davy Jones!” “Stand by!” says another, “and we’ll get an afternoon watch below by this scrape;” but in this they were disappointed, for at two bells all hands were called and set to work getting lashings upon everything on deck; and the captain talked of sending down the long top-gallant masts; but as the sea went down toward night, and the wind hauled abeam, we left them standing, and set the studding-sails.

Monday, June 27th.—During the first part of this day the wind continued fair, and as we were going before it it did not feel very cold, so that we kept at work on deck in our common clothes and round jackets. Our watch had an afternoon watch below for the first time since leaving San Diego, and having inquired of the third mate what the latitude was at noon, and made our usual guesses as to the time she would need to be up with the Horn, we turned-in for a nap. We were sleeping away “at the rate of knots,” when three knocks on the scuttle, and “All hands ahoy!” started us from our berths. What could be the matter? It did not appear to be blowing hard, and looking up through the scuttle we could see that it was a clear day overhead; yet the watch were taking in sail. We thought there must be a sail in sight, and that we were about to heave-to and speak her; and were just congratulating ourselves upon it—for we had seen neither sail nor land since we left port—when we heard the mate’s voice on deck (he turned-

in "all standing," and was always on deck the moment he was called), singing out to the men who were taking in the studding-sails, and asking where his watch were. We did not wait for a second call, but tumbled up the ladder; and there, on the starboard bow, was a bank of mist covering sea and sky, and driving directly for us. I had seen the same before in my passage round in the Pilgrim, and knew what it meant, and that there was no time to be lost. We had nothing on but thin clothes, yet there was not a moment to spare, and at it we went.

The boys of the other watch were in the tops, taking in the top-gallant studding-sails, and the lower and top-mast studding-sails were coming down by the run. It was nothing but "haul down and clew up," until we got all the studding-sails in, and the royals, flying-jib, and mizen top-gallant sail furled, and the ship kept off a little to take the squall. The fore and main top-gallant sails were still on her, for the "old man" did not mean to be frightened in broad daylight, and was determined to carry sail till the last minute. We all stood waiting for its coming, when the first blast showed us that it was not to be trifled with. Rain, sleet, snow, and wind, enough to take our breath from us, and make the toughest turn back to windward! The ship lay nearly over upon her beam-ends; the spars and rigging snapped and cracked; and her top-gallant masts bent like whips. "Clew up the fore and main top-gallant sails!" shouted the captain, and all hands sprang to the clewlines. The decks were standing nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ship going like a mad steed through the water, the whole forward of her in a smother of foam. The haliards went up and the yard clewed down, and the sheets set and in a few minutes the sails smothered and kept by clewlines and buntlines. "Furl 'em, sir?" said the mate.—"Let go the top-sail haliards, for

" shouted the captain, in answer, at the top of his voice. Down came the top-sail yards, the reef-tackles were manned and hauled out, and we climbed up to leeward, and sprang into the weather rigging. The force of the wind, and the hail and sleet, driving directly horizontally across the ocean, seemed actually to pin us down to the rigging. It was hard working head against them. One after another we went upon the yards. And here we had work to do, for our new sails, which had hardly been bent long enough to get the starch out of them, were as stiff as boards, and the new earings and reef-points, stiffened the sleet, knotted like pieces of iron-wire. Putting on only our round jackets and straw hats on, we were soon wet through, and it was every moment growing colder. Our hands were soon stiffened and numb, which, added to the stiffness of everything, kept us a good while on the yard. After we had the sail hauled upon the yard, we had to wait a short time for the weather earing to be passed; but there was no fault to be found, for French John was the earing, and a better sailor never laid out on a sail; so we leaned over the yard and beat our hands on the sail, to keep them from freezing. At length the word came, "Haul out to leeward!" and we passed the reef-points and hauled the band taught for leeward earing. "Taught band—knot away!" and we reefed the first reef fast, and were just going to lay on, when "Two reefs—two reefs!" shouted the captain, and we had a second reef to take in the same time. When this was fast we laid down on deck, secured the haliards to leeward, nearly up to our knees in water, set the top-sail, and then laid aloft on the main top-sail yard, and reefed that sail in the same manner; for, as I have before stated, we were already reduced in numbers, and to make it worse, the carpenter, only two days before, cut his leg with a hatchet, so that he could not go aloft. This weakened

us so that we could not well manage more than one top-sail at a time in such weather as this, and of course our labour was doubled. From the main top-sail yard we went upon the main-yard, and took a reef in the main-sail. No sooner had we got on deck than "Lay aloft there, mizen-topmen, and close-reef the mizen top-sail!" This called me; and being nearest to the rigging I got first aloft, and out to the weather earing. English Ben was on the yard just after me, and took the lee earing, and the rest of our gang were soon on the vard, and began to fist the sail, when the mate considerably sent up the cook and steward to help us. I could now account for the long time it took to pass the other earings, for to do my best, with a strong hand to help me at the dog's ear, I could not get it passed until I heard them beginning to complain in the bunt. One reef after another we took in until the sail was close-reefed, when we went down and hoisted away at the haliards. In the meantime the jib had been furled and the stay-sail set, and the ship, under her reduced sail, had got more upright, and was under management; but the two top-gallant sails were still hanging in the buntlines, and slatting and jerking as though they would take the masts out of her. We gave a look aloft, and we knew that our work was not done yet; and sure enough no sooner did the mate see that we were on deck, than "Lay aloft there, four of you, and furl the top-gallant sails!" This called me again, and two of us went aloft, up the fore-rigging, and two more up the main, upon the top-gallant yards. The shrouds were now iced over, the sleet having formed a crust or cake round all the standing rigging, and on the weather side of the masts and yards. When we got upon the yard my hands were so numb that I could not have cast off the knot of the gasket to have saved my life. We both lay over the yard for a few seconds, beating our hands upon the sail, until we started the blood into our

fingers' ends, and at the next moment our hands were in a burning heat. My companion on the yard was a lad, who came out in the ship a weak puny boy from one of the Boston schools, "no larger than a sprit-sail sheet knot," nor "heavier than a paper of lamp black," and "not strong enough to haul a shad off a gridiron," but who was now "as long as a spare top-mast, strong enough to knock down an ox, and hearty enough to eat him." We fisted the sail together, and after six or eight minutes of hard hauling and pulling and beating down the sail, which was as stiff as sheet iron, we managed to get it furled; and snugly furled it must be, for we knew the mate well enough to be certain that if it got adrift again, we should be called up from our watch below, at any hour of the night, to furl it.

I had been on the look-out for a moment to jump below and clap on a thick jacket and south-wester; but when we got on deck we found that eight bells had been struck, and the other watch gone below, so that there were two hours of dog watch for us, and plenty of work to do. It had now set in for a steady gale from the south-west; but we were not yet far enough to the southward to make a fair wind of it, for we must give Terra-del-Fuego a wide berth. The decks were covered with snow, and there was a constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn had set in with good earnest. In the midst of all this, and before it became dark, we had all the studding-sails to make up and stow away, and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms, fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets, and haliards. This was pretty tough work for four or five hands, in the face of a gale which almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on the end of the fore-yard, trying to coil away and stop down the top-mast studding-sail tack and lower haliards. It was after

dark when we got through, and we were not a little pleased to hear four bells struck, which sent us below for two hours, and gave us each a pot of hot tea with our cold beef and bread, and, what was better yet, a suit of thick dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight tooth-ache, and this cold weather, and wetting and freezing, were not the best things in the world for it. I soon found that it was getting strong hold, and running over all parts of my face; and before the watch was out I went aft to the mate, who had charge of the medicine-chest, to get something for it. But the chest showed like the end of a long voyage, for there was nothing that would answer but a few drops of laudanum, which must be saved for any emergency; so I had only to bear the pain as well as I could.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black, and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight I went aloft and sent down the mizen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and ship-shape." The next four hours below were but little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and at four o'clock turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well, if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think, for the gale of yesterday,

and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had yet ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with ; and orders were given to send down the long top-gallant masts. The top-gallant and royal yards were accordingly struck, the flying jib-boom rigged in, and the top-gallant masts sent down on deck, and all lashed together by the side of the long-boat. The rigging was then sent down and coiled away below, and everything made snug aloft. There was not a sailor in the ship who was not rejoiced to see these sticks come down ; for so long as the yards were aloft, on the least sign of a lull, the top-gallant sails were loosed, and then we had to furl them again in a snow-squall, and *skin* up and down single ropes caked with ice, and send royal yards down in the teeth of a gale coming right from the south pole. It was an interesting sight, too, to see our noble ship, dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear-head, which ornamented her in port ; and all that canvas which a few days before had covered her like a cloud, from the truck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone ; and she, stripped like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation ;—alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind, and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.

Saturday, July 2d.—This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging ; yet the sight of it was pleasant ; and we had a steady “ reef-topsail breeze ” from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it ; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell “ the passenger ” that the ther-

mometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us; though such a thing had never been heard of in this latitude, at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and, really, the sublimity of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent

toward the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning, a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

Eight hours of the night our watch was on deck; and during the whole of that time we kept a bright look-out—one man on each bow, another in the bunt of the fore-yard, the third mate on the scuttle, one on each quarter, and a man always standing by the wheel. The chief mate was everywhere, and commanded the ship when the captain was below. When a large piece of ice was seen in our way, or drifting near us, the word was passed along, and the ship's head turned one way and another, and sometimes the yards squared or braced up. There was little else to do than to look out; and we had the sharpest eyes in the ship on the fore-castle. The only variety was the monotonous voice of the look-out forward,—“Another island!”—“Ice ahead!”—“Ice on the lee bow!”—“Hard up to the helm!”—“Keep her off a little!”—“Stead-y!”

In the mean time, the wet and cold had brought my face into such a state, that I could neither eat nor sleep; and though I stood it out all night, yet when it became light I was in such a state, that all hands

told me I must go below, and lie-by for a day or I should be laid up for a long time, and I have the lock-jaw. When the watch was called I went into the steerage, and took off my hammock comforter, and showed my face to the mate, who told me to go below at once, and stay in my berth until the swelling went down, and gave the cook order to make a poultice for me, and said he would speak to the captain.

I went below and turned-in, covering myself with blankets and jackets, and lay in my berth for twenty-four hours, half-asleep and half-awake, from the dull pain. I heard the watch calling the men going up and down, and sometimes a cry on deck, and a cry of "Ice!" but I gave little attention to anything. At the end of twenty-four hours the pain went down, and I had a long sleep, which brought me back to my proper state; yet my face was so swollen and tender, that I was obliged to stay in my berth for two or three days longer. During the two days I had been below, the weather was the same that it had been—head-winds, and snow, rain; or, if the wind came fair, too foggy, and too thick, to run. At the end of the third day the ice was very thick; a complete fog-bank covered the ship. It blew a tremendous gale from the east with sleet and snow, and there was every prospect of a dangerous and fatiguing night. At dark, the captain called all hands aft, and told them that the ship was to leave the deck that night; that the ship was in the greatest danger; any cake of ice might knock a hole in her, or she might run on an iceberg and go to pieces. No one could tell whether there would be a ship the next morning. The lookouts were then set, and every man was put in his station. When I heard what was the state of things, I began to put on my clothes to stand it out with the rest of them, when the mate came below, and locking

face ordered me back to my berth, saying that if we went down we should all go down together, but if I went on deck I might lay myself up for life. This was the first word I had heard from aft; for the captain had done nothing, nor inquired how I was, since I went below.

In obedience to the mate's orders, I went back to my berth; but a more miserable night I never wish to spend. I never felt the curse of sickness so keenly in my life. If I could only have been on deck with the rest, where something was to be done, and seen, and heard—where there were fellow-beings for companions in duty and danger; but to be cooped up alone in a black hole, in equal danger, but without the power to do, was the hardest trial. Several times in the course of the night I got up, determined to go on deck; but the silence, which showed that there was nothing doing, and the knowledge that I might make myself seriously ill for nothing, kept me back. It was not easy to sleep, lying, as I did, with my head directly against the bows, which might be dashed in by an island of ice, brought down by the very next sea that struck her. This was the only time I had been ill since I left Boston, and it was the worst time it could have happened. I felt almost willing to bear the plagues of Egypt for the rest of the voyage, if I could but be well and strong for that one night. Yet it was a dreadful night for those on deck. A watch of eighteen hours, with wet, and cold, and constant anxiety, nearly wore them out; and when they came below at nine o'clock for breakfast, they almost dropped asleep on their chests; and some of them were so stiff that they could with difficulty sit down.

In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward; but, in running for the Straits of Magellan, we stood so far to the eastward, that we made our second attempt at a dis-

tance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice; thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed top-sails and a reefed fore-sail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men!—tumble up!—don't stop for your clothes—before we're upon it!" We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard, and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern, and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but, in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp look-out of the watch, we should have been fairly up the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the Southern Ocean.

After about eight days of constant easterly gale

the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little and stand on, under all the sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again, from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the main-sail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set, if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being as dark and thick as night could make it. The main-sail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck, and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out, if they were called up so often; that as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work. Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three beside myself to go aloft; so that, at most, we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short, and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leach made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clew away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizen royal-yard. Beside this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leach of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of suction-hose, and the sail itself about as

pliable as though it had been made of sheets of sheathing-copper. It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gaskets; and when they were passed, it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether, and take to beating our hands upon the sail, to keep them from freezing. After some time, which seemed for ever, we got the weather-side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward; and as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last; but we had been nearly an hour-and-a-half upon the yard, and it seemed an age. It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work; but, considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvass in it as the main-sail of the Independence, sixty-gun-ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more to go below. The oldest sailor in the watch said, as he went down,—“I shall never forget that main-yard; beats all my going a-fishing. Fun is fun; but furlin

one yard-arm of a course, at a time, off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing."

During the greater part of the next two days the wind was pretty steady from the southward. We had evidently made great progress, and had good hope of being soon up with the Cape, if we were not there already. We could put but little confidence in our reckoning, as there had been no opportunities for an observation, and we had drifted too much to allow of our dead reckoning being anywhere near the mark. If it would clear off enough to give a chance for an observation, or if we could make land, we should know where we were; and upon these, and the chances of falling in with a sail from the eastward, we depended almost entirely.

Friday, July 22nd.—This day we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather braces, the clouds lifting a little, and showing signs of breaking away. In the 'afternoon, I was below with Mr. H——, the third mate, and two others, filling the bread-locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen, a God-send. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence. Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain, who was sitting in the cabin. What he said we could not distinguish; but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump. We could not tell what it was; and, anxious as we were to know, the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places. Yet, as we were not called, we knew there was no

danger. We hurried to get through with our job when, seeing the steward's black face peering out the pantry, Mr. H—— hailed him, to know what was the matter. "Lan' o, to be sure, sir! No you he 'em sing out, 'Lan' o?' De cap'em say 'im Ca' Horn!"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fast upon the larboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter. All hands were busy looking at—the captain and mates from the quarter-deck, the cook from his galley, and the sailors from the fore-castle.

A RUN BEFORE THE WIND.

In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert; and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the haliards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the topsails, with all hands at the haliards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang on from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of the fore top-sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the haliards manned, and the sail gave out her

increased canvass to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taught; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! what she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward—"Hurrah, men! rig out the top-mast studding-sail boom! lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!" We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and haliards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast; and sent down the lower haliards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail, it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for there being a reef in the top-sail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with reefed topsails was


rather a new thing ; yet there was some reason in it for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom ; but a whole top-sail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the haliards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block ; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go ; but being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather-brace hauled taught to take off the strain. Every ropeyarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvass ; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven ; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvass.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and

almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking,—“There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!”—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the log-ship home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves in a perspiration; and were glad enough to have it eight bells, and the wheel relieved. We turned-in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything towards taking it in, either tack or haliards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the spirit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown determined



to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week,—hove to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the haliards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to, though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to, the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She heeled evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the top-mast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the haliards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the spirit-sail yard and head-guy which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half-hot

served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

In nine days the vessel had run, allowing for change of courses, 2000 miles. With the ordinary incidents of a voyage they reached home.

CASANOVA'S ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT VENICE.

THE narrative of Casanova's incarceration in the state prison of Venice, and his escape from thence, is perhaps one of the most interesting that has ever been published. Casanova was by birth a Venetian, and claimed descent from the ancient Spanish house of Palafox. He studied at Padua, and distinguished himself by his talents and rapid progress. He was intended for the church, and for some time wore the dress of an Abbé. Not feeling any inclination for this profession, he, after awhile, abandoned it, and took the title of Chevalier de Seingalt. After a variety of adventures, he embarked in 1743 for Constantinople, where he formed an acquaintance with the Count Bonneval. A quarrel at Corfu compelled him to return to Venice. Here he offended one of the state inquisitors, and that dreaded functionary availed himself of his office to take vengeance upon him.

At daylight, on the 25th of July, 1755, Casanova was roused from sleep by a visit from an officer of the Inquisition, who entered his bedchamber, accompanied by forty soldiers, and took him away to prison. No warrant was exhibited, nor does it appear from the account that he was ever brought to trial or even examined. The officer who arrested him inquired for

certain books treating of astrology and necromancy which he had in his possession, and he was led by this circumstance to suppose that he was charged with dealing in these forbidden arts; but this charge he considered as a mere cover for private malignity of some description. He was conveyed forthwith in a gondola to the quay of the prison, and thence over the famous *Bridge of Sighs* into the ducal palace, and up to the leads, where he was locked up by a jailor in a cell, of which he gives the following description:—

“The jailor made me a sign to enter, which I did by stooping very low, and after locking me in, he asked me through a grated hole in the door, what I would have to eat. I told him that I had not yet made up my mind, and he then left me, locking several doors after him with great care. The opening in the door was two feet square, and was grated with six iron bars an inch thick. There was a window in the outer room, which would have rendered my cell tolerably light, had there not been a large beam between it and the grate. My cell was about twelve feet square and five and a half high, with a little alcove on one side intended for a bed; but there was neither bed, table nor chair in it, nor any other furniture but a single bench fixed to the wall. On that I placed my silken mantle, my elegant coat, and my hat, which was embroidered with point lace and ornamented with white *plumet*. I then went to the door and looked through the grated opening into the next room, where a number of overgrown rats were walking very much at their ease about the floor. I hastily closed the grate, and remained for eight hours leaning on my elbows upon the casement in a sort of reverie.”

Within these melancholy walls the poor prisoner is compelled to drag out the weary months and years until the spontaneous action of justice, the intercession of friends, or death, puts an end to his misery. Casanova for a long time flattered himself that he should

be released at the close of the political year, when the members of the Tribunal of the Inquisition were changed; but this period passed over without any such result, and he then began to think very seriously of making his escape. He had been permitted occasionally to quit his cell and walk in the adjoining rooms, and had there found an iron bolt a foot and a half long and an inch thick, which with infinite labour, and the help of a fragment of marble obtained in the same way, he succeeded in fashioning into a sort of spontoon, which was ultimately the instrument of his deliverance. He also provided himself, by the use of great address, and as it would seem by the connivance of the jailor, with a lamp, which enabled him to carry on his operations during the night. Thus prepared he set to work and began to make an opening in the floor of his cell, which, as we have remarked, was situated immediately above the hall where the Inquisition held their sittings.

“As soon as I found myself alone, I went to work with great activity. I was anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, that I might not be interrupted by the introduction of another companion. I began by removing the bed; and having lighted the lamp, I threw myself on the floor with the spontoon in my hand, and a napkin near it, to receive the pieces of wood which I should chip off. My object was to make an opening through the floor with the point of my instrument. The chips were at first not longer than grains of wheat; but they soon increased in size. The boards which I undertook to cut through, were of larch, and sixteen inches wide. I began at a place where two of them touched each other; and as there was no iron work in the way, my labours were easy enough. After working six hours, I tied up my napkin and put it aside, in order to empty it the next day behind the heap of papers in the adjoining room. The chips formed a mass five or six times as large as

the hole from which they were taken, and which was about ten inches broad, with an inclination of thirty degrees. I now brought back the bed to its former place, and the next day, in emptying my napkin, I assured myself that the fragments would not be perceived.

"The following day I cut through the first board, which was two inches thick, and found another under it, which I supposed to be of the same dimensions. I now redoubled my efforts, and in three weeks I had penetrated the three boards which composed the floor. Here however I thought myself at a stand, for under the last board I found a composition of pieces of marble, known at Venice under the name of *terrazzo marmorin*. This is the usual flooring in the great Venetian houses, and is even preferred to the handsomest *parquets*. I was struck with consternation when I found that my instrument would not enter this composition. This accident had nearly discouraged me; but I then recollected that Livy describes Hannibal, in his passage over the Alps, as breaking through rocks after softening them with *vinegar*. I had some doubts whether the word translated *vinegar*, does not really mean an *axe*; but I nevertheless poured into the opening that I had made, a bottle of vinegar that I had with me; and whether it was from the effect of this, or whether I wrought the next day with more vigour, after a night's rest, I found that there was no great difficulty in pulverizing, with the point of my spontoon, the cement that united the pieces of marble. In four days I had pierced this mosaic, without at all injuring the point of my instrument. Under the pavement I found another board, as I expected, and I was satisfied that this must be the last. I attacked it with some difficulty, for the opening being now ten inches deep, I had but little room to manage my instrument.

"On the 25th of June, the day on which the Re-

public of Venice celebrates the appearance of St. Mark, under the form of a winged lion, in the ducal palace, as I was labouring, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with my lamp lighted by my side, stretched upon my face on the floor, stripped to the skin, and dripping with perspiration, I suddenly heard, with unspeakable terror, the rumbling of the bolt of the outer door. What a terrible moment! I at once extinguished the lamp; and, leaving my instrument in the hole, and throwing in the napkin, with the chips above it, I replaced the bed as well as I could, and threw myself upon it, more dead than alive, at the instant when the jailor opened the door of my cell. Had he entered two seconds sooner, he would have surprised me. He was about to tread upon my body, when I prevented him by a loud cry, which made him start back. 'Good Heavens! Sir,' said he, 'your cell is like a furnace; rise, and give thanks to the Inquisitors, for sending you excellent company.'

The purpose of this unreasonable visit was to introduce another prisoner into the cell, whose presence interrupted our author's labours for several weeks. The new comer is at length withdrawn, and the narrative proceeds as follows:—

"I now resumed my work, and pursued it perseveringly, until on the 23d of August, I brought it to a close. In cutting through the last plank, I proceeded with great circumspection, and, on reaching the lower surface, I made a small puncture, through which I expected to see the Inquisitor's Hall. On putting my eye to the puncture, I in fact saw the Hall, but I also saw, at the side of my opening, a perpendicular surface of eight inches. This was the side of one of the beams which supported the ceiling, and it passed, as I had feared might be the case, under a part of my excavation. I was consequently obliged to extend the opening on the opposite side, which occasioned a good deal of delay, and I wrought

with the constant terror that the spaces between the beams might not be wide enough to permit me to pass. After extending my excavation, I found, by looking through a puncture, that Providence had blessed my labours. I then carefully closed the two punctures, lest a ray of light from my lamp, or something falling through them into the hall, should betray me.

"Having thus completed my arrangement, I fixed on the eve of the festival of St. Augustin, as the time for my escape, because I knew that on account of that festival the great council would be in session, and that there would be no one in the Bussola, an apartment through which I was to pass out of the hall. That festival was to happen on the 27th. On the 25th an event occurred, which defeated for the time, all my hopes."

The event here alluded to was his removal to another part of the prison. But no sooner was he settled in his new quarters than he began to meditate new projects, and these were facilitated by the communication which he succeeded in opening with another prisoner. He was permitted by the jailor to exchange books with a monk occupying the next cell, named Balbi, and the books which they sent each other were made the vehicle of a written correspondence. In carrying on this correspondence our author employed as a pen his little finger nail, which he had permitted to grow out and brought to a point, and used mulberry juice for ink. As every part of his own cell was now daily examined by the jailer he determined to commence operations in that of his correspondent, and succeeded in conveying the spon-toon to him in the open back of a large bible. With this potent machine Balbi was to make an opening in the ceiling of his own cell, and having thus got into the apartment above, to cut through the partition wall, and finally make an opening from above in the

ceiling of the cell of Casanova. When they had both in this way got from their cells into the apartment over them, which was immediately under the roof of the building, they were to effect their escape by getting out upon the roof and then taking their chance of what might occur. This plan, desperate as it may appear, finally succeeded, although it was obstructed by various interruptions.

On getting into the garret above, and reconnoitering the roof, which was covered with tiles, and over them with leaden plates, he found that he could easily make an opening through both with the invaluable spontoon.. He then returned to his cell and employed four hours in converting his sheets, coverlets, mattresses and straw bed into ropes, of which he made a hundred fathom. Having thus completed all the preliminary operations, he commenced his labors, which he describes in the following manner.

"I succeeded without assistance in making an opening in the roof twice as large as I wanted, and reached the leaden plate. I could not raise this alone, because it was riveted down, but with the aid of Balbi and the vigorous use of the spontoon I detached it and turning over a part of it, made an ample aperture. On putting my head through this aperture I saw with pain that there was a bright moon-light. This made it necessary to wait till about midnight, when the moon would have gone down. On a fine moonlight night the whole fashionable world of Venice is in the habit of walking in the square of St. Mark. Under these circumstances the shadows that we should have cast, had we gone out upon the roof, would undoubtedly have been noticed at once, and would have attracted the attention of the officers of the Holy Inquisition. After midnight we should have, at this season of short days, about seven hours before us, which would be amply sufficient for the purpose. We accordingly returned to the cell and

passed three hours in conversation. After the moon had gone down, we divided the effects we had to carry between us, and proceeded to the opening.

"We wore jackets and trowsers, with hats on our heads. I went out first and Balbi followed. Sustaining myself on my hands and knees, I lifted up successively the edges of the plates of lead with the point of my spontoon, and then taking hold of them with my four fingers, raised myself gradually to the ridge-pole of the roof. The monk supported himself by grasping my waistband, and I was obliged to draw him up with me, and this over a very steep ascent, rendered slippery by a thick mist. When we had got about half way up, the monk begged me to stop, saying that he had lost one of his parcels and hoped that it had not got below the gutter. My first impulse was to give him a kick and send him after his parcel, but thanks to Providence I had discretion enough to contain myself, and it was well for me that I had, for I could not have escaped alone. I asked him whether it contained our cords. He replied that it was a manuscript which he had found in the garre over the cells, and which he thought would sell for something handsome. I then told him that he had better bear the loss with patience, for that a single step backwards might be fatal to us. The poor monk groaned in the spirit, and still hanging on upon my waistband, followed me up.

"After getting with much difficulty over fifteen sixteen leaden plates, we reached the ridge-pole; placed ourselves astride upon it. We had behind the little island of St. George the Elder, and before us at two hundred paces distance the numerous cloisters of the church of St. Mark, which makes a part of the Doge's palace. I now began to relieve me of my parcels, and invited my companion to do the same. He placed his bundle of ropes under him as well as he could, but in endeavouring to lay aside

hat he lost his hold of it, and it rolled from plate to plate into the gutter, where it followed the other parcel into the canal. My poor comrade was a good deal distressed. 'A bad sign this!' said he; 'here I am at the outset, without my hat, besides losing my curious account of the festivals of Venice.' Being now in rather better humour, I quietly told him that these two accidents were not extraordinary, and ought not to be viewed as bad omens.

"After passing several minutes in looking to the right and left, I told the monk to remain where he was, until my return, and I pushed myself forward without any difficulty, upon the ridge-pole. I employed about an hour, in going, in this way, over the whole roof, and carefully observed every part of it; but I could see nothing upon any of the sides to which I could fasten the end of a rope. It was necessary, therefore, to abandon the idea of descending into the canal, or the palace court; and there was nothing on the top of the church, between the domes, that seemed to favor our purpose. If we crossed this church, and attempted to get up the roof of the Canonica, the ascent would be so steep as to be almost impracticable; and, though I was disposed to be bold, I wished to avoid the least imprudence.

"It was, however, necessary to decide upon something, and I finally fixed my eyes upon an upright window in the roof, on the side of the canal, and about two thirds of the way down towards the gutter. It was at such a distance from the place where we came out, that it probably did not open upon the garret of our cells, but upon some other, belonging to an apartment in the palace, which would be open at daylight. I was quite confident that the servants in attendance, even those of the Doge's family, would assist our escape, out of hatred to the Inquisition, had they even supposed us to be the greatest criminals. Under this impression, I determined to examine the front of the

window, and sliding gently down, I soon found myself astride, upon the top of its little roof. I then took hold of the sides with both hands, and advancing my head, I could see and feel a small grate, behind which was a window, glazed with diamond panes of glass, set in lead. The window presented no obstacle; but the grate, small as it was, seemed to be an invincible difficulty, for without a file I did not see how I could possibly remove it; and as I had nothing but my spontoon, I was greatly disappointed, and began to lose courage.

"On examining the grate again, I found that by inserting the point of my spontoon between it and the casement, I could, perhaps, remove it entirely. After a quarter of an hour's labor, I succeeded in this, and taking out the grate entire, I placed it on the roof by the side of the window. I then found no difficulty in breaking the glass, although I wounded one of my hands in the operation.

"I now returned to the top of the roof, and made my way to the place where I had left my companion. I found him in a great rage, and he abused me outrageously for leaving him so long alone, saying, that he had been upon the point of returning to the cell. I asked him what he thought had become of me? 'I thought,' said he, 'that you must have fallen from the roof.'

"'And is this the way in which you express your pleasure at seeing me again?'

"'What have you been doing all this time?'

"'Follow me,' said I, 'and you shall see.'

"We then resumed our parcels, and proceeded towards the window; when we had reached the point above it, I gave Balbi a full account of what I had done, and consulted him upon the best means of getting into the window. It was easy enough for one, as by means of the cord he could be let down by the other; but I did not see what could be done for the

second, as there was no way of fastening the cord to the window. By entering, and letting myself fall, I might break my arms and legs, and I did not like to venture without knowing the distance from the window to the floor.

“Undoing my parcel of cord, I tied one end firmly round Balbi’s body, and making him lie down upon his breast, with his feet downwards, I lowered him to the top of the window. When he was there, I directed him to get in and hold on by the sides of the casement, which he did. I then descended, myself, to the top of the window, as I had done before, and placing myself astride on the top, I grasped the cord firmly, and told the monk to let himself down. When he reached the floor he detached the rope; and upon drawing it up, I found that the distance was more than fifty feet. This was too far to think of leaping. The monk, who now thought himself safe, after passing two hours of mortal terror in a position that was certainly not very satisfactory, called out to me to throw him the rope, and that he would take care of it. It will be readily believed that I did not follow this wise counsel.

“Not knowing what to do, and waiting for some new thought, I returned to the top of the roof, and I now remarked a dome, which I had not yet examined. Upon approaching it, I found a flat terrace covered with lead, before a window, which was fastened with two bolts. The terrace was undergoing some repair, and I found here a tub filled with mortar, a trowel, and a ladder, which I thought might be long enough to enable me to descend into the garret, where I had left my companion. I accordingly tied the end of my rope to the first round, and dragged the ladder to the window. It was about twelve fathom long, and the difficulty was to get it in; in doing which I found so many obstacles, that I regretted not having the assistance of the monk.

"I had let down the ladder into such a position that one of its ends touched the window, and the other extended about one third of its length over the gutter. I now descended to the top of the window, and drawing up the ladder, fastened the rope to the eighth round, after which I let it down again, and then attempted to introduce the end next me into the window. I found, however, after getting in a few rounds, that the end struck against the roof on the inside, and that there was no way of introducing it any further without raising the lower end. I might have placed the ladder across the window, and by fastening the rope to one of the rounds, have let myself down without danger; but the ladder would then have remained on the spot, and would have furnished the means of discovering our retreat, perhaps before we had quitted it. Determined not to lose by any imprudent act, the fruit of so much labour, I sought for some way of introducing the whole ladder, and having no one to assist me, I resolved to descend, myself, to the cornice, and see if I could effect it. This I did, but with so much danger, that without a sort of miracle, I could not have escaped with my life. Holding my spontoon, I let myself down gently to the cornice by the side of the ladder. I lay upon my breast, and rested the ends of my feet upon the side of the marble gutter. In this position I had strength enough to raise the ladder half a foot, and, pushing it forward, I had the satisfaction to see it enter the window to the length of a foot. This considerably diminished the weight. I had now only to push it in two feet more, by raising it to that height, and I was certain that it would enter. In order to effect this, I attempted to rise upon my knees, but the effort which I made to do this made me slip, and I found my lower extremities thrown over the edge of the roof, upon which I now supported myself upon my elbows and breast.

"At the recollection of that moment I still shudder,

and it would be impossible to describe it in all its horror. The natural instinct of self-preservation made me instantaneously use all the strength I had in my arms and body to stop my descent, and I hardly know by what miracle it was, that I succeeded. I had nothing to fear as to the ladder, for in the unfortunate effort which I had just made, I had pushed it in three feet, and thus rendered it immoveable. I now perceived that if I could raise my right leg, so as to place the knee upon the gutter, and then the other in the same way, I should be out of danger; but I had not yet reached the end of my troubles. The effort I made to raise my leg occasioned such a violent muscular contraction that it brought on a cramp, which deprived me for a moment of the use of the limb. I retained my self-possession, and having often experienced that the best remedy for an accidental cramp is to remain entirely motionless, I applied it in the present instance. What a fearful interval! In about two minutes I renewed my attempt, and gradually placed myself on both knees upon the gutter. When I had taken breath I carefully raised the ladder to the proper height, and then returning to the window with the help of my spontoon in the same way in which I first ascended the roof, I pushed it in to the full length. My companion received the end of it in his arms, and, after throwing down the rope and our parcels, I descended myself without any difficulty. We then proceeded to reconnoitre our position.

"At one end of the room we found a large door composed of iron bars. This was no very good sign, but when I placed my hand on a latch in the middle it yielded and the door opened. We then made the tour of the next room, and crossing it encountered a table and some chairs. We also found some windows, and opened one of them, from which we could see nothing but domes and perpendicular walls. Not

knowing where we were, I could not think of myself down outside ; and having closed the again, we returned to the place where we had parcels. Being now completely exhausted, myself upon the floor, and placing a parcel under my head, fell asleep. Had death its the immediate consequence I could not have longer. I slept about three hours and a ha the monk roused me, but with difficulty. I not conceive how I could sleep in the situ which we were. This was, however, not at prising. For the two days preceding, my had prevented me from taking either food or the efforts which I had just made were er themselves to exhaust the strength of a Sleep, however, recruited me entirely ; and on waking that we had now light enough to with assurance.

“ As soon as I had cast my eyes around, I the monk that this room was no part of the and that we could easily make our escape. the direction opposite to the iron door ar another. I felt about it till I put my finger key-hole, and introducing the end of my spo soon opened the door. This conducted us other chamber, out of which we passed thro other door that was not locked, into a gallery with pigeon-holes filled with papers. These public archives. At the end of this gallery a little stone staircase, which we descended, a second, at the bottom of which a glass door into the ducal chancery. I opened one of the of this room and might easily have let myself but not knowing where I should fall, I did not take the risk. I went to the door of the and attempted to unlock it with the point spontoon, but finding this impossible, I procured an opening through it with that instrumen

monk, who aided me as well as he could, was alarmed at the noise I made, which might have been heard at a considerable distance. I felt the danger myself, but it was inevitable.

"In half an hour I had made an opening which was sufficiently large, and it was well that it was, for it could not have been made larger without the aid of a saw. It was rather a difficult and painful business to get through, for the sides of the hole were filled with sharp points that tore both clothes and flesh. We succeeded, however, though not without several severe wounds. When I got through I collected our parcels, and descending two staircases, opened, without much trouble, the door which leads into the principal passage from the exterior of the building. The outer door which closes this entrance was locked, and I saw at once that I could not think of forcing it. I therefore sat down quietly and resigned myself to my fate, advising the monk to do the same. 'My work is done,' said I. 'It remains for fortune to do the rest. I know not whether the domestics will come here to sweep to-day or to-morrow, both being great festivals. If any one comes I shall make my escape as soon as I see the door open; if not I shall stay here, and if I die with hunger, so much the worse.' The monk was furious; he called me madman, deceiver, and liar, but I paid no attention to him. At this time the clock struck six, and I found that one hour had passed since I awoke in the garret.

"I now proceeded to change my clothes, and with my laced hat and rich dress must have had at this time of day and under the circumstances, a very singular appearance. In this costume I went to a window and was seen there by some of the idlers in the court, who went and gave notice to the porter. I regretted, on reflection, that I had gone to the window, from a fear that I might have betrayed myself, but the effect proved to be good. The porter, hearing

that a gentleman in full dress was seen at the window, supposed that he had accidentally locked in somebody the night before, and came to open the outer door. I was seated near the monk, listening to his stupid abuse, when the rattling of the keys struck my ears. I rose immediately, and looking through a crevice, I saw a single man with a wig on and without a hat, who was slowly mounting the steps, with a large bunch of keys in his hand. I told the monk in a very serious tone not to open his mouth, and to follow me. I held the spontoon in my right hand, under my coat, and placed myself near the door, in such a position that I could go out as soon as it should open. I devoutly prayed that the porter might not attempt to stop me, for if he had I was determined to despatch him.

"At length the door opened. On seeing me the porter stood aghast, but without stopping to explain the matter, I sprang out at once, followed by the monk. Without appearing to run, but walking as fast as I could, I went down the magnificent steps, called the giant's stair, and proceeded directly to the royal gate of the palace, and thence across the square to the quay. My object was to escape as soon as possible from the territory of the Most-Serene Republic, and going on board the first gondola I saw, I gave directions to the boatmen to row me to Fusina."

After clearing the palace our author found but little difficulty in effecting his escape, although he was placed once or twice in rather a hazardous position, by his own imprudence and that of his comrade. He succeeded, not without some trouble, in ridding himself of this personage; and being still in the Venetian territory, he threw himself, alone and on foot, into some of the by-roads, in order to avoid observation. Being entirely exhausted, as night drew on he sought hospitality in the nearest house, which proved, singu-



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

larly enough, to be that of one of the principal police-officers, who, with his whole suite, were actually out at the time in pursuit of the fugitive. A good night's rest restored his strength, and in two or three days more he found himself in safety beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Most Serene Republic. He then repaired to Paris, where he was well received by Cardinal de Bernis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom he had known as Ambassador at Venice, and who procured him an appointment under government.

STORM ON MOUNT ETNA.

BIGELOW'S 'Travels in Malta and Sicily,' contains a fund of agreeable and useful reading. His description of the celebrated Rock of Gibraltar is graphic and entertaining, and not less so is his account of the voyage to Malta. These, however, we must leave, and proceed with him to Sicily. From the account he has given of this island, we extract a few passages which, we are sure, will confirm our favourable opinion of this work. In attempting to ascend Mount Etna, Mr. Bigelow, partly from the severity of the weather, and partly from the treachery of a cowardly guide, was exposed to considerable personal danger.

We came to the Regione Nemorosa, whose belt of forests, several miles in width, girdles the entire circumference of the mountain. Here the snow began to annoy us, deepening as we ascended. In one of the several bad plunges, I was flung from the mule, the girths of the saddle, which were none of the stoutest, being broken by the efforts of the animal to recover his footing. The path wound up through volcanic hills, each marking the site of former eruptions, most of which occurred in periods so very remote, that their eras can only be conjectured. At length, we reached the shelter in the forest described in my hasty notes of the morning, and which, from the condition in which we found it, may be appro-

privately called Casa delle neve, a hut of snow. It is situated eight miles above Nicolosi, and hard by the upper boundary of the old wood. Having led in our mules, we left them tied, and departed at three o'clock upon our adventures, on foot.

The atmosphere was more gloomy. The clouds, which had continued to accumulate, had a mischief-boding aspect. The mountain-top was hid. The moon, sometimes peering through a rent in the lowering sky, threw a fitful gleam along our track. Quitting the forest, we began to traverse the Regione Discoperta, or third zone of the mountain,—a district, which takes its name from its prevalent bareness and sterility, and where, in mid-summer, only a few feeble plants contrive to root themselves and find a scanty nourishment. But at present, every vestige of such partial and scattered vegetation was totally hid with snows. Above the white covering which spread itself over all this upper division of the mountain, precipices of lava in various places lifted their black pinnacles. An active imagination might have traced in some of them, a resemblance to the minarets of a half-buried mosque. As we advanced, peak rose above peak. The mountain seemingly receded; and its blasts, now high, which swept down upon us, appeared determined to forbid and repel every effort to reach its burning throne.

The sky in the east "loomed" a little as morning broke, and the hour of sunrise approached. The horizon was streaked with dusky red. The landscape gradually opened, and I could look down from the sublime height which I had gained, on the earth and sea, far, far below. But again the heavens were overcast. The transient hues of the morning sky were veiled with portentous clouds; and above, nothing was seen but deep, thick, murky haze.

Walking became difficult. My feet sunk in the snows several inches every step; and sometimes I

was obliged to wade in them knee-deep. Filippo was the first to lag. Once he was nearly buried in a pit-fall, which was screened with loose snows, into which he unwarily stepped.—Still we proceeded. The wind had already for an hour been drifting upon us snows from above; and now the clouds began to shower them abundantly, with occasional hail, which drove keenly against our faces. Our progress was more impeded; and it was not without danger, as many precipices were only masked by the snows, down which, by a single mis-step, we might be fatally plunged. The guide murmured; and Filippo began to remonstrate against the further prosecution of the enterprise. But I was desirous of advancing to the utmost attainable point; it was not reached yet. The present was my only opportunity of climbing the mountain. Besides, I did not apprehend any serious personal risk. The very violence of the storm made me think it would ere long blow over. For it had the signs of a fierce snow-squall, such as sometimes happens in a New England winter, the vehemence of which seldom admits of a long duration. And if, from premature discouragement, I should retreat before the blasts, and the sky should afterwards clear, it would then be too fatiguing to recover the ground once abandoned; and to have relinquished it under such circumstances, would be mortifying ever after to remember. Inconveniences there certainly were, but with them I laid my account in the outset; and as for a snow-storm, even a bad one, any American, born north of "Mason's and Dixon's Line," must know something of its power, and be willing for a favourite object to encounter it.

With Filippo I one while expostulated and reasoned, then laughed at what I called his ridiculous fears, and said he ought to be ashamed not to hold out as long as I could. This carried him on a little further; but he dropped behind, and finally sunk

down under the shelter of a crag of lava. When or where he stopped, I knew not at the time, being occupied with the labour of pushing my own upward way. The wind became so violent that, if I paused to breathe, unless taking considerable precaution, I was blown several paces down the steep.

The guide after a while was very clamorous. He pointed significantly to the quarter whither we were going; and true enough, it was not possible to lift, or at least, to keep one's face in that direction beyond a moment, so great was the power of the tempest. Still, I employed similar remonstrances and representations with him which I had unsuccessfully resorted to with Filippo, to induce him to wait the issue, or rather the signs of the storm a little longer. He was reminded of what I had myself seen from Syracuse and Catanea, that the top of the mountain would be sometimes covered with deep clouds in a morning, and that before noon they would be all dispersed. The like might happen now. But, no,—he maintained; the present was a settled and furious storm. And as he continued to expatiate, the broken expressions—"Che terribile tempésta!—Grándina,—névica prodigiosamente;—Accidenti funesti;—Siámo morti;—Atra, atra tempésta,"—all implying the energy of the tempest, and his fears of its effects,—these, and others were imperfectly heard, amid the howling of the winds. "Básta; paziénza. Bisógna ésser' ardito; che aspettiámo?"—(Enough of this; cheer up and come on,)—said I. "Cosi siá, Signor,"—(so be it,) he replied,—intimating his consent to wait the weather a few minutes longer. But there was a sulkiness in his acquiescence, which I did not relish. To encourage him and not doubting his fidelity, whatever were his wishes, I turned and led the way. He followed. Having proceeded some distance, I looked back and beheld, with astonishment, the fellow running down the mountain. At first, I

thought it a mere device to make me desist from further attempts to ascend, and to frighten me into a retreat; for I could not believe, that he meant to desert me altogether. I called to him to stop. It availed not. I ran after him. He only redoubled his pace, and darted downwards with the speed of an Indian. In a few moments more, he was out of sight. Once, shortly after, in an effort to overtake him, I faintly descried his figure through the storm, as he was pursuing his flight; but it was a transient glimpse and he was gone.—There was a spice of treachery in this. The fellow had fled, cowardly fled, giving me at the time no warning of his intention, or the chance of escape by keeping him in view, if the descent had become at length indispensable. But be that as it may, my own situation was none the better, and a more critical one may not easily be imagined. I was alone, far up on a mountain difficult of access in the most favourable circumstances, but now clothed with snows and beset with tempests. Miles intervened between me and that hut I had left in the forest below. If I looked downwards, I could see nothing but the raging of the storm; and if I turned an eye to the cliffs on either side, I beheld whole banks of snow uplifted and blown through the air, filling and darkening it, along with the sleety showers then falling from the clouds. The scene was, indeed, tremendous. The atmosphere had assumed a character of inexpressible wildness. It seemed as if the skies were wrecked, and every thing around were participating in the mighty ruin.—My apprehensions were, that I should be so completely overtaken with the quantities of descending and drifting snows, as to be soon unable to proceed, and that perish I must amid their accumulating masses. The thought of this, not the most welcome, glanced through my mind, when the guide had finally vanished. I looked on his receding form, with the sensations that a mariner, lost overboard in a

gale, must view the ship whence he was precipitated holding on her course, nor proffering him the least assistance to give a rescue from impending death.

But the exigency called for action. I made with all haste I could in descending, sometimes almost buried in heaps of snow, at others slipping on a glacier which was only slightly covered, and sliding rapidly downwards till stopped by a crag or ridge. I was encouraged by the recollection, that I had taken a pocket compass from Nicolosi; and it occurred to me, that if the storm should abate, or my strength hold out in reaching the forest, I could, with the general impression which I had of the bearing of Catanea and the villages this side, on the skirt of *Ætna*, find my way to some shelter. As for the hovel in the woods, I entertained no hope of reaching it; and in respect to Filippo and the renegade guide, I dreamed not of seeing them again upon the mountain. But how slender that former hope! How many intervening dangers from precipices and pitfalls,—from the fury of the storm and the fast deepening snows;—and if the forest could be gained, as no house was there, would my remaining vigor enable me in season to thread a passage through it? Weighing well the circumstances, I was convinced of one thing, that the effort at precipitous haste in descending would be unwise, by causing a premature waste of strength, exclusive of the dangers which it might occasion by falls and other accidents; and I resolved to proceed with the greatest caution, leaving the event to the disposal of that whose presence is always nigh, and whose aid competent to screen from the “windy storm tempest.”

So near as I could judge, twenty-five minutes elapsed after the flight of the guide,—and longer time it seemed,—when, pursuing my way, I heard on my right and from a point quite off the route I was then taking, a call, which I

overpowered by the storm. I could see no one. The hail was repeated, and I immediately turned in its direction. It was the voice of Filippo. When I reached the spot, he was in a narrow cleft at the foot of two steep ridges of the mountain, between which I had gone on the ascent; but I had forgotten the track, and there were no marks of footsteps to show it, for the prints were obliterated almost as soon as made. The fellow was covered,—face, dress, every thing,—with ice and snow, so that in colour he was scarcely distinguishable from the drifts in which he stood. He had discerned my person, in consequence of the snows having been pretty effectually shaken off in the rough falls which had been encountered; and when seen, I was walking in a path elevated to his eye, at a moment when the thickness of the weather happened just transiently to abate. In general, during the tempest, an object could not be seen fifty paces distant. Filippo was evidently so exhausted, that I was willing to forgive his desertion. But the conduct of the guide I regarded very differently. And there the recreant stood, stationed near to Filippo,—one moment looking doubtfully at me,—then casting a glance up the mountain, and next turning it aside, as though eager to resume his downward run.

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

Our readers, doubtless, will have heard of the famous grotto, called the Ear of Dionysius. Mr. Bigelow thus describes this curious structure:—

It is a deep, gloomy cavern, which has been wrought out with amazing ingenuity as well as labour, from very hard rock. The entrance,—through a precipice

perfectly steep,—resembles the door-way to some old cathedral. The face of the rock is clothed with luxuriant natural creepers, which would give the opening a romantic appearance, if there were not something in the looks of the cavern-gloom almost awful. We explored its recesses with the light of tapers.

The ground-plan is sinuous, not unlike the letter S. The roof is vaulted, approaching the style which architects call pointed, and retaining a certain Gothic feature like the form of the entrance. The surface of the walls was made perfectly smooth, and has undergone no change. The cavern is one hundred and ninety feet in length, measured on a curve line equidistant from the sides. In width it varies from twenty-four to thirty-six feet, and in height from sixty to seventy. It terminates in an elliptical bend. About half way up the cavern on the right, there is an opening to a smaller grotto. Its area is about one-tenth of the outer one, and the height of the walls thirty feet. The communication is by a passage rather broad, but it might be barricaded; and if the popular notion be correct, that the Ear of Dionysius was built by the tyrant for a prison, this smaller apartment might have served as the inner ward,—a dungeon doubly guarded.

Extraordinary as is the height of the main cavern, it was originally greater. There has been a gradual filling up of the bottom by the wash of earth, leaves, and pebbles from without, but to what depth is not ascertained. Near the top of the cavern, on the right of the entrance, is a small chamber. The opening is in the external front of the rock. Whether a secret passage formerly led to it is not known, but at present it is inaccessible, unless by ladders, or ropes let down from the brink of the precipice. Between the chamber and the cavern, a hole was formerly bored, by order, it is said, of Dionysius, who, according to the legend,

used to station himself in the little apartment, for the purpose of hearing the conversation which passed among his prisoners. The tympanum, or focus of sound, was just opposite the chamber. I observed a singular groove in the roof of the rock, running from that point the entire length of the cavern. It is cut with great regularity and smoothness. Its course is not level, but it waves or undulates along the roof, preserving at the same time a reference in its line of direction to the curving sides of the grotto. This groove is supposed to have been contrived as a conductor of sound. The cavern itself is constructed on a plan generally analogous to the form and symmetry of the human ear, and thence has been derived its immemorial appellation.

Its echo is astonishing. The faintest whisper may be heard in any part of it. In common conversation, the sound of the voice comes back in heavy intonations. We tried, in several ways, the reverberative power. A paper was gently torn by one of the gentlemen at the upper extremity of the cave, and notwithstanding the extent and sinuosity of the passage, the sound was plainly heard by the others standing without the entrance. A pistol was fired, and the report was like the discharge of an eight-and-forty pounder.

There is no doubt that the cavern was specially formed for conducting and augmenting sound; but whether it was contrived to enable the cruel tyrant who has the merit of planning it, to hear from his secret apartment the conversation of his prisoners, has been doubted. It is alleged in disproof, that if two or more voices speak at the same time, only a confused clamour is produced. This, which is true below, might not have happened,—at least so sensibly as to be an inconvenience,—to an ear placed at the orifice in the watch-chamber. The tyrant may have been in the habit of only imprisoning a very few subjects at once, and those of whom he was most suspicious; and

as they would not be likely always to speak at the same time, and any two, at least, would naturally converse without mutual interruption, enough might be easily gathered by the royal eaves-dropper to help him make up his mind respecting his prisoners' characters, plans or dispositions. Long concurrent tradition, in the absence of positive testimony of a contrary nature, should have considerable weight in determining what the objects of the projector of the cavern really were. Those who deny the vulgar opinion admit, that in remote times the cave was used as a prison; but they assert that it was only appropriated as a receptacle for the dregs of the Sicilian populace.

DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,
A storm was on the sky:
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.—

The torrent swept the glen
The ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, in silence gathered round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior word,
He bade no trumpet blow,
But the signal thunder roar'd,
And they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element
Showed with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide,
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan,
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hills,
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And all the earth a flame
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rushed on,
Where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet there,
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sate to the repast
The bravest of the brave !
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup poured high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank
" To immortality ! "

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge ;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They gathered round the tent
With all their strength unstrung,
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

Their king sate on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on
And their Pæan loud replied !

Thus fought the Greek of old !
Thus will he fight again !
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men ?

CROLY.

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.

HARDY, in his "Travels through Mexico," gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark.

THE Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water ; but first he cast a look upwards,

as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinterero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot he

commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

SCENES IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE tropical regions of the earth exhibit the animal and vegetable worlds in their most singular and gigantic forms. The inquiring reader will be gratified by the following animated details of the scenery and remarkable objects of British Guiana, as described by Mr. Schomburgk, in a magnificent work "Twelve Views in British Guiana." This gentleman, at the instance of the Royal Geographical Society, made several expeditions into the interior of the country—of which his descriptions present a vivid and striking picture.

PIRARA.

ON leaving the river Rupununi, we passed over undulating ground, thinly covered with Malpighias, shrubs of stunted appearance, and bright yellow or pink flowers. We turned round a small hillock, and before us was one of those groves of *Mauritia* palms, which give to the savannahs of South America so characteristic an appearance. This graceful tree, with its fan-shaped leaves, alone afforded the scanty shade to be found in those arid places, while it contributed to the

picturesque scene before us. The different tints of the savannah, which extended to the Pacaraima mountains, might have been compared to a sea of verdure, which illusion was powerfully increased by the waving motion of the deceptive mirage. Isolated groups of trees rose like islands from the bosom of this sea, and a few scattered palms, with their tall trunks appearing like masts in the horizon, assisted in conveying to our imagination the seducing picture of the Laguna de Parima, with its hundreds of canoes floating on its bosom. Towards the west, where the savannah was bounded by the horizon, we observed some Indian dwellings, and having crossed a small stream, we soon after entered a village consisting of fourteen huts, and inhabited by eighty Indians of the Macusi tribe. It was situated upon rising ground, affording an extensive view over the savannahs to the chain of mountains known to geographers under the name of Pacaraima. At the foot of this small elevation is a lake, which extends east and west for about three miles, and which at the period when rain seldom falls, is almost covered with rushes; only here and there presenting patches of water. It is, however, an inland sea, when, during the tropical winter, the rivers overflow their banks. Three islets rise from the middle of the lake, and a small stream flows through it, which has its source somewhat south of the village. The lake is called Amucu; the group of islands, the Islas Ipomucena, described by Santos; and the stream the Pirara—names so closely associated with the fable of the Dorado and the Laguna de Parima, that we looked with redoubled interest on the landscape before us. The vast savannahs on which Pirara is situated, are encompassed by the Pacaraima mountains to the north, the Canuku and Carawaimi mountains to the south, the thick forests of the Essequibo and isolated mountains to the East, and the mountains of the Mocajahi and branches of the Sierra Parima to the

west, and according to a superficial computation, cover a space of 14,400 square miles. The geological structure of this region leaves but little doubt that it was once the bed of an inland lake, which by one of those catastrophes of which even later times give us examples, broke its barriers, and forced a path for its waters to the Atlantic. May we not connect with the former existence of this inland sea the fable of El Dorado and Lake Parima?

Three years had elapsed since my first visit, when, in the pursuit of discovery, I again approached Pirara, and remarked with surprise and pleasure the change which had taken place in the appearance and number of dwellings which composed the village. I counted upwards of thirty Indian huts, the highest place being occupied by a building somewhat European in construction, the walls of which, plastered by the red ochreous clay of the savannahs, and the roof with gable ends neatly thatched with palm leaves, formed a strong contrast to the surrounding dome-shaped huts of the Indians. Another building, a little to the east of the former, and of larger dimensions, but of similar construction, was in course of erection, and men, women, and children, appeared equally eager to lend an assisting hand for its completion.

At my first visit I had formed a predilection for Pirara, not only from the historical interest connected with it, but likewise from its picturesque situation between the two mountain chains of Pacaraima and Canuku, and not least from the kind hospitality of its untutored inhabitants. It was not surprising, therefore, that I should select it partly for my winter quarters, when I resolved to remain, during the rainy season of 1838, in the interior of Guiana. I have not regretted my stay in Pirara, although my comfort was alloyed by sickness, for it has given me ample opportunity to increase my researches in natural history, and to study the character and manners of that

interesting race, among whom I was a guest, the Macusi Indians. How frequently have I been sitting near those three palm trees, which we see in the picture occupied by a Mecusi family, and allowed my eye to range across the village of motley architecture, and the enchanted lake with its verdant isles, until it has been arrested by the chain of mountains clothed in blueish tints, and the play of extraordinary refractions over a soil strongly exposed to the full influence of a tropical sun. The course of the Mahu, which river emerges from the mountain chain at the distance of twenty miles from Pirara, between the peaked mountains of Cacuyé, a little to the right of our group of Macusis, and the truncated hill Tupanaghé, was then designated by a whitish mist, apparently hovering over the trees which fringed its banks, or indeed the mirage adopted frequently such an aqueous appearance, that the river itself might have been fancied to be suspended in the air, and to flow over the tops of the trees. At other times the mountains appeared so close, that every tree in the tufts of wood, which partly covered them, might have been counted, and their distance might have been supposed to be half a mile, in lieu of twenty. I shall never forget the splendid spectacle I witnessed one evening after darkness had set in, when, towards the north, the whole horizon was illuminated; for the grass on the savannahs, which had been burning for the last four days, had communicated the fire to the mountain chain, which now blazed for a distance of many miles. A thunder-storm approaching from the north-west, much enhanced the sublimity of the scene, and mingled its forked lightning with the fiery columns, which, as if arranged in battle-array, seemed to storm the heights of the Sierra; and the vivid lightning and the rolling of the thunder were the batteries employed for the onset.

THE GREAT CATARACTS OF THE CORENTYN.

THE river Corentyn is not only interesting because it forms the boundary between the British and Dutch possessions in Guiana, but on account of its magnitude and length, it being one of the most considerable rivers between the Amazon and Orinoco; and from the information which I acquired while at the Upper Essequibo, I suppose it to be equal in length to that stream. In 1837 we selected it as the high road to the central mountain chain, which has been called by the missionaries Acarai and Tumucuraque, and the upper part of which, according to the tradition of the Caribs, is said to be inhabited by the Amazons. The treachery of those very Caribs, who by their extravagant accounts had raised our curiosity, prevented our ascent beyond the great cataracts; and anxious as we were to ascertain the existence or non-existence of a republic of females, the accounts of which since the sixteenth century have excited the greatest interest, it was yet impossible to realize our wishes. We are in the present times too well acquainted with the truth, not to remark in those accounts which have been transmitted to us by the early historians, a desire to adorn whatever related to the continent with the most marvellous stories. It is however extraordinary, that if the tradition originated with the Europeans, that it has not only remained, but is even now adopted by several Indian tribes in Guiana, and the Caribs of the river Corentyn, Essequibo, and Rupununi; they in the gravest manner declare that these separate hordes of females, or Worisamacos, still exist at the upper part of the Corentyn, in a country called Marawonne. The locality where they are said to live was so well described to me, that the Carib, from whom I had the information, assured me, that when we should have passed high above the cataracts, to that part where

times we let ourselves down to the next ledge of rocks by means of lianas. Under our feet we heard the rolling of the streams, which forced a way through immense cavities. The spray which was driven into the air by the fall of the water of the great cataract, descended in drops like a heavy summer shower, and the constant moisture thus produced, covered rocks and trunks of trees with a luxuriant vegetation. Disturbed by our approach, thousands of swallows rushed from the cavities formed from the rocks, encircled the cloud of spray in their flight, and hovered over the cataract. Before I had reached the foot of the fall I was as wet as if I had been in a heavy rain; but the view from that situation richly recompensed me for this trifling inconvenience. The sun being to the west, I saw large spots, adorned with all the colours of the rainbow, forming themselves in the spray, and vanishing in order to reappear the next moment.

THE RAPIDS OF THE BERBICE.

WE change the scene to the river Berbice, during the ascent of which, a melancholy incident occurred in the loss of one of the party, mentioned by name in the previous extract.

OUR advance on the 18th of December was of short duration, for while turning round a sudden bend of the river, a series of formidable cataracts and rapids lay before us. On examination I found that they extended for upwards of a mile and a half, and that besides five cataracts, we should have to pass several rapids before we came to a place where we could embark again. I decided therefore to have the baggage carried over the different ledges of rocks which cause these falls, and to drag the corials after. In order to effect this, we had to sling our baggage on poles, and raise it over blocks which were occasionally ten feet high. As if to increase our difficulties, the Wacuwis

and Macusis, whom we had engaged in the river Berbice, and who formed part of our crew, deserted us. No human being appeared for centuries to have inhabited these regions, and we had frequently to struggle for every foot which we advanced, so thickly was the river overgrown. Unable to procure fresh provisions, we were reduced to want, and obliged to retrace our steps. We attempted to descend the first fall without unloading, but it nearly proved fatal, and we determined to carry our baggage overland as we did during our ascent; while we were still obliged to hazard the corials. Our camp was stationed on a small island near one of the most dangerous cataracts, and we watched at its foot for the descent of the corials. It is an exciting scene when once the corial is in the current, shooting along with the swiftness of lightning; she arrives at the edge of the cataract, and balancing for a moment, she plunges headlong into the surge below, dashing the spray on either side against the rocks that bound the passage; she then rises, and again obeying the helm of the intrepid steersman, is carried forward by the increased current. A mistake on the part of the pilot, or if the crew do not act in strict obedience to his orders, would cause her to split by coming in close contact with those rocks which she appears almost to touch in her descent; my own corial was the last which was to descend the dangerous cataract, when Mr. Reiss, a young man of talent and courage, and who accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, expressed his desire to descend in her with the Indians. I remonstrated with him, as he was not an experienced swimmer, but my advice was not taken. I proceeded overland, to the foot of the cataract to witness her descent, and when the corial came in sight, the first object that struck me was Mr. Reiss standing on one of the thwarts, when prudence dictated that he should sit down. From that moment to the catastrophe, not

two seconds elapsed. The corial was directed to a point where the fall was very precipitous. The shock, when her bow struck the surge, caused Mr. Reiss to lose his balance; in falling he grasped one of the iron staunchions of the awning. The corial was upset, and in the next moment her inmates, thirteen in number, were seen struggling with the current; and unable to stem it, were carried with rapidity towards the next cataract. My eyes were fixed upon poor Reiss, he kept himself above water but a short time, sunk and disappeared, and when I hoped that he might reach one of the rocks, the current of the next rapid seized him, and I fear he came in contact with a sunken rock; he was turned completely round and disappeared in the whirlpool at the foot of the rapid. Immediately I could muster men enough to guide a corial, we commenced a most diligent search, in which we were assisted by some who had manned a second corial. For two hours all our endeavours were fruitless. At length we found his body in a direction where we least expected it, and where an under current must have drifted it. Life was extinct, nevertheless the usual means for recovering drowned persons were resorted to, but in vain. The Indians had saved themselves by swimming, and he alone paid with his life for the rash attempt.

ANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the preceding volume will be found some account of the habits and character of those remarkable little creatures, the ants; here are a few more particulars regarding them, from the travels of Dr. Poeppig, a German, in Chili, Peru, and adjacent countries, in South America. We quote from a translation in the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE lower classes of the animal kingdom are exceedingly numerous and hostile, and this is p

ticularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted with them in every thing you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant for instance: for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest far from the abodes of men, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him in his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a question which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here that, after a very careful enumeration, six and twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayao, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur any where else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mis-

chievous and troublesome animals ; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service ; still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-miagüe* ; a name which is commonly, and very justly translated, "which makes the eyes water ;" for if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come ; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle ; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing ; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house the owner readily opens every part and goes out of their way ; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large

snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain ; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold ; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.

THE WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof ;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook ;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song ;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best ;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things ; but once
Looked up for it in vain :

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell,
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
In foresight, or in love.

WORDSWORTH.

MISSIONARY ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

FROM "Moffat's Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa" we select one or two passages. To give an idea of the contents of this volume in our necessarily circumscribed limits, would be impossible—it is full of incident of a most exciting and instructive character, and will amply repay a careful perusal. For twenty-three years Mr. Moffat, as missionary, laboured faithfully and zealously in the conversion and civilization of the savage tribes scattered over Southern Africa. When travelling towards Griqua Town, and near the Orange River, he had the following animating series of adventures.

ON one occasion I was remarkably preserved, when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down took a hearty draught. Immediately on raising myself I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

He recovered, after great suffering, and tells—

I was deeply affected by the sympathy of these poor Bushmen, to whom we were utter strangers. When they saw me laugh they deafened our ears with expressions of satisfaction, making a croaking and clicking, of which their language seemed to be

made up. And these barbarians to the letter "showed us no little kindness," for they gave us some meat of zebras, which had died from drinking the same water on the preceding day. This was very acceptable; for having fasted that day, we were all ready for a meal; and though the poisoned water had partially blunted my appetite, I enjoyed a steak of the black-looking flesh mingled with its yellow fat.

On leaving the next morning, I gave these poor people a good share of our small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like merry Andrews, blessing our visit with the most fantastic gestures. These people had come down from the desert on the north in search of water, and were subsisting by the chase, by catching a solitary animal in a pit-fall, or else destroying it with water poisoned by an infusion of bulbs or other roots. They were evidently living in some fear of the Corannas on the opposite side of the river, whose cattle form a tempting bait to these hungry wanderers.

On the seventh day we reached that part of the river called Quis or Kwees, from which we intended to go in a direct course to Griqua Town, leaving the Orange River far to the right. We had previously made inquiries about the country which lay between; some said there was water, others that we should find none. We had eaten a small portion of meat that morning, reserving only enough for *one* single meal, lest we should get no more; and drank freely of water, to keep the stomach distended; and felt tolerably comfortable. At night we came to some old huts, where were remains of tobacco gardens, which had been watered with wooden vessels from the adjoining river. We spent the evening in one of these huts; though, from certain holes for ingress and egress, it was evidently a domicile for hyenas and other beasts of prey. We had scarcely ended our

evening song of praise to HIM whose watchful care had guided and preserved us through the day, when the distant and dolorous howls of the hyena, and the no less inharmonious jabbering of the jackal, announced the kind of company with which we were to spend the night; while from the river the hippopotami kept up a blowing and snorting chorus. Our sleep was anything but sweet. On the addition of the dismal notes of the hooting owl, one of our men remarked, "We want only the lion's roar to complete the music of the desert." "Were they as sleepy and tired as I am," said another, "they would find something else to do." In the morning we found that some of these night scavengers had approached very near the door of our hut.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse; but, before starting, a council was held, whether we should finish the last small portion of meat, which any one might have devoured in a minute, or reserve it. The decision was to keep it till evening. We sought in vain for ixia bulbs. Our only resource, according to the custom of the country, was to fill ourselves with as much water as our bodies could contain. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up, from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on we had to ascend and descend several sand-hills, which, weary and faint from two days' fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyl and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance we halted and hallooed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching

a bushless plain we alighted, and made a fire : another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness ; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering,—to retrace our steps was impossible :—probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us :—at the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by the lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire, nothing but tufts of grass ; so we ran and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we proceeded ; but as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice, we might pelt him with stones ; for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and our horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous ; for, on descending to the path, the query was, on which side is the lion ? My companion took his steel and flint, to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings, among bushes,

stones, and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the colouring of the night's picture. We had not proceeded very far before the lion gave a tremendous roar, which echoing from precipice to precipice, sounded as if we were within a lion's den. On reaching the egress of the defile through which we had passed, we were cheered by the waning moon, rising bright in the east. Descending again, we would gladly have laid our weary limbs down to rest; but thirst, and the possibility of the lion's resolving to make his supper on one of us, propelled our weary steps, for our horses were completely jaded.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long wished for "waterfall," so named because when it rains water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to HIM who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged, during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps; it

was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighbouring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had recourse to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock near the top of the hill, where, if there were water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given anything to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the

trigger, the thought occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him that there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbour, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion were some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle, resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

The hardships of the missionary, on this wild journey, were not yet ended, nor was his every day course of life without severe privation.

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS.

THE lovers of Natural History will find much to gratify their taste in Mr. Moffat's work. It abounds in anecdotes of lions, elephants, hyenas, buffaloes, baboons, &c., and of the dangers incurred in numerous encounters with them, while travelling through the wilds of Africa. On one occasion when Mr. Moffat and party were traversing the arid desert, bound on a distant expedition, he relates :—

OUR journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool (Khokhole), we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it

tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone, if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors, were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in another direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us

1

as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced anything but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcass in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced, by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones; for scarcely a rib was

left, and even some of the marrow-bones were as if with a hammer.

Much has been written about African lions, half has not been told. The following trait character may not be intrusive, or partaking marvellous with which the tales of some tr are said to abound. I give it as received fro of God, and men who have been experience rods too. The old lion, when in company v children, as the natives call them, though t nearly as big as himself; or when numbers t happen to come upon game, the oldest o creeps to the object, while the others crouch grass; if he be successful, which he generally retires from his victim, and lies down to brea rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the time the others draw around, and lie dow respectful distance. When the chief one has rest, he commences at the abdomen and brea after making havoc with the tit-bits of the car will take a second rest, none of the others pre to move. Having made a second gorge, he the others, watching his motions, rush on the der, and it is soon devoured. At other tim young lion seizes the prey, and an old one ha come up, the younger retires till the elder ha This was what Africaner called better mann those of the Namaquas (who abandon the parents.)

Passing along a vale we came to a spot w lion appeared to have been exercising himsel way of leaping. As the natives are very e tracing the manœuvres of animals by their foo it was soon discovered that a large lion ha towards a short black stump, very like the form; when within about a dozen yards, it on its supposed prey, when, to his mortifica

fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warm the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the meantime two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said; and fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

ANXIETIES AND COMFORTS.

THE dreams which early moments deck'd,
 Hope's sunny summer hours, are o'er;
 And my frail bark at last is wreck'd
 On sullen reason's rocky shore.

I was a joyous streamlet, tost
 From hill to vale in eager play;
 And now among the mountains lost,
 Now sweeping o'er the plains my way.

I kiss'd the flowers—the woods I taught
 To echo back my song:—'tis past!
 Lost in the mighty sea of thought,
 The little streamlet rests at last.

I trembled to the gentle breeze—
 Sent back the gorgeous sunbeams far;
 Heard all the moonlight's mysteries,
 And smiled with every smiling star.

A mingling light of joy and love,
 Of peace and hope a blended sound:
 Heaven's azure arches spread above,
 And laughing nature all around.

Ah! these were blissful moments: yet
 I revel in their memory—
 And present cares and fears forget
 In that departed ecstasy.

Yes! they are fled—those hours are fled—
 Yet their sweet memories smiling come,
 Like spirits of the hallow'd dead,
 And linger round their earlier home.

Wrapt in the thought, my passions seem
To drink th' exhausted cup of bliss ;
And do I dream ? Was ever dream
So bright, so beautiful as this ?

Alas ! I hear the thunders roll,
And wake, and meditate, and weep !
Night's gloomy mantle wraps my soul,
And cheerless silence rules the deep.

I tread my melancholy road,
No more by vain delusions driven ;
Hold solemn converse with my God,
And track my onward way to heaven.

Then from the world's proud glare I turn
To yonder bright and golden sky ;
And there I study—thence I learn
The worth of worldly pageantry.

No more with dazzled eyes I look
Upon yon vain and letter'd sage ;
For nature is a gentler book,
And deeper wisdom fills her page.

Her groves to me are painted halls ;
Perfumes, her early morning air ;
Her mountains, castellated walls—
And all is honest welcome there.

Her concerts are of birds and bees,
And rivers, and the glorious sea ;
And holy are her revelries,
And pure her joys as thought can be.

Why should I murmur ?—O'er this scene
Tho' night descend and thunders roll,
Man may create a heaven within,
In the still temple of the soul.

BOWRING.

KNOX'S CAPTIVITY IN CEYLON.

There is much delightful and instructive reading to be found in the lives and adventures of old voyagers and travellers. It is curious to remark the manner in which their accounts of distant countries have been received at different periods. When first published they met with ready belief, but which, after a time, was succeeded by general incredulity, and in many cases derision. The extensive discoveries of enterprising voyages of our own day have relieved the old writers of a great part of the odium which oppressed them, and have rendered them again objects of interest and admiration. There is no more valuable than a plain exposition of the modes in which the travellers struggled against misfortune and privations of all sorts, and exerted the best energies of men even when their circumstances appeared altogether hopeless. As a striking illustration of these remarks we introduce to the reader's attention Knox's account of his captivity in the Island of Ceylon. This work is not less interesting for its interesting and affecting narrative, than for the force and correctness of its details. Major Forbes in his "Thirty Years in Ceylon,"—a valuable and interesting work, formerly introduced to the notice of our readers—characterises Knox's narrative—"Nothing can be more admirably adapted to the extent of memory, acute observation, and inflexible veracity exhibited in his account of the country and people. Nor can any thing more interesting than the simple narrative of his own sufferings, perseverance, fortitude, and firm religious belief, enabled him to come through his misfortunes, to rescue himself from a tedious captivity, and finally to regain his station as commander of a ship under the East India Company."

ROBERT KNOX, a youth of nineteen, embarked from London in the year 1657, with his father who commanded a ship in the East India Company's service. The object of the voyage was to reach the coast of Coromandel, and to trade one year from port to port in India. This was fulfilled with success; but as the ship was about to return to England she lost her mainmast, on which the captain put into the commodore's port of Cotiar, in the island of Ceylon.

At this time Ceylon was in possession of the Cingalese, or natives, and of the Dutch. The latter were in possession of the best part of the coasts of the island, and as their unfriendly feelings to the English were well known, Robert Knox's father had avoided their dominion. The Cingalese were masters of the interior of Ceylon, and of some places on the coast not fortified by the Dutch; among which

the port of Cotiar, whither the English captain had repaired, without sufficient knowledge of the singular character of that people, or rather of their government.

On the first arrival of the English they were courteously received ; but as soon as the king of the Cingalese (who had already had enough of European intruders) heard of the event, he determined to entrap them, and, if possible, to make them all his captives for life. A Dissauva, or general, who was sent with some troops down to Cotiar, succeeded with treacherous artifice in entrapping Robert, the subject of this sketch, with another man, and then Robert's father, and seven of the ship's crew. The day after the capture of the commander, the long-boat's crew, without any suspicion that he was detained otherwise than as a friendly guest, went on shore to cut wood : they also were suddenly seized. The crafty Cingalese had now the only two boats that belonged to the ship, and eighteen Englishmen in their power. The ship itself, with all it contained, was saved from their hands only by the captain's heroic devotion to his duty. Under pretence of ordering his mate to quit the safe open bay of Cotiar, and bring the ship up a narrow river that flows into it, where she might easily have been taken by force, he had sent orders to those on board to remain where they were, to keep the guns loaded, and the ship ready to sail, whether he might escape or not. Some days after this the Cingalese general seeing that the supposed instructions were not obeyed, complained in an angry manner to Robert's father, who replied, that the seamen would not obey his orders, because he was kept as a prisoner away from them. The captain's attempt to obtain his own liberty, was ineffectual ; but the Dissauva allowed Robert to return to the ship, to repeat, as the Cingalese supposed, the instructions that it should be brought up the river.

Robert Knox was now a free man, on board a stout ship, where danger from the Cingalese could not reach him. He knew not what fate awaited him from a semi-barbarous people, irritated by disappointment, should he return to shore; he had already tasted the bitter cup of captivity, but his father was a prisoner, and he would not abandon him. "He charged me," says he, "upon his blessing, and as I should answer it at the great day, not to leave him in this condition, but to return to him again; upon which I solemnly vowed, according to my duty, to be his obedient son." As soon therefore as he had impressed on the chief-mate on board, the necessity of being vigilant, and ready at every moment to sail, and had arranged an answer, in the name of the ship's company, to the Dissauva, stating, "that they would not obey the captain, nor any other in this matter, but were resolved to stand upon their own defence," he went on shore alone, and returned to his father and to captivity, "in the hands of the heathen."

The Dissauva losing all hopes of becoming master of the ship, now permitted Robert and his father to send off to her for such things as they stood in need of, flattering them that his king would soon send an order to release all his prisoners. After two months of suspense, Robert's father, concluding he was only played with, and anxious for the interests of those he served, ordered the mate to wait no longer for him, but to sail immediately. The vessel then weighed anchor, and stood away for the continent of India, leaving behind at Ceylon, in a most melancholy state of abandonment, Robert Knox, his father, and fourteen other individuals. The two sailors who were sent with the first message to the ship, of course remained on board, and escaped.

When the Cingalese king learned that the ship had sailed, the English prisoners were left at a short distance from the sea-coast, the task of supporting and

guarding them being abandoned to the charge of such natives as resided on the spot. Precautions were taken, however, to keep the crew of the long-boat separate from the rest of the captives. A fond hope which Robert and those with him entertained of being able to make a hazardous escape, by seizing a small Arab ship that had been taken by the Cingalese and lay in the river, was frustrated by orders to distribute the English prisoners in different towns or villages, and not allow them to communicate with each other. "Yet God was so merciful," says Robert, whose filial affection never forsook him, "as not to suffer them to part my father and I."

All hope of ever again seeing their friends and their native country, gave way to despair; when, sixteen days after this, another order came to remove them into the interior of the island. On this occasion Robert's party was joined by the long-boat's crew. "It was," he says, "a heavy meeting; being then, as we well saw, to be carried captives into the mountains: that night we all supped together." The next morning they began their journey towards Kandy, the capital of the king whose prisoners they were, escorted by Cingalese troops.

When within a few miles of the capital, another message came from the king, commanding the sailors to be again separated and placed one in a village, that their support might fall the easier on the people, who alone were charged with it. Robert, his father, and two other men, were, however, left together in one place near to Kandy, as they were the most important of the captives, whom, it was expected, the king would summon to his court. But as two months passed without any such summons "the great men" determined to break up this party of four, and billet them, one by one, like the sailors, in distinct and distant villages. Robert, to his great happiness, again prevailed with the Cingalese, that they would not

separate the son from his father, and some time after they were removed together to a pleasantly situated village, about thirty miles to the north of Kandy. Here their lodging was "an open house, having only a roof, but no walls." His father was accommodated with a sort of bedstead to sleep upon; but Robert had only a mat spread upon the ground.

Though this place was pleasant to the eye, it was like so many other beautiful spots in India, pernicious to the health. Even the inhabitants of the place who were natives, and as such, less liable to the endemic fevers, were nearly all sick when the Knoxes came among them, and many died.

Amidst the mortality of the natives, it was not likely strangers should escape. Both Robert and his father caught the fever, and lay for some time helpless, and as it were, on the threshold of the grave. The old man's fever did not last long, but grief and despair preyed upon his constitution, sadly weakened by the attack it had sustained. He lay for three months almost motionless on his rude couch, having nothing between him and the boards but a Cingalese mat, and a piece of carpet which he sat upon in the boat when he came ashore;—a small quilt was his only covering. As for Robert he had no other covering than the clothes on his back; "but when I was cold," says he with touching simplicity, "or that my ague came upon me, I used to make a fire, wood costing nothing but the fetching."

On the evening of the 9th of February he felt death was at hand, and said that its approach was delicious. He called Robert, who was scarcely able to crawl at the time, to his bedside; he spoke tenderly of his other son and of his daughter in England, gave Robert good advice and his paternal blessing;—he regretted again that he had been made a prisoner through him but said, "Yet it was a great comfort to him to have his own son by his death-bed, and by his hands to

buried, whereas otherwise he could expect no other but to be eaten by dogs or wild beasts." He then calmly gave instructions about his burial. After this he fell into a quiet slumber. "It was about eight or nine o'clock in the evening; and about two or three in the morning he gave up the ghost, February 9, 1661, being very sensible unto the very instant of his departure."

This exemplary son, who had now to perform his last sad duties to his parent, was sick and weak, and, as he thought, "ready to follow after him." They had been allowed to retain a black servant-boy brought in the ship from the coast of Coromandel, and who was with the elder Knox when he was made prisoner; but this fellow on finding himself among people of his own complexion, and that his masters were too weak to enforce obedience, would do little or nothing for them. Robert, however, now induced the lad to go to his Cingalese neighbours and entreat them for help to carry his father to the grave. Some of the natives came to him, and their assistance he obtained by giving them all the money that he had in his possession. "By this means," he says, "I thank God, in so decent a manner as our present condition would permit, I laid my father's body in the grave, most of which I digged with my own hands; the place being in a wood, on the north side of a cornfield, where heretofore we had used often to walk together.—And thus was I left alone, desolate, sick, and in captivity, having no earthly comforter."

Though in this melancholy extremity, Robert's strength of mind never wholly forsook him. On the days when he was free from the ague or the cold fit of his obstinate fever, it was his custom after dinner to take one of his books and go into the fields and sit under a tree, reading and meditating until evening; and when his fever wholly left him (which it did after sixteen months of suffering) he resorted to more active

amusements. The principal of these was angling for small fish in the brooks; and this was not only a recreation but of solid use to him, as the natives, reduced to hard shifts themselves, could often give him nothing but rice, and that in insufficient quantities. About this time, also, his mental resources and comforts were increased by the acquisition of an English bible, which an old Cingalese had picked up at the town of Colombo on the coast. Poor Robert in his eagerness would have given the last coin of his little stock of money for this book, but the old man was satisfied with a cotton cap.

It was not until a year after his father's death that he got sight of any of his countrymen and fellow-prisoners. At the end of that time John Gregory with great difficulty obtained leave to go and see him. This meeting may well be supposed to have been affecting; and Robert Knox had the consolation of learning that the sailors were not only all alive but well (having been placed in more healthy parts of the island), and permitted even to meet together at one town in the district of Hotteracourly, about the distance of a day's journey from Robert's station. After some time and many earnest entreaties (for Robert, as being the prisoner of greatest consequence, was most jealously guarded) he was permitted to return John Gregory's visit. "Being arrived," says he, "at the nearest Englishman's house, I was joyfully received, and the next day he went and called some of the rest of our countrymen that were near, so that there were some seven or eight of us met together.—They were now no more like the prisoners I had left them, but were become housekeepers and knitters of caps, and had changed their habits from breeches to clouts, like the Cingalese. They entertained me with very good cheer in their houses, beyond what I did expect."

Robert profited by this visit, and learned from the sailors the art of knitting caps, for which there seems to have been a ready market among the Cingalese. After prolonging his visit to three days he returned to his old quarters near his father's grave. On arriving there he immediately set to work on the simple manufacture of caps; for his money was nearly all gone, and he wanted the means to purchase some garments, as his clothes were worn out. He could now enforce obedience from his Indian servant-boy who also had become "well skilled in knitting."

By this time Robert had acquired the language of the country, so that he could explain his wants, and trade and barter with the natives to advantage. Cheered by all this prosperity, he determined to build him a new and better house: and this he did in "a garden of cocoa-nut trees belonging unto the king, a pleasant situation. Being settled in my new house," he continues, "I began to keep hogs and hens; which, by God's blessing, thrived very well with me, and were a great help unto me. I had also a great benefit by living in this garden. For all the cocoa-nuts that fell down they gave me, which afforded me oil to burn in the lamp, and also to fry my meal in. Which oil, being new, is but little inferior to this country's butter." All these improvements in his circumstances, however, never detached Robert Knox's thoughts and affections from his native land, to which he was determined to attempt to escape, though he would await the favourable opportunity with prudent patience.

Besides the men taken with Robert Knox and his father, there was another party of Englishmen detained prisoners in Ceylon. These men, thirteen in number, belonged to a ship (the Persia Merchant) that had been wrecked upon the Maldivé islands, whence they had escaped in boats to a part of the coast held by the Cingalese, who immediately seized them

and carried them up the country. They had been prisoners eighteen months at the time Knox and his party were detained.

When four years of captivity had expired, Robert entertained very strong hopes of an immediate delivery. Sir Edward Winter, Governor of Fort St. George, contrived to remit a letter to the king of Kandy, in behalf of the prisoners; and at the same time a Dutch ambassador from Colombo used his mediation in their favour. Knox, and all those who had been taken with him, were ordered up to the capital which was then at Nillembay, where they met the crew of the "Persia Merchant" whom they had not hitherto seen. They were in all twenty-seven Englishmen. A few days after their arrival they were summoned to court, and there assured by some of the nobles that it was his majesty's pleasure to grant them all their liberty, and to let them depart for their own country. It appears, however, that there was never any sincerity in these assurances. "For in the next place," says Knox, "they told us, it was the king's pleasure to let us understand, that all those who were willing to stay and serve his majesty, should have very great rewards, as towns, monies, slaves, and places of honour conferred upon them; which we all in general refused."

Shortly after this the Englishmen were examined privately, one by one, as to their willingness to stay, and the arts and crafts they were in possession of. What the king most wanted were artisans and trumpeters. Every man stood firm in declining the honours offered, and in preferring to go to his native country; "by which," says Knox, "we purchased the king's displeasure."

How matters might have ended, appears to have been extremely doubtful; but while they were waiting about the court, a part of the Cingalese people, who had too long borne the tyrant's cruelty, broke out into sudden rebellion and forced him to fly to the moun-

tains. At first the insurgents had thought of murdering all the English, as they might prove formidable if they joined the king; but notions more favourable to them at length prevailed, and when the tyrant had fled, the sailors were permitted to ransack the houses of those who departed with him,—a permission of which they availed themselves without any scruple of conscience, and “found good prey and plunder.”

The rebels then marched on to Kandy, where the king's son, a boy of fifteen, whom they intended to proclaim in his father's stead, was then residing. The English sailors went with them as friends and allies. On Christmas-day, “of all the days in the year!” exclaims Robert, they were summoned to the palace, and presented by the leaders of the insurgents with money and clothes, to induce them to bear arms against the old king, which they were willing enough to do. But lo! just at this crisis the young prince and his aunt escaped from the rebels! “which so amazed and discouraged them,” says Knox, “that the money and clothes which they were distributing to us and other strangers, they scattered about the court and fled themselves. And now followed nothing but cutting one another's throats to make themselves appear the more loyal subjects, and make amends for their former rebellion.” The Englishmen scrambled with the rest for the money that was strewed about, “being in great necessity and want;” and having got as much of it as they could, they retreated from the hurly-burly to their own lodgings, wisely intending “neither to meddle nor make on one side or the other, being well satisfied, if God would permit them, quietly to sit, and eat such a Christmas dinner together as he had prepared for them.”

The restored tyrant took a tyrant's vengeance on his subjects;—his sword devoured on every side; yet, though they were sorely alarmed, he did not touch so much as a hair of the Englishmen's heads, being

Here also state prisoners were frequently sent for secret assassination. This change, from "the sweet and pleasant country below," was indeed a sad one; his solitude was, however, cheered by the company of his "dear friend and fellow-prisoner, and fellow-bachelor, Mr. John Loveland" (who had been supercargo of his father's ship) with whom he lived very amicably in the same house.

By this time Knox and Loveland were almost the only single men among the English captives, for the mass of the others despairing of liberty "had built them houses, and taken them wives."

After some time Knox contrived to descend from his mountain abode at Laggendenny to his former fair house, near the river, and there obtained payment of a few of his many out-standing debts, with which small capital he began the world again for the third time; and for a third time he prospered. As his wealth increased he became desirous of buying a fine piece of land, and having consulted a Cingalese, high in authority, touching the legality of his making such a purchase, and not finding any impediment, he bought the said land. "This place, also," says Robert, "liked me wondrous well; it being a point of land, standing into a corn-field, so that corn-fields were on three sides of it, and just before my door a large corn-ground belonging thereto, and very well wooded. In the ground, besides eight coker-nut trees, there were all sorts of fruit trees the island afforded. But it had been so long desolate, that it was all overgrown with bushes, and no sign of a house therein. The price of land was five and fifty larees, that is, five dollars (about one pound sterling,) a great sum of money in the account of the country. The place was called Elledat, and lay some ten miles to the south of the city of Kandy. Knox proposed forthwith to build another house here, in which

he was assisted by three Englishmen who were in the neighbourhood, and who were all at the single men. When his new house was finished the grounds well cultivated, Robert proposed the three Englishmen should live and share the profits of the estate with him, only pledging themselves to remain single men. This covenant was forthwith agreed to; and for two years they lived amicably together, not an ill word passing between them. At the end of the second year, however, two of them wearied of their condition, took wives, on which they were excluded the community. Robert now remained at Elledat with only one companion—Stephen Land, who never left him. "We lived solitarily contentedly," he says, "being well settled in a house of my own. Now also we fell to breeding up sheep; we began with two, but by the blessing of God soon came to a good many; and their flesh served instead of mutton. We kept hens and hogs also. Seeing no sudden likelihood of liberty, we went to make all things handsome and convenient for us."

In course of time Robert and his comrade Stephen so improved the house and ground, that few of the men's seats in the land excelled them. They fenced their entrances by two great thorn gates in the fashion of the country, and built also a house in the yard "all open for air" to receive the visits of their Cingalese neighbours.

All this while Knox had been receiving his rice and other daily provisions from the poor Cingalese. At last they refused to furnish them any longer, saying he was better able to live without their donations than they to give it him. Knox is obliged to allow that this was perfectly true; but he says he did not fit to lose that portion of allowance, which the king was pleased to allot him. This would have been well, had his supplies of rice, &c. been made

expense of the king; but hitherto the burden had fallen entirely on the oppressed and impoverished peasantry, and Robert would have done well to wave so odious a right long before. He still, however, insisted on his daily allowance, and went to court to plead for it. His right was readily admitted; but the great man intrusted with these matters, taking into consideration the poverty of the people among whom Knox dwelt, gave him a ticket which entitled him to go every month to court, and receive his supplies from the king's own storehouses. He was well nigh paying dear for his greediness: his frequent appearance at court drew on him the attention of the great men, who determined that he should be taken into the king's service—a service which, from the cruelty of the tyrant, was almost sure to terminate in a dreadful death, and which would have rendered impossible that escape from the country on which Robert and his friend Stephen were still bent. With great address and difficulty he escaped this court promotion, and returned to his house at Elledat, too happy to sacrifice for the future his allowance of rice.

He now renewed his peddling trade on a much grander scale, both as related to the goods he dealt in and to the extent of country he travelled through. He bought a quantity of pepper, tobacco, garlic, combs, and iron-ware of different sorts, and loaded with these, and selling them as they went along, he and Stephen Rutland ventured far to the north of the island. All this was done to learn their way to the coast through this most difficult country, where there were few or no paths, complicated forests, wild ravines, and jealous guards of Cingalese soldiers at every pass of ingress or egress. The northern side was preferred by them, as it was supposed to present somewhat less difficulty than any other direction.

The low country to which they directed their steps was subject to drought, and the very worst species of

disease arising from standing waters. They were obliged to drink fetid water, so thick and muddy, that the very filth would hang to their beards; and year after year they returned thence to Elledat with violent fevers and agues, "insomuch," says Robert, "that our countrymen and neighbours used to ask us if we went thither purposing to destroy ourselves, they little thinking, and we not daring to tell them, our intent and design."

For eight or nine successive years did these courageous men make this dangerous journey. In one year they got as far as Hourly, at the very extremity of the king of Kandy's dominions, but they could not proceed on account of the drought. Another year they met the black servant-boy whom Knox had dismissed long before, and who was now settled in the low country, married, and the father of a family, but miserably poor. This fellow, on promise of a bountiful reward, undertook to guide them the next year to the Dutch settlements on the coast. Unfortunately at the time appointed Knox was detained by a violent attack of pleurisy, so that they missed the Indian, and they did not yet think themselves sufficiently acquainted with the route he had proposed, to attempt it without him.

At length, when they thought their frequent going and coming had lulled all suspicion as to their escaping, and that they were masters of all the information about the country they were likely ever to obtain, Robert and his companion left their pleasant house at Elledat for the last time. This was on the 22d of September, 1679, after more than nineteen years of captivity.

Furnished with such arms as they could secrete, as knives and small axes, and with wares to sell as formerly, they struck boldly through a country swarming with wild elephants, tigers, and bears. When they came to a more peopled district they were alarmed

and brought to a dead stand, by intelligence that a number of officers from court were there collecting the king's duties and revenue. On this they edged away to a secluded village, where they "sate to knitting" until they heard the officers were gone. They then went onwards, having purchased a quantity of cotton-yarn, and kept most of their wares, to serve as a pretext for their going farther to sell them. At Colliwilla their only road lay directly through the grounds of a governor, who was there on purpose to see and examine all who passed. With great presence of mind, instead of showing timidity, which would have ruined them, they went boldly up to this grandee's house, and told him they were going forward to purchase dried flesh, a commodity much in request in the upland country. The governor seeing their trading habits, and the property they had with them, never suspected their intention; his favour, moreover, was conciliated by a present of "knives, with fine carved handles, and a red Tunis cap." Not to show any hurry or anxiety, one of them then went round the neighbourhood, pretending to be bargaining for dried meats, whilst the other remained at the governor's house knitting.

They had acquired all the confidence they stood in need of, and thought they might go on, without danger of being followed, until they should be out of the reach of pursuit, when some soldiers arrived at Colliwilla from the court, with orders to the governor to increase the vigilance of his watch, lest any suspicious persons should escape from the Kandayar dominions. This intelligence was as a death-blow to Knox and his companion, who expected every minute to be arrested, and carried back by these soldiers to the capital. Their admirable self-possession, however, again saved them, and they saw the soldiers return towards the interior without troubling or suspecting them.

The next morning, after securing about their persons such things as were most necessary for their journey, they went to the governor. "I carried him," says Knox, "four or five charges of gunpowder, a thing somewhat scarce among them, entreating him, rather than we should be disappointed of flesh, to make use of that and shoot some deer; while I told him we would make a step to Anarodgburro, to see what flesh we could procure there. In the mean time, according as we had before laid the business, came Stephen, with the bundle of all our goods, desiring to leave them in the governor's house till we came back, which he was very ready to grant us leave to do; and seeing us leave such a parcel of goods, though, God knows, of little account in themselves, yet of considerable value in that land, he could not suppose otherwise but that we were intended to return. Thus we took our leaves, and immediately departed, not giving him time to consider with himself, or consult with others about us."

They now forced their way through a desolate wood to Anarodgburro, which was not inhabited by Cingalese, but by a tribe from the coast of Malabar, who had never seen a white man. Here they were carried before the governor, whom they duped with their usual skill and success, still pretending they were only come to buy dried flesh for the interior of the country. At this place they were a hundred miles advanced on their journey. Stephen Rutland staid quietly in the town, while Knox, saying he was in search of dried deer's flesh, which, fortunately for them, happened to be very scarce that season, went from place to place, and furnished himself with some rice, a brass pot to boil it in, a little meat, and some deer-skin to make shoes for themselves. After three days most patiently spent in this manner, they set off unobserved and unsuspected. They had found out the direct road to Jafnapatan, and another Dutch

settlement, but this was vigilantly guarded by the Cingalese. They thought it would be safer for them to go right through the forest, shaping their course by the sun and moon; but the ground was burnt up, and they feared they should perish that way for want of water. At last they decided that their safest way would be to follow the course of a river they had seen between Colliwilla and Anarodgburro, and which they had reasonably concluded must flow into the sea. Accordingly they turned back some miles on the road by which they had come, delaying their departure until night, when they knew, from their fear of wild beasts, they should meet none of the natives abroad. This was on the 12th of October, and on a Sunday night, the moon being eighteen days old. They calculated that the provisions Knox had procured for the journey would last them ten days. "Our weapons," says Robert, "were, each man a small axe fastened to a long staff in our hands, and a good knife by our sides, which were sufficient, with God's help, to defend us from the assaults of either tiger or bear; and as for elephants there is no standing against them, but the best defence is to flee from them." For tents they carried two great talipat leaves, which are generally used by the natives of Ceylon for that purpose, as well as for umbrellas.

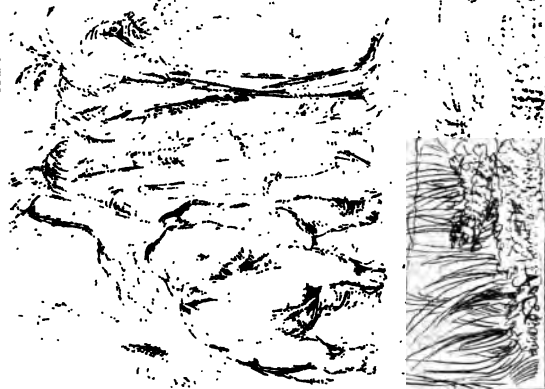
The talipat, or tallipot, is a species of palm tree, which is straight and grows to a prodigious height. Its broad leaves, when dried, are strong and exceedingly elastic. They can be expanded or shut up like a lady's fan. When open, they are large enough to cover from the sun or rain, ten or fifteen men, and when closed they are not thicker than a man's arm. They are very light.

On reaching the river, which was the Malwat Oyah they left the road and struck into the wild forests by the river's side. They avoided treading on the sand or soft ground, and when they were obliged to do so

they walked backwards, so that the print of their feet would have indicated they had gone in an opposite direction. They pursued their journey till nightfall, when, contrary to their expectations, it came on to rain. To shelter themselves they set up their two talipat leaves, and lit a fire, by which they rested themselves until the moon rose. Hitherto they had always travelled barefoot, but having now to prosecute their journey by night, and through rough woods, they bound up their feet in pieces of the deer-hides Knox had bought for the purpose at Anarodgburro.

Though the moon gave little light through the thick trees, Robert and his comrade walked on for some three or four hours, when they were brought to a stand by a single wild elephant that they could not scare away. This obliged them again to light a fire. When day broke the elephant was gone, and the wilderness around them seemed never to have been trodden by the foot of man. Soon after, however, they came unexpectedly on an inhabited district called Tissea Wava, and to escape being seen by the natives were obliged to hide themselves all day in a hollow tree. As soon as it was dark they went forward, and presently ran as fast as their legs could carry them, for they heard the hallooing of men's voices behind them, and thought they were pursued; "but at length," says Robert, "we heard elephants behind us, between us and the voices, which we knew by the noise of cracking the boughs and small trees, which they break down and eat. These elephants were a very good guard behind us. For the people, we knew, would not dare to go forwards, hearing elephants before them."

They pitched their talipat leaves that night by the side of the river, boiled rice and roasted some of their flesh, and after supper slept tranquilly for some hours. When the moon shone out brightly they again renewed their difficult walk. They had nothing more



from the Cingalese having passed their, but they had reached the range of the, a race of wild men who lived by hunting, o were very likely to shoot them with arrows, met them there. One day at noon they were ear being discovered by a number of wild and children, who came to wash themselves in r, close to a rock where the fugitives were re-

They travelled from Sunday to Thursday along by the river side," says Robert, "which and winded very crooked. In some places it be pretty good travelling, and but few bushes rns, and in others a great many, so that our rs and arms were all of a gore, being griev-orn and scratched. For we had nothing on us clout about our middles, and our victuals on ulders, and in our hands a talipat and an axe."

r were frequently puzzled at the confluence of ivers to know which stream to follow. On ay afternoon they crossed a river called Co-yah, on which they came again on the terri-the Malabar colony. From this point the were perfectly impenetrable, so that they were to crawl along the rocky bed of the river, in here was little water, but a terrific quantity of rs and of bears, wild buffaloes, and elephants, re constantly coming there to drink or cool ves. Though the people of the country on they had now entered paid tribute to the

Knox knew they were better affected towards g of Kandy, and feared, every moment, that them would meet him and Stephen, and send ack, after all they had done and suffered. It t, however, until Friday afternoon, that they y human beings. They then came up unex-y with two Bramins, or priests, sitting under a iling rice, who did not molest them, but ac-all the money the fugitives had (about five

shillings), a red Tunis cap, and a knife, to show them their way to the nearest Dutch settlement—a service they soon discovered they were unable or unwilling to perform. When the Bramins left them, they continued their way down the rugged bed of the river as before; but they were this night in great danger from elephants, which were so numerous and fearless that the fire they lit did not deter their approach. They were obliged constantly to throw fire-brands at the intruders in every direction. But this was the last of the perils these firm-hearted men had to encounter in this wonderful flight. The next morning they came to land as smooth as a bowling-green, and soon after met a native who was in the service of the Dutch, and who told them that all the country thereabouts was subject to the Europeans, that they were only six miles from the Dutch fort of Arrepa, and out of all danger.

They then went confidently up to some native villages, and were conducted from one to the other, on their way, until they reached the fort, "it being," says Knox, "about four of the clock on Saturday afternoon, October the 18th, 1679; which day God grant us grace that we may never forget, when he was pleased to give us so great a deliverance from such a long captivity, of nineteen years and six months and odd days, being taken prisoner when I was nineteen years old, and continued upon the mountains among the heathen till I attained to eight and thirty." At fort Arrepa they were received with astonishment and great kindness by the Dutch, who sent them forward the next day to their other settlement at Manaar. Among the first to welcome them at Manaar were a Scotch and an Irish soldier in the service of Holland, who carried them to their lodgings and treated them most hospitably. All the people of the place flocked to see them as men that had performed a miracle.

Their health had been excellent during their arduous journey; but three days after their arrival at Manaar, Stephen Rutland fell so sick that Knox thought he should have lost him. Stephen however rallied, and the two friends were carried together in a Dutch ship to Colombo and thence to Batavia. At Batavia they were taken up by an English merchant vessel, and conveyed to Bantam, where "they found the good ship *Cæsar* bound for England, the land of *their* nativity and long wished for port."

THE MOUNTAIN-PASS OF SOGNE FJELD.

From a lively work, entitled "Two Summers in Norway," we select a few passages descriptive of the striking scenery which these northern regions exhibit. The country consists of vast ranges of mountains, mingled with lakes, rivers, and arms of the sea. The sides of the mountains are covered with wood and till far on every summer, are capped with snow, the melting of which floods the rivers. Every where waterfalls add a savage feature to the landscape. An idea may be formed of travelling in Norway from the following description of a journey over the Mountain-Pass of Sogne Fjeld.

Starting from Fortun, where only horses and guides can be obtained—

I SOON collected round me a crowd of wondering natives, who assured me that before 'St. Hans dag' (St. John's day, a great epoch always in Norway), it was barely possible for horses to cross; that indeed two horses had arrived a few days previously from the other side, but without any load; and the snow was reported to be so deep, and over so great an extent, that no one liked to encounter the journey. For a long time in vain I used all my rhetoric: and I was on the point of riding a couple of miles up the glen to a professed Wegvisor, or guide of the moun-

tain, when two men came forward and offered to do their best to accomplish my objects, though they at the same time expressed their fears that we should be obliged to turn back. I was so pleased with the appearance, that I at once accepted their offer, without either party making any stipulation as to remuneration.

The distance from Skjolden to Lom is reckoned eight Norwegian, or about fifty-six English miles : of which thirty-five are between the last Gaard and the first Sætter, while upwards of twenty extend over the true Snow Fjeld. After my guides had made the necessary preparations, we set out about eleven o'clock at night, which was considered the best hour, in order that we might traverse as much as possible of the snow during the early morning hours, when it is of course the hardest. I had a horse to ride, besides one for my baggage ; but such were the difficulties of the road that I could make very little use of it. Immediately on quitting Fortun we scaled a nearly perpendicular wall of slate rock ; and next entered a steep, narrow glen, down which a snow-fed torrent roared in an uninterrupted succession of fine white cascades. At the top of this gorge, about seven miles from Fortun, we stopped for an hour at some Sætter not yet occupied, to rest our steeds before assailing the real Fjeld. It was midnight ; but not such midnight as is known in southern climes. Close before us, divided but by a narrow chasm, stood the naked peaks of the Hurungarne, Skagstoletinde, and other members of the Jotun Fjeld, which is not the highest, but by far the most picturesque mountain range I have seen in Norway. Its broken surface rises in many a fantastic shape from an extensive field of frozen snow, round which they are closely grouped : the views over them during our ascent were splendid in the extreme ; and never were they more magnificent in weather. We rested till t

earliest rays had shed a rosy blush upon the loftiest pinnacles of the 'Giant Mountains,' when with good hearts we resumed our upward march. The ascent from this point was long, and occasionally stiff; but never in the least perilous. Soon, however, we reached the snow, at first in patches, then in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley: for the most part its surface was hard enough to bear us, though occasionally the poor beasts sank floundering up to their bellies. For at least a dozen miles we traversed this frozen plain, embosomed in mountains belonging to the Sogne and Lange Fjelder, which seemed to rise some 2,000 feet above our path. These heights were, without exception, covered from their summits with a deep mass of dazzling snow, that frequently terminated in glaciers of second rate Swiss character. |Ever and anon an island of rock, protruding from out the wintry expanse, afforded a scanty and coarse herbage to our famished animals, for whom, to my surprise, their masters had brought no provender whatever. On one of these insulated spots we rested for an hour or two: and wet and unprotected as we were, with a bitter cold wind sweeping over the pass, and freezing our very garments upon us, we could not resist the temptation to snatch a broken slumber on the hard cold rock. It had a singular effect, in the midst of this frost-bound solitude, to come suddenly upon a party from Guldbrandsdal, who like ourselves had been travelling the whole night: they seemed dreadfully fatigued, as we perhaps appeared to them. The only other living object we saw, except a few ptarmigan, was that singular little animal, the lemming.

The sun had now acquired such power that the snow became very soft, occasioning great labour to ourselves and horses. Moreover, it seemed much worse on the northern than on the southern side: so much so, that we were two or three times almost com-

pelled to turn back. The men displayed excellent courage, perseverance, and good humour, three most essential qualities on an expedition like this; and they were eventually rewarded by successfully surmounting all our difficulties. During the latter part of our passage, I had suffered more from the dazzling reflection of the snow in my eyes, than from fatigue; and oh! how refreshing, how delicious appeared the scanty verdure in the first valley we reached, after more than twelve hours spent upon the glacier! We found here a Sætter, at which the folk had recently arrived, and with true mountain hospitality, offered us, all they had to give, milk, butter, and fire; whereof I instantly availed myself to boil in my kettle a decoction of tea, the first refreshment, not absolutely frozen that had passed my lips since leaving Skjolden. Our perils were now over; but we had still a long descent before coming to the permanent habitations of man.

On arriving at the first Gaards of Qvamsvolden, the sight of farm houses and corn fields, seemed wondrous strange in our eyes, so long unaccustomed to any sign of man, or man's works. There were still, however, eight or nine long miles to the nearest place where I could lodge, at Hoff; and as I found that the half starved horses would require at least two hours' rest, I preferred walking down there at once, to the infinite astonishment of my toilworn companions. The gratification of having achieved a difficult and (at this season) a doubtful exploit, and of having seen so thoroughly the very interior of the loftiest mountain chain in Northern Europe, gave me spirits and vigour; but I could not help feeling much self-satisfaction that at the end of perhaps the most laborious twenty-four hours I ever passed, without any thing that had deserved the name of either food or rest, I was yet able voluntarily to walk the last stage to my night quarters.

A REIN-DEER CHASE.

WE shall start on a shooting excursion to the Rundene, and the more willingly as it will enable us to visit one of the Sætters, or pasture farms, very similar to the Swiss chalets.

WE started early on the morning of the 23rd of June, each riding an excellent mountain pony, and accompanied by a sumpter horse laden with the articles necessary for a two days' bivouac on the hills. Crossing the river, our path lay along the face of a rock that forms the eastern barrier of the gorge above Laurgaard. The ascent was extremely steep: and if our beasts had not been remarkably active and sure-footed, we might, in a thousand places, have been dashed into the flood that roared below. We reached the summit safely, in about two hours; when we emerged upon an elevated plain, covered with stunted juniper, dwarf birch, and willow, the last traces of arboreal vegetation that crown all the Scandinavian heights, above the limits of the fir and larger birch. There were scattered patches of snow on the lower grounds; all the surrounding hills universally retained their wintery mantle. Here and there cattle were roaming at large; while in the foreground stood several Sætters, consisting of neatly-built log-houses, with a green enclosure round each. We entered into one of them, which belonged to Thor; and I was greatly pleased with the order and cleanliness that reigned throughout. A buxom maiden was employed in washing her numerous wooden utensils with a decoction of juniper branches, the best nostrum for keeping them perfectly sweet. She immediately arose to present us with a bowl of delicious milk. Her little dairy was a pattern of neatness; and already at this early season was well stored with butter: the furniture appeared simple, but sufficient, and beautifully clean. The Sætter life seems exactly

to resemble that of the Swiss chalet so far removed from the habitation men. The Norwegians have the same names for their cows, the same song and, singular enough, precisely the same as the well-known *Cor des Alpes*, only that instead of being curved, at the end of the adventurous life of the Sætter, must for a time at least; and their songs element very strongly.

Leaving these last abodes of men across the boggy plain, and soon came to Rundene. This isolated mountain cluster of half a dozen conical peaks of equal height, and most picturesque together in an irregular circle, resembled on a smaller scale, the famed coronal of Mont Blanc. They are 6,500 feet above the sea, and are covered with a beautifully pure snow from the summit. After leaving the elevated plateau from which they rise, and after quitting the Sætter, we reached a romantic dell at the very foot of the peak, where we turned our beasts loose. I had just time to observe that the small low building of stones loosely piled together where I understood I must pass the night, by no means an inviting appearance. I had promised no very splendid accommodation, but my mind was too much occupied by another novel sport I was about to enjoy, to be disappointed. However, I could not but still admire the wild charms of its situation upon the brink of a fierce torrent, that in a narrow channel in the solid rock immediately over it impended the dazzling snow-capped Rundene. We then, under the guidance, penetrated into the inmost of the mountain range, which his experience

to be the most likely feeding ground of the rein-deer, at this season. Occasionally we ascended the loftiest pinnacles, or traversed vast plains of frozen snow : at other times we dived into the depths of the vallies, and toiled up the opposing precipices. In many places the softness of the snow rendered the walking very laborious. The sun too was scorchingly hot, and the glare most distressing to the eyes. Wherever the snow had disappeared, the lichens, which constitute the sole support of the rein-deer during the winter, covered the ground with a thick and soft carpet ; and many beauteous flowers, classed by my men under the general name of *Renblomster*, or "Rein-deer flowers," but quite new to me, had already begun to expand their half-frozen petals. We saw many cock ptarmigans perched proudly on rocks within a few yards of us : the hens were all at this season sitting far lower down the sides of the mountains.

In various spots we discovered recent traces of deer upon the snow ; but though we examined every nook and cranny through an excellent telescope, we could not, for many hours, espy a single living animal. At length, when we were beginning to despair, Thor descried a herd of twenty does and fawns, reposing at the upper end of a distant glen. Unfortunately, they were so placed as to be difficult to approach. They occupied a bare ridge, surrounded on all sides by unbroken snow, which rendered it totally impossible to advance nearer than 200 yards, without being perceived. I had not a rifle with me ; and at that distance a ball from a plain barrel is scarcely to be depended on. However, there was no help for it ; and therefore, after taking an accurate survey of the country, we made a long circuit, and arrived unperceived in the neighbourhood of the unsuspecting herd. On our way we had to cross several awkward places, which we accomplished in comparative safety, except at one spot, where we were compelled to tra-

verse a steeply inclined face of ice, slightly covered with recent snow. Here my treacherous footing gave way, and I was instantly hurried, at a fearful rate, down the declivity. It was well for me that I lost neither my balance nor my presence of mind; for by striking the barrels of my gun with as much force as I could into the frozen mass, I was eventually stopped on the verge of a swollen torrent, that had at that point burst asunder the overlying snow. If I had fallen into that roaring flood, I should in a moment have been carried under the frost bound arch; and never more have had an opportunity of recording my exploits. A gracious Providence, however, preserved me on this, as on so many other occasions; and after hastily repairing the damage done to my gun, as well as my nerves would allow me, I pushed on after my guides with a grateful though panting heart. The deer were still reposing in perfect security. By stealthily creeping on our hands and knees, we reached a small rock at the least 200 yards from the nearest of them; whence I took a deliberate aim at a fine doe. Alas! the priming had got so wetted by my late fall, that the first barrel missed fire. The whole herd instantly jumped up at the sound of the percussion cap: without a moment's delay I fired the other barrel, and had the mortification to see the ball strike the ground, a hand's breadth above the animal's back. My attendant Chasseurs then fired at the retreating body, without success. For a few seconds the startled creatures did not seem to know which path to take: but soon the strongest and boldest took the lead, and the rest quickly following, we saw them wend their way in single file up the steepest acclivity; every now and then turning round to gaze in stupid amazement at the intruders on their native solitudes; until one after one at length crossed the topmost ridge. Then wishing them good night, we sought our own quarters, for the rest and refreshment we so


much needed. In the morning, my anxiety for the chase had prevented me from scanning very accurately the novel accommodations allotted me : I had now ample opportunity of appreciating their deficiencies. Being an old chamois hunter, I have passed many a night in the rudest Swiss chalets, with nothing better than a dirty sheep-skin thrown on a bench or table for my bed. But never before had I met with any thing so bad, as that hut under Rundene. It had been constructed, for the purposes of the chase, after the fashion of a second-rate pig-stye ; its dimensions were seven feet by six ; its height five feet : it had a small low door, through which it was just possible to creep ; and half the internal space was occupied by a rude, raised bench of stone, destined for my couch. The whole was built of a peculiar kind of quartz rock, of the purest white, that splits into thin and regular laminæ, like slates. Our first care was to collect a large store of juniper and dwarf willow roots, which we soon coaxed into a crackling fire heaped up in one corner of the hut : which enabled me to boil in my kettle a jorum of tea, that we all pronounced to be excellent. I then wrapped myself up in my cloaks ; nor was it long before the fatigues of the day overcame all sensation of the strangeness of my position, the drowsy chattering of my companions, and even the roar of the adjoining torrent. Starting early the next morning to the spot where we had seen the rein-deer the preceding evening, we followed the track for many weary miles ; until at length it became evident that they had entirely quitted these mountains for a more distant range. We were not fortunate enough to fall in with any others, though we fagged hard over a wide extent of very likely ground : our only reward was a succession of the most splendid panoramic views imaginable of all the surrounding chains.

THE PLANTING OF THE ACORNS.

UPON these bare unshelter'd plains,
 The living germs we strew,
 And pray for kindly summer suns,
 And fertilizing dew.
 Receive the acorns, mother Earth,
 And feed them year by year,
 Till proud and high towards the sky
 Their lordly boughs they rear.
 Winds, blow gently o'er them,
 Rain, fall softly down,
 Earth, enwrap them warmly
 In thy bosom brown.

Beneath the shadow of their leaves
 The wanton birds shall play,
 And lovers in the summer eve
 Shall sigh their hearts away;
 Or sit together side by side
 In solitary nooks,
 To read in one another's eyes
 The lore not learn'd in books.
 Winds, blow gently o'er them,
 Stars, look kindly through,
 Fortune, smile upon them,
 If their love be true.

And here in rural holiday,
 The village girls shall sing
 The simple rhymes of olden times,
 While dancing in a ring.
 Old men upon the sward beneath,
 Shall loiter in the sun,
 With pipe and glass, and drowsy talk
 Of all the deeds they've done.



Winds, blow gently o'er them,
Sunshine, gild their way,
Time, lay light thy fingers
On their heads of grey.

And when a hundred years have passed,
The oaks, grown old and hoar,
Shall build perchance some mighty fleet
To guard our native shore.
By trusty hearts in peril's hour
Their flag shall be unfurled,
To sound the fame of England's name
In thunder o'er the world.

Winds, blow gaily o'er them,
Calm thy rage, oh sea!
Bear thy burden proudly
On to victory.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ADVENTURES IN THE EAST.

IN Mr. Urquhart's "Spirit of the East," will be found much interesting information concerning the public institutions, social relations of the Turks, and the Eastern nations bordering the Levant. His ascent of the famous Mount Olympus, the supposed seats of the gods among the classic Greeks, is of a nature to interest many of our readers, and to this we have added a very curious account of 'A Mountain Pirate King,' as he is styled by the author. Mount Olympus is about ten thousand feet in height, not isolated, but one of a great range of hills. It is situated in Thessaly, and called by the modern Greeks *Lacha*.

ASCENT OF MOUNT OLYMPUS.

DAILY the summits of Mount Olympus seemed to invite me to scale their heights. An intelligent young Greek, a native of Mount Olympus, after endeavouring to dissuade me from the enterprise, drew up for

me a plan of operations. I was first to reach Allassona, there to get acquainted with some of the stray Armatos, and, according to the companions I might find, I was either to direct my steps towards the mountains of the west, or, turning to the east, ascend Mount Olympus itself. I determined on starting, with my hammock strapped to the back of my saddle, and with no *impedimenta* of any kind, without a servant, and without even coin in my pocket, to set forward on my faithful mule. [This mule Mr. Urquhart named Aristotle, because, like that olden worthy, he sometimes kicked his master.] With such romantic projects in my brain, and mounted on a charger so distinguished, it was with justifiable exultation of mind, and buoyancy of spirits, that I issued, a few minutes before sunrise, on the last day of July, from the gates of Larissa. The plain lay before me, and Olympus soared on high, his triple crest illumined by the morning rays. Breaking away from the road or path, I put Aristotle to his speed, and only reined him in when I had put sufficient distance between me and Larissa to make me feel that I had escaped and was alone, and till I reached a tumulus, where I turned to look at Larissa, and its thirty minarets, glittering in the sun.

On entering Tcherichines, it appeared to have escaped the devastation to which, of late, I had been accustomed; yet nowhere have I had the miseries to which this country has been a prey, presented to me in so impressive a manner. My companion had been brought up at the school here, and he had not visited it for twelve years. At every step he pointed out some contrast in its present to its past state, with all the force which simplicity gives to feeling. Now, he recognised the servant of an old friend, whose entire household had disappeared; now, the parent, whose children were no more; now he stopped at the spot where some happy mansion had stood; anon, at the

site of some desolate dwelling, where he had once been happy. He insisted on our going to his former schoolmaster. We soon found the house, but, strange to say, the door was gone. After calling for some time, an old head, with a little black beard, and spectacles on nose, presented itself at the window. We were directed through a door at some distance, and found our way into the abode of the *Logiotatos* by a hole in his garden wall. The schoolmaster we found seated on a carpet, at one end of an extensive space, that once had been separated into several apartments. The partition walls had been knocked down; the roof, on one side, was supported only on stakes; the floor was partly broken up. During the last three years, it had been a *konak* for Albanians; but since he had discovered the expedient of walling up his door, and entering by a concealed passage, he lived unmolested in the midst of the ruins.

I was afterwards taken to visit one of the former wealthy inhabitants of the place, and, as the *Didascalos* told me, a learned man, and a philosopher. We entered a spacious court, surrounded by buildings of considerable extent; we walked through several dilapidated passages and corridors; untied the strings that fastened some doors; but could find no living soul. At length, a sharp and cracked voice answering us, we were conducted by the sound to a little chamber, where, seated in a corner, on an old pelisse, and writing on a stool, we found the philosopher of whom we were in search. He was quite disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of a European, but immediately assumed an air of constrained ease. I was at once pleased and grieved to observe the contrast this character displayed, with the incessant and empty lamentations and aspirations of the Greeks. He never once alluded to public complaints, or to private misfortunes; and artfully manœuvred to get a neighbour to make and bring in coffee, as if served by his own

people. He told me that it was quite intentionally that he left his court and house in the forlorn condition in which I saw it, that it might not attract the Albanians. This was the first time I had made acquaintance with a Greek who did not parade his misfortunes. "It is many years," said he, "since, in these parts, the children of the Hellenes have had to blush to be looked on by a freeman's eye. All that remains to us now is the cup of philosophy; that is, the dregs; the rest is gone. Looking at me, my costume, my condition, and my den, you might well imagine yourself on a visit to Diogenes; but there, I am sorry to say, all likeness ends."

The remainder of the day was spent in attempts to dissuade him from his projected enterprise, and after a prolonged discussion, Diogenes, as he calls this philosopher, promised to be ready next morning to accompany him.

Accordingly, when I presented myself at the gate of the deserted mansion, the little man stood before me as complete a metamorphosis as human being ever underwent, equipped for the journey in a costume worthy the pencil that sketched the 'Marriage-à-la-mode.' The tidy kalpak, yellow slipper, Jubbee, and Dragomanic air, were converted into something between the Tartar and the scarecrow. To begin by the foundation. On the step of his door stood a pair of shapeless Turkish boots, into which disappeared a pair of spindlelike and diverging calfs, bound tight round by Tartar breeches, which, as they rose beyond the knee, uniting, swelled into the shape and form of a balloon; several jackets, with sleeves either hanging over the hand, or shortened to the fore-arm, enlarged proportionally the superior parts of the figure; an old furred pelisse was heaped on one shoulder; the kalpak, in a napkin, hung on the other side, and a tarbouch (wadded nightcap), which once had been red, was drawn over, and circumscribed the dimensions of a little face, the diminutive lineaments of which

were disputed between drollery and benevolence. His morning and glossy countenance beamed with satisfaction as he surveyed his preparations, and was convulsed with laughter when he contemplated his own figure.

My new companion's Rozinante, not the least strange portion of his equipment, was now brought out; a colokythia, or dried gourd, with water, slung on one side, the kalpak on the other. Thus equipped, and these arrangements completed, we set forward.

On leaving Tcherichines, we immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain. On reaching the summit of the chain of hills that encircles Alassona, we turned round to look on the spreading roots of Olympus, which, seen from below, are rugged and broken mountains, but which appeared, from the spot where we stood, like a sandy plain cut out by deep watercourses, the abrupt sides darkened by immemorial forests of pine and oak. Having got sight of our destination for the night, I pushed on alone, according to my practice; and thinking myself safer ahead than in company with some wild acquaintance which the philosopher had picked up, I succeeded in reaching it about a couple of hours after sunset. I knocked, but it was long before I could get any notice taken of me. At length the monks came out to reconnoitre on a little balcony, constructed for that purpose, when I was subjected to a most minute interrogatory; and it was by appealing to their charity and humanity, not only as a way-worn traveller, but as one who had just escaped the most imminent dangers, that, seeing I was quite alone, I succeeded in obtaining admission.

In a little, Diogenes comes up, and a laughable scene takes place before he is admitted. His first words betray the country of our author, and the monks crowd about him, exclaiming, "An Englishman! a Frank!" with as strong marks of surprise as if he had been some rare foreign animal. The travellers are hospitably entertained for the

night. In the morning, leaving Diogenes behind, Mr. Urquhart started on foot, with his guides, immediately after sunrise.

The flocks of the monastery were on our way, at the distance of ten miles ; there we were to breakfast, and there were we to pass the night, after ascending to the summit. They calculated seven hours from the monastery to the summit. The sheep-fold was half-way ; so that, independent of the ascent, we had thirty miles before us. It was a long time since I had undertaken such a pedestrian expedition, but I have always found that there is no way to succeed like putting oneself under the necessity of action.

As we descended, the mist, which either covered us or hung over the mountain, entirely shut out the view until we reached the limits of the forest, where we expected to find the flocks, shepherds, and our breakfast. Here we emerged from the mist, and seemed to be in the first story of the heavens.

We were on the bold face of the mountain, looking towards the sea ; and I might have doubted the reality of its hazy waters, but for the white spots dotted along the frequented course between Salonica and the southern headland of Thessaly. Beyond, and far away to the east, might be guessed or distinguished the peak of Mount Athos, and the distincter lines, between, of the peninsulas Palene and Sithone. This glimpse of Mount Athos, at a distance of ninety miles, made me resolve on visiting its shrine and ascending its peak. I was struck to find, far above the monastery, plum-trees loaded with fruit, which looked like wax ; they were of all colours, yellow, pink, and red, predominating. Every where there was abundance of boxwood, of colossal dimensions, which extended higher up than even the pines. But the magnificent prospect which displayed itself to my eyes on emerging from the cloud, showed nowhere, in our vicinity, the shepherd encampment. We found the place where they had been the night before, by the smoke

which ascended from the yet burning fire. My guides now insisted on returning, and it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in getting them to go on; and one of them, pretending to go in another direction to look for the encampment, returned no more. In half an hour we perceived the flocks, but it was only after two hours of toilsome march that we reached the fold.

The shepherds had been watching us as we approached, and having distinguished my unwonted costume, where dark clothes had probably never appeared within the range of their memory, they fancied I was a government officer in pursuit of some fugitive; they consequently took to their heels, in every direction, driving their sheep before them; but having got within hail of one of them, we soon came to an understanding, and by the time I reached the fold, which was a permanent structure of stones, like a tambour, circular, and about the height of a man, to keep off the blast, we saw them returning, followed by their sheep and dogs. We received, each of us, a loaf of black bread, weighing an oke; the dogs getting each, in addition to their commons, a lump of snow, and we a drink of milk. I now bethought me of the bottle of rakki, and pouring a little into a drinking cup, the milk from a goat was milked foaming into it, and I can strongly recommend the same beverage to all my readers who ascend Mount Olympus.

We had still two hours' work to the peak, which now overhung us to the north, and we set forward much revived. The grass and shrubs now entirely disappeared, and we had to toil over broken fragments of schist and marble, which, minutely fractured by the frost, might have made a very good macadamised road, had it been frequented by carriages and heavy wagons, for it much resembled a road upon which the fresh-broken stones are laid down. On one peak we perceived the remains of pottery, and, on the summit,

a portion of a slab, which once had borne an inscription. This they called St. Stephano ; but, on arriving here completely exhausted, it was with dismay that I perceived, separated from me by an enormous chasm, another peak, which was evidently higher than that on which I stood. The difference, indeed, could not be much, for it cut off but a small fraction from the mighty cloudless horizon that reigned all around.

I spent no more than an hour at this giddy height, where the craving of my eyes would not have been satisfied under a week. I seemed to stand perpendicularly over the sea, at the height of 10,000 feet. Salonica was quite distinguishable, lying north-east ; Larissa appeared under my very feet. The whole horizon, from north to south-west, was occupied by mountains, hanging on, as it were, to Olympus. This is the range that runs westward along the north of Thessaly, ending in the Pindus. The line of bearing of these heaved-up strata seems to correspond with that of the Pindus, that is, to run north and south, and they presented their escarpment to Olympus. Ossa, which lay like a hillock beneath, stretched away at right angles to the south ; and, in the interval, spread far, far in the red distance, the level lands of Thessaly, under that peculiar dusty mist which makes nature look like a gigantic imitation of an unnatural effect produced on the scene of a theatre.

When I first reached the summit, and looked over the warm plains of Thessaly, this haze was of a pale yellow hue. It deepened gradually, and became red, then brown, while similar tints, far more vivid, were reproduced higher in the sky. But when I turned round to the east, up which the vast shadows of night were travelling, the cold ocean looked like a plain of lead ; the shadow of the mighty mass of Olympus was projected twenty miles along its surface ; and I stood on the very edge, and on my tiptoes. On such

a spot what impressions crowd upon the mind, bewilder the senses, and absorb the soul ! Here, where the early Greek was borne above the earth, and raised nearest to the skies, has the torch of imagination been grasped by the Hellenic race ; here was the idea of eternity conceived, and genius called to life by the thought and hope of immortality.

The cold was intolerable, and I commenced to turn my face and my steps towards the nether world, and soon discovered the difference between ascending and descending, and thought that the winged feet of the Olympus courier was a metaphor so appropriate that it must have originated in the very tract which I was passing over, and in similar feats to those which I was performing. On regaining the sheep-fold, a new dilemma arose. I was unprovided with clothing ; none of the shepherds could spare me any thing ; they had only ascended that height for two days. It is a traditional point of honour amongst them to reach, once a-year, this elevation ; and there were neither trees, nor shrubs, nor grass, with which they could make a fire. There was nothing for it but to proceed downwards to the monastery.

There was scarcely an interval of darkness between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon, so brilliant were the stars ; and when the orb of Diana arose, the rays she shot might even have made her brother's face turn pale with envy. A couple of shepherds besides my own guide accompanied me some way, so as to put us in the true direction : and having reached the track which the flocks had recently made in ascending, they left us to our fate. I had known what it is to be hungry, thirsty, with one's limbs broken with fatigue, and the nerves wholly overcome with long privation of sleep ; I have known what it is to cast myself, in recklessness of life, upon the cold earth, or in the snow, or on the beach, after dragging myself from the waves ; but the suffering of

this night surpassed every misery with which I had become acquainted. During the next day I reached, however, the monastery alone, having accomplished forty miles of ascent and descent; my guide, before we were half-way down, having thrown himself on the ground, where I was forced, from cold, to leave him.

The structure of Olympus is very singular. The central group is marble, sometimes in thin layers, varying from very fine to very coarse-grained white, sometimes gray, with a little limestone dispersed through it. Looking towards the mountain, the sides seem all rounded; but, looking from the centre, the escarpments present themselves as cliffs. Towards the base of the principal rock, a little gneiss appears, overlying the marble. The water from the mountain winds round it in a vale somewhat irregular, formed by the back of the marble and the face of a mingled formation of stratified granite, gneiss, and mica schist. The stratification of the mountains that surround Thessaly on three sides—the west, the north, and east—is identical; so also is the line of dip and bearing. The range of mountains which forms the south side of Thessaly, is of a very different character. It is limestone, towering almost like a perpendicular, and stretching like a continuous wall; thence the fame of Thermopylæ, and the glory of Leonidas. I have been in the habit of designating as Peloponnesian that peculiar limestone which prevails in the Grecian Peninsula, from Thermopylæ southward. And on historic grounds alone, that name ought to belong to this rock. It is a detestable rock for the geologist, the botanist, the agriculturist, and the painter, because it has no variety, no organic remains, and no minerals; it bears few plants, affords little soil, and is tame without softness, or rude without wildness. It makes amends, however, by the themes it has furnished to the historian, and the home it has afforded to the poet. The former owes to it the

scenes of Thermopylæ, Marathon, and Cheronæa; the latter is indebted to it for Helicon, Ida, Olenos, and Parnassus. Affording but a limited amount of herbs and shrubs, it endows them with unrivalled flavour; hence the long renown of the flocks of Arcadia; hence the fragrant heather, thyme, and rosemary, that have immortalised the honey of Hymettus.

Before the throne of Jupiter, and wandering over the abode of the gods, I of course interrogated each site and rock for records of its former glory; and sought in the traditions or the superstition of the ephemeral beings who pasture their flocks within its sacred precincts, for traces of the fictions which have entwined its name with our earliest associations, and which have stamped its character and its memory on the masterpieces of art, and the inspirations of genius. Strange to say, it was not without satisfaction that I did not find what I sought, because I found instead, the original impressions of the spot which had created the mythology of Greece. They had no recollection of the "Thunderer;" no tradition of Apollo, or of Phaeton; but they told me that "the stars came down at night on Olympus!" "that heaven and earth had once met upon its summit, but that since men had grown wicked, God had gone higher up."

A MOUNTAIN PIRATE KING.

I NOW determined on visiting Captain Demo, who has the Larissa district of Mount Olympus. He was residing at a village of the name of Caria, at the distance of ten miles from the monastery. Judging by the accounts I had heard, I had little expectation of finding Captain Demo at Caria; and at all events, reckoned on seeing in that village his place of refuge, and also the frontier fortress of his legitimate domain, the *beau-ideal* of a robber's retreat, perched on a

precipice, or nestled in a cavern. My surprise was therefore great, on coming suddenly to the edge of a precipice, to be assured that a peaceful and smiling village, which appeared in the angle of an open plain, was Caria; that a more stately mansion than the rest, placed in the middle of it, with a light and airy aspect, white-washed, composed of two stories, surmounted by a kiosk, was the place of abode of the redoubted Captain Demo. As I approached it, however, I saw indications of the manners and the calling of its proprietor, in numerous loop-holes, with which it was pierced in all directions. He appeared a homely and intelligent man, but not much disposed to put himself out of his way for anything, or anybody. He received me, however, cordially enough; told me he had heard of me for some time; that he knew I liked the Klephts; and that, therefore, the visit was not unexpected; and immediately insisted, despite my blistered feet and jaded limbs, on taking me to see an English garden, which seemed to occupy all his thoughts. I was exceedingly struck with it; whether as to extent, the nature of the plants and flowers, or the care and neatness of the cultivation, it was what I never should have dreamt of seeing in Olympus, especially at such a time as this. He earnestly begged me to send him from Salonica seeds and flowers, and, above all, potatoes; and spoke of an English plough as the summit of his ambition, and the accomplishment of his desires. I engaged to satisfy his wish, as far as that should be practicable; he, on the other side, promising to collect for me arrow-heads, which they often dig up in great quantity, and which they sometimes get made into pistol-barrels. These arrow-heads are without a barb, and resemble exactly those used by the Circassians at the present day. Two days before, in digging a cistern for his garden, they had opened a Roman tomb, of mortar and brick; it was full ten

feet long. They told me they had found in it the bones of a giant. I was very anxious to see them, but all we could find was a portion of the skull: it seemed indeed a portion of a human skull, but fearfully thick, which Captain Demo averred was a proof that the owner must have been a great man.

On the rock above Caria there is a ruin of an ancient fortress, which, on examination through the glass, appeared to me Venetian, but I rejected the supposition as improbable. A Venetian fortress in such a position, seemed to surpass what could be expected from the maritime and commercial settlements of Venice in the Levant. But soon afterwards a large silver coin was brought to me, presenting, in bold relief, the rampant lion of St. Mark. On the reverse was the bust of a warrior, with a helmet and coat of mail; below this was a shield of St. George and the Dragon traced upon it, with the inscription, "Da pacem Domine, in die nos, 1642." Two years after which date, Venice protected the piratical seizure, by the Knights of Malta, of a Turkish vessel, having on board a son of Sultan Ibrahim, whom they made a friar (Padre Ottomano); which act gave rise to the war which cost Venice her Eastern empire. Some other coins of the Roman emperors were also brought me; but that which was the most remarkable of all, as found in such a spot, was one of those beautiful silver relics of the earliest coinage of Greece, bearing the grazing horse and the Hercules' head of the Enians.

At the distance of six miles south-west across the little plain, I was told of an inscription, which next morning I went to visit. The place was evidently the site of a town or city, and there was a large stone erect, bearing an inscription of which some letters were legible. It was of the Roman empire, and the only words I could make out were, "*inventio ipsorum*," which I thought happily calculated to guide geographers in making this out to be the site of some im-

portant city; but, after this warning, I leave to the learned to affix a name to it.

Captain Demo and I soon became great friends, and he declared he would accompany me himself to Rapsana, which overlooks the vale of Tempe. We decided on starting the evening following my arrival, intending to sleep at a village half-way. A milk-white charger, more remarkable for his colour than his points, was brought into the court-yard, and, with the other horses that were to accompany us, allowed to prepare themselves for the journey, by licking and crunching the mass of rock-salt, which, in this country, is the health-stone for all four-footed animals.

We had already mounted and had reached the skirts of the village, when we were assailed with a hue and cry, and some fifty people made a rush at us, men, women, and children. It appeared that, ten minutes before, the holy career of a young and promising monk had been threatened with a speedy and tragic conclusion, by the vengeance of an injured husband. The neighbours, suddenly assembled, interposed; the women fainted and shrieked, the men swore, the children cried, and the pigs, dogs, and cocks, all displayed their sympathy, in the various tones by which their feelings find expression. At that very moment was descried the white charger of the judge of the people, and the collective rush took place, by which our further progress was arrested. The Robber of Olympus reined in, and knitting his brow, scowled around, like Stilicho, when he looked upon the Goths. A disconsolate mother threw herself on her knees before him, and called for justice; a priest for vengeance; a monk with a broken pate for mercy; the hapless female looked a prayer for pity; while the forensic tones of the injured husband rose above the rest—he, of course, sued for damages. Half a dozen children sobbed and cried; a sister shrieked and tore her hair; a brother stood, with a roving eye and a

compressed lip, and turned, now on the husband, and now on the monk, glances of hate and of vengeance. Captain Demo listened for awhile in patience; but what patience could resist such discordant appeals and dissonant voices? And what judge could maintain his equanimity when assailed from right and left, from before and behind, from all around, and from under, and where, according to the advantage of position, his feet, legs, and hands were seized as means of reaching his ear? The steed first gave tokens of dissatisfaction, by capering about, and carrying up and down, with gentle undulation, the severe and frowning form of its rider. But, when the Klepht began to storm, all that had gone before was as nothing. This metaphor of his threats was perfectly Homeric, and heightened by a see-saw motion of his hand across his throat, borrowed from the Turks. I thought nothing would have satisfied him but cutting off the heads of the whole party; and if he had been so disposed, there was nobody who could say to him, "You shall not."

The afternoon was wasted away in the investigation that followed the first clamours, and in the summing up of evidence before pronouncing final judgment, in which the priest figured, not only as counsellor, but as executioner; for penance, alms, crossings, and genuflexions, were liberally distributed amongst all the delinquents. The offending monk had 7000 of the latter alone for his share, while half the sum was inflicted on the husband for having broken his head. The frail fair one was to appear before a higher tribunal: her case was to be submitted to the bishop of Larissa.

Our journey thus postponed till the morrow, I spent another night at Caria, and scarcely had concluded supper, at which the lowest menial of the captain-judge sat down at the same table with us, though the next moment they stood before their master with awe

in their looks, and reverence in their attitudes,—no sooner, I have said, had supper been concluded, than three travellers abruptly made their entrance. When they had seated themselves, Captain Demo and I inquired after their health; they replied, “Thank God, we are very well; but,” said one of them, a little hastily, “we come to inquire after our horses.” The captain’s pipe was removed from his mouth, the very scowl I had seen two hours before was called up again, and cast full upon the bold questioner. “Do you take me for your groom?” he asked. “If I did not take you for the Captain of Olympus,” retorted the stranger, “you would not have seen me under your roof. I am come to claim the property and the horses of which I have been robbed.” Captain Demo’s eyes suddenly turned on me, but were as suddenly averted. He certainly had exhibited a vivid picture of the happiness and tranquillity the country enjoyed by the protection of his arm, and the impartial severity of his justice. Now blow after blow fell upon the theory he had erected. I expected another explosion, but was disappointed. The new comers proved to be a wealthy primate of Monastic, known to be in great favour with the Sadrazem. The tranquillity recently established to the south and east of Monastic by the presence of the Turkish troops, induced him, with his two companions, to proceed to Larissa to make purchases; and they were returning with seven horses laden with goods, when that morning they had been surrounded by a party of Klephts, and their money, baggage, and baggage-horses taken from them, though they had not been otherwise maltreated.

They had instantly made their way to Caria to seek redress. The circumstances, spot, and time, were minutely inquired into; the numbers and appearance of the robbers; the number of packages, and their contents, the horses their colours and marks, were

taken down, and then a general divan was held of all Captain Demo's soldiers. They came to an unanimous conclusion as to who the guilty people were, and within an hour twenty men were on their way in pursuit. These men divided into three bodies: one made straight for the village to which the robbers were thought to belong. With these was the grammaticos (penman) of the captain. They were to seize and carry off one or two persons, to be kept until the robbers were given up. The two other parties of seven were to track the robbers themselves by different paths. Places and houses of rendezvous were given, and the details of the expedition combined, with a sagacity only exceeded by the alacrity shown by those who had to carry it into execution; and next morning the plundered men were to proceed on their journey to a village at the distance of thirty miles, where Captain Demo promised them that every thing they possessed should be restored to them on the following evening—that a strap or buckle should not be wanting; when they might, if they liked, give a backshish to his men, and he only begged them to tell the Sadrazem what strict justice he maintained in Olympus. I subsequently understood that his promise was punctually performed.

These very men who now started upon the expedition, and not one of whom would have betrayed its object for almost any consideration, might have been Klephts themselves a week before, or might become so the week after.

The plain in which Caria is situated, is a portion of the deep ravine which reigns all around the central group of Olympus. After crossing it we ascended the ridge which forms the outer circle of the ravine, and thence descended again to the vale, the lake, and the village of Nizeros, distant six miles from Caria. At Nizeros we were to spend the greater part of the day, and start in the evening for Rapsana, ten miles

further, overlooking the vale of Tempe. Captain Demo had sent, the day before, to make grand preparations at Nizeros, but the expedition which he had sent after the robbers had disconcerted his plans. As we rode up to the neat little cottage where we were to dine, and where we expected to find dinner ready, we saw a sheep just writhing in the last convulsions of life, which they had hurriedly despatched on seeing us approach. Captain Demo, enraged at their tardiness, made a spring from his horse, pushed the operators aside, drew his knife from his belt, turned the dead animal out of its skin, strung it up by the hind legs to a nail; then, after one dextrous slit, he put the knife between his teeth, bared his arms up to the shoulders, plunged them into the reeking bowels, spitted the animal upon a stake, and had it down before the fire in a few minutes. Scarcely was this task completed, before the inhabitants of the village had assembled round; nor did he deign to answer one of the lowly and multifarious salutations with which he was greeted; but when he saw the sheep perform his first revolution, he turned round, and wished many years to the township. Some applicants came with long stories to tell, and he seated himself upon a stone, just by the spot where the sheep had been slaughtered. I thought he was going to hold here his "lit de justice." I was seated on a bench at some distance, and seeing him seize a female by the arm, thought he was going to proceed to the infliction of some summary punishment. This time, however, it was a patient he was treating; and presently I saw the blood from her arm, spouting over that of the sheep. I cannot describe how strongly I was struck by seeing this man enact the Galen, examining patient after patient, for the whole village was unwell, and discoursing learnedly on symptoms and on simples, with all the old women of the place. After that we went to walk in the garden, and gather apples; and

with the same versatility of his cares, whenever he tasted one well-flavoured, he handed it over to me.

I must now describe our Homeric repast. We were seated on white capotes, under the shade of an apple-tree; a boy brought a large brass shining bason, which, kneeling, he presented; over this you held your hands, and a girl poured water over them, from a jar of the same metal, with a long and narrow spout. Another attendant stood ready to flit a napkin, so as to make it fall open upon your hands the moment you had finished washing. After this, a small round wooden table was brought in, and set upon the ground, and the guests hustled round it as close as they could. A palicar then came behind with a long narrow napkin, of three, and sometimes even four yards in length, which, with a dextrous jerk, he threw out above your head, so as to make it fall in a circle exactly on the knees of all the guests. Dishes of apples, pears, olives, and prunes, were placed on the table; and a diminutive tumbler of rakki, the size of a liqueur glass, was carried round to each guest. Presently, a palicar came running with a ramrod, on which had been entwined the choice entrails of the sheep, hot and fizzing from the fire, and, running round the table, discharged about the length of a cartridge of the garnishing of the ramrod, on the bread before each guest. This first whet was scarcely discussed when two other men came running, each with a kidney upon a wooden skewer, the hot morsels of which were again distributed as before. After this was brought the shoulder-blade of the right shoulder, which had been detached from the sheep. It was ceremoniously laid before Captain Demo: every sound was hushed, and every eye turned upon him. He cleaned it carefully, examined it on both sides, held it up to the sun, and then prognosticated all the good things that wishes could give, if they ruled the decrees of fate. The road of the Greeks was bright without a tomb; that of

the Turks obscured with mist; the fields of the host were to be whitened with flocks, as if they were covered with snow; and the hostess was presently to present to her lord a little blooming image of himself. The assistants cried "Ameen!" The coy dame, not expecting, perhaps, this latter piece of gallantry, came to kiss the captain's hand, and waddled away, flourishing her blade-bone, no doubt with the intention of placing it in the family reliquary. The guests now crossed themselves, and prepared in earnest for the business which had called them together. The sheep, minus the right shoulder, made its appearance on a tray of myrtle twigs. Captain Demo unsheathed his yataghan, unjointed the neck, laid the head upon the body, slit it open with a sharp blow, and, dexterously turning out the tongue, placed it before me. A single blow then severed the spine, and the weapon, passed between the ribs, separated, in an instant, the animal into two parts. Two ribs with the vertebræ attached to them, were then separated, and also placed before me. This is the mode by which honour is shown to a guest; and no doubt, in the self-same manner did Achilles lay before Ulysses the sacred chine.

During dinner, Captain Demo expatiated on the amenity, the beauty, the fertility of his ψῦνι or bread, meaning his district; on the affection and regard of the inhabitants; on the devotion and bravery of his soldiers. He entertained me with accounts of his various diplomatic relations with the neighbouring potentates, and the difficulties in which he was involved respecting his northern and western frontiers. Before succeeding to his patrimony, he had, however, he thanked God, acquired some knowledge in the ways of the world, and a reputation which secured respect to himself, and tranquillity to his people. "For," said he, "for thirty years have I been a robber on sea and on land, and the name of Demo of Olympus has been repeated with dry lips on the

mountains of Macedonia, and on the shores of Carmania."

THE CLOUDS.

[BY MELLEN, AN AMERICAN WRITER.]

OH clouds! ye ancient messengers,
Old couriers of the sky,
Treading, as in primeval years,
Yon still immensity!
In march how wildly beautiful
Along the deep ye tower,
Begirt, as when from chaos dull
Ye loomed in pride and power,
To crown creation's morning hour.

Ye perish not, ye passing clouds!
But, with the speed of time,
Ye flit your shadowy shapes, like shrouds,
O'er each emerging clime;
And thus on broad and furlless wings
Ye float in light along,
Where every jewell'd planet sings
Its clear eternal song,
Over the path our friends have gone!

Against that deep and peerless blue
Ye hold your journeying—
That silent birth-place of the dew,
Where life and lustre spring.
And then, how goldenly ye shine
On your immortal way,
Sailing through realms so near divine,
Under the fount of day!
O'er ye concentred glories play.

Ye posters of the wakeless air!
How silently ye glide
Down the unfathom'd atmosphere,
That deep—deep, azure tide!
And thus in giant pomp ye go,
On high and reachless range,
Above earth's gladness and its woe,
Through centuries of change.
Your destiny how lone and strange!

Ye bear the bow of beauty—flung
On your triumphal path,
Splendid as first in joy it hung
O'er God's retiring wrath.
The promise and the covenant
Are written on your brow—
The mercy to the sinful sent
Is bending o'er them now.
Ye bear the memory of the vow.

Ye linger with the silver stars,
Ye pass before the sun—
Ye marshal elements to wars,
And when the roar is done,
Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
And wave them to the world,
Like victory flags o'er scatter'd fight,
Brave banners all unfurl'd—
Still there, through rent and tempest-hurl'd.

Ye bear the living thunder out,
Ye pageants of the sky!
Answering with trumpets' battling shout
The lightning's scorching eye.
Pale faces cluster under ye,
Beneath your withering look,
And shaking hearts bow fearfully
At your sublime rebuke.
Has man his mockery forsook?

And then, in still and summer hours,
When men sit weary down,
Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
With shadowy pinions on—
Ye hover where the fervent earth
A sadden'd silence fills,
And, mourning o'er its stricken'd mirth,
Ye weep along the hills.
Then how the wakening landscape thrills!

And thus ye circle countless spheres,
Old spirits of the skies!
The same through nature's smiles and tears,
Ye rose on paradise.
I hear a voice from out your shrouds,
That tells me of decay—
For though ye stay not, hurtling clouds!
Till the last gathering day,
Ye pass like life's dim dreams away.

BIRD-CATCHING ON THE CLIFFS OF MOHER.

THE dangerous employment of bird-catching is practised in the season by the hardy natives along those cliffs, for which purpose twelve or fourteen men come near to the edge, and sit down in a row behind each other, holding a rope sufficiently long to reach to the bottom. One of the party ties the end of it round his body, and being provided with a basket, goes over the edge, placing his feet against the face of the rock,

and holding the rope firmly, and is gradually lowered by the men seated on the top, who allow the rope to pass through their hands. On the man arriving at a part of the rock where he has got good footing, and within reach of the birds which frequent these cliffs in great numbers, he unties the rope, which is soon pulled up, and another of the men is let down in the same way. Being furnished with a long stick, something like a fishing-rod, with a noose at the end, he proceeds to put it gently over the neck of one of the birds, and if he succeeds, by a dexterous twitch, in snaring the unsuspecting creature, he draws it to him, twists its neck, and, quietly putting it into the basket, makes an easy prey of the remainder, who remain unconscious of danger. It is remarkable, that if the bird-catcher does not succeed with the first, the rest take the alarm, and either dive into the water or fly away. Being unused to molestation from man at the foot of those unfrequented precipices, they seem to be divested of fear, and are killed in such abundance that the feathers alone produce to each man on an average from two to three shillings per day. During these operations one of the party is stationed on some point whence he can see those above and below, and makes a signal for the rope to be let down when necessary. This pursuit is not commenced until the young birds are hatched.

Besides the birds which are the objects of the proceedings above described, the sea-eagle builds her nest in the cliffs of Moher—a fitting abode for the king of the feathered tribe. We were not fortunate enough to see any, but I can fancy how fine the effect, and how much in keeping with the grand and majestic character of the place it must be to behold these splendid creatures wheeling and circling among the mighty cliffs. They are very ferocious and bold, and sometimes made desperate attacks upon the bird-

catchers, flying at them, as they descend the cliffs, with beak and claws, and directing their fury against the eyes of the intruders. To defend themselves against these formidable enemies, the men carry long knives; and a story is told of a desperate encounter that took place some six or eight years since between a bird-catcher and one of these sea-eagles, which was well nigh terminating fatally to the former.

The man had been lowered from the top, and hung suspended from the overhanging precipice, when an eagle darted at him from out a fissure in the rock, and commenced a furious attack. The bird-catcher drew his knife and defended himself; but his feathered assailant for a long time eluded every blow. At length, however, finding himself closely pressed, and maddened by repeated slight stabs of the knife, the enraged bird gathered up his powers for a last desperate dart at the man. The latter saw the impending danger, and blind to every thing but the necessity of a vigorous effort to parry the attack, raised his knife, and aimed a furious blow at the eagle. It took effect but too well. The stroke that freed the bird-catcher from his fierce antagonist, severed at the same moment, almost in twain, the rope to which he was attached, leaving the unfortunate man suspended by but a single thread or twist of the cable over the yawning abyss.

In this dreadful extremity there was nothing left him but to give the signal by which his companions overhead would understand that he wished to be drawn up. Most providentially they perceived his awful predicament, and slowly, and with the greatest caution, commenced drawing in the rope. It was so slender that there seemed scarcely a possibility that the almost severed thread could last until the wretched man reached the top; and with sickening suspense and dread he felt the frail link, that still bound him to life, and saved

him from the horrible gulf below, stretch and crack beneath his weight. It required, too, the utmost skill and caution on the part of those overhead, to keep the fractured portion of the rope from chafing against the sharp knife-like edges of the projecting rocks; and between the agony of seeing the fragile thread gradually attenuate, and become at every moment weaker and weaker from the continued pressure, and the necessity of drawing it very slowly, lest some unforeseen shock should cause it to snap suddenly, and hurl the victim into the abyss, the men on the cliff were in a state of scarcely less suspense than the object of their anxiety.

At length the unfortunate bird-catcher neared the brow of the precipice: his companions redoubled their efforts, for the rope was every instant showing increased symptoms of giving way. It snapped just as he was within an inch of the top, but not before one of the men had seized a firm grasp of his clothes, by which he was enabled to drag him triumphantly over the brink. At the sight of their comrade in safety, the men, among whom a breathless silence had hitherto prevailed, raised a loud shout; but he heard it not. The awful situation in which he had been so long suspended, was too much for the poor bird-catcher; he lay stretched on the grass without sense or motion. For a long time so profound was his insensibility, that his companions thought he was dead; but he recovered at length, though he has never, it is said, completely got over the effects of that fearful hour.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF HALLEIN.

IN the neighbourhood of Hallein, a town in the province of Salzburg, Upper Austria, there are extensive salt mines, of which we find a striking description in an entertaining volume by Mr. Barrow—"A Tour in Lombardy, Bavaria, and the Tyrol."

ON reaching Hallein, we left the carriage there, and immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain Deurenberg, in the bosom of which the mines are worked. It was a sultry day, and a walk in the meridian sun, occupying nearly an hour, proved rather fatiguing. A few straggling houses and an humble little church apprised us that we had reached the spot where the superintending officer and others employed at the mines reside. Invited into the largest of the mansions in this elevated abode, we found ourselves in a long room, on the walls of which were hung some old paintings, representing the descent into the mines, from which we might have obtained some general idea of what we had to go through; but we merely entered our names in a register kept for the purpose. We were then, each of us, supplied with a suit of white coarse linen, consisting of a loose jacket and trowsers, to put over our clothes; also a leathern apron, tied round the waist and hanging down behind (the purpose of which will presently be explained); a cloth cap, and a thick glove on the right hand, resembling a boxing-glove.

Accompanied by two experienced miners, one of whom was a tall, gaunt-looking man with moustaches, we ascended the upper part of the steep side of the mountain till we reached the head of the mine, over which is a small wooden house. We had, first, to descend a flight of steps, each taking a lighted candle in his hand; at the foot of these we entered a long

and level gallery, hewn out of the rock, the sides converging to the roof, the height just sufficient to allow us to walk upright. From this low gallery branched out numerous little cells on either side, each being not more than four feet high, and in width little more than sufficient to admit a single person, and even these had other cells branching from them: at the end of each was a solitary miner at work, with his glimmering light and a kind of pick-axe, stripped perfectly naked as to the upper part of the body, and nothing below but his trousers.

In entering these cells my friends had to creep on their hands and knees, both being above six feet high; but I could manage, by stooping, to pass along. The heat was, however, almost beyond endurance; and having soon satisfied our curiosity, and seen two or three of these poor fellows labouring, with streams of perspiration, in these dismal holes, we were glad to scramble out again. The material they were working in these veins of the rock (indurated clay and marl) was thinly intermixed with small crystals of salt, which threw out a sparkling light in the gloomy atmosphere of the place. We were told that when a sufficient quantity of this material has been produced, the opening of the cells is closed up with earth or clay; and water, conducted in tubes from a supply in the mountain, is then let in, and allowed to remain for a period of five or six weeks; when, the saline particles being dissolved, the water is drained off by other tubes, and conveyed to the salt-pans in or near Hallein, to undergo the process of crystallisation.

Having proceeded a considerable distance in the gallery we first entered, we came to a small well of about three feet square, having a perpendicular descent: each of its sides was fortified against the tumbling in of the earth with spars of wood, at short distances from each other. Down this well we were doomed to descend in "darkness visible," for there

was nothing else to enlighten us but a little glimmering taper of fir, which was of no use to show what manner of place we had got into: truly might we say,—

“ All here seem'd dark and dreadful.”

For my own part I could see nothing, and attend to nothing, but to preserve a good foot-hold, by stepping alternately from spar to spar on the opposite sides, as one false step might have plunged us down an abyss of whose depth we knew nothing; but it proved to be of short extent. It was enough, however, to set imagination at work, and I accordingly, while descending, called to recollection a similar shaft in the Gosforth Colliery at Newcastle, which I had descended in a basket to the depth of more than a thousand feet; and thought if this should turn out but a tenth part of it—but a sudden arrival at the bottom put a stop to further unpleasant conjectures.

We now arrived at a second gallery, with its cells similar to the first, at the end of which we came to an inclined plane, descending a shaft in an angle perhaps of about forty-five degrees. It commenced by a narrow adit, down which we had now to make our descent on a very peculiar machine. Two wooden beams, or rather round poles, are placed parallel to each other along this shaft, a little more than a foot apart. On these the visitor takes his seat, placing a leg over each pole. Between the poles and below them are logs of wood, notched as a stair, for the purpose of making the ascent. On the right hand of the sloping shaft, or along the side of the rocky wall, is a stout continuous rope, to be held in the hand, with a thick glove upon it, by which the speed may be regulated. The poles are highly polished, from constant friction, as is also the leathern apron, with which each person is supplied to gird on behind. Thus furnished, and with a candle in the hand that is free, we took our

seats, almost in a recumbent position, to avoid coming in contact with the roof, and away we went, one after another, impelled by our own weight, swift as an arrow, and in total darkness, for of course our candle instantly went out. The sensation was really exhilarating, and put us in mind of the *montagnes Russes*. The friction, however, of the hand was rather unpleasant, even through the thick glove.

In this way we made a rapid descent to the entrance of another gallery, and, having relighted our candle, passed along it, till we came to a second incline plane, and performed a similar descent as before, completely in the dark, for our little tapers became again, from the speed, useless. In short, we descended four or five of these *montagnes Russes*, all with equal velocity and equally in the dark, after passing through the same number of great galleries.

My friends were so delighted with this novel mode of travelling, on these dark and underground slides with more than railway speed, that they ascended the last of these shafts by the little steps beneath, which I have mentioned, for the mere pleasure of another slide down. It occurred to me on this occasion, that if, as they were stepping up, another party were whirling down, the collision might be attended with unpleasant, if not fatal consequences; as there would be no possibility of avoiding it by turning aside, or any notice of such a meeting, to enable the descending party to check their speed. The guides, I fancied, were rather averse to their going up again, though they said nothing.

The last gallery we traversed brought us suddenly to a large chamber, in which was a subterranean lake lighted up purposely for us with tallow candles around the margin; but we could not say,

—— "These lights, like stars,
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault."

On one side was stuck up a bright transparency of the

Austrian Eagle, which, in another part of the mine, we had also seen sculptured in stone. On the lake was a sort of ferry-boat, with raised benches on either side; and, seating ourselves on these, we were dragged from one end of the lake to the other by a rope. The tallow candles were not of much use in lighting up the large chamber, or in communicating any thing like transparency to the surface of the lake, the water of which, on the contrary, appeared black as ink—something of that dismal hue which Shakspeare describes to be

——— “The badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.”

Indeed, it required no great stretch of the imagination to suppose ourselves in the infernal regions, and there wanted only an appropriate old Charon to steer the ferry-boat, to convert the inky lake into the Styx.

The length of the salt-lake might perhaps be 300 or 400 feet, and the breadth 120 or 130; but this is a mere rough guess from recollection of its appearance. The depth was said to be seven feet. The ceiling of this cavernous chamber was perfectly flat, and so low as to be only a little above our heads as we sat in the boats; so that it might be about five or six feet at most from the surface of the water. We were told there were three or four other lakes, and one of them was said to be three or four times the size of this. Their use is to collect the brine, which is sent down by tubes from the numerous cells wherein it is first dissolved.

On leaving this singular spot, we were conducted through several other galleries and passages, till we came to a nearly horizontal adit, having only an easy and gradual descent. Here we perceived a long truck of wood on wheels, across which we were told to seat ourselves, one after another, much in the same fashion as on a Russian drosky. A *biped* was harnessed in front, and one pushed in the rear. In this passage is

laid down a sort of tram-road, on which the wheels run. We were desired to keep our legs as close to the bench as possible, to avoid coming in contact with the rock. Having seated ourselves "all in a row," away we started at a good brisk pace, the men running as fast as their legs could carry them; they could not, indeed, avoid it, for there was no possibility of their stopping the cargo they had got, after once it had obtained its impetus on the rail.

This was perhaps the most nervous part of our subterranean excursion, as we were in such close contact with the sides of the narrow gallery; and every now and then, as we whisked past an opening into other galleries, it was difficult to divest ourselves of the idea that the knees would be smashed to pieces.

In proceeding through this narrow adit, a small glimmering light, as of a distant candle, makes its appearance, which, on a nearer approach, looked like a bright and brilliant flame, and we were told it was only the light of day; though we could scarcely persuade ourselves of the fact. A minute or two, however, proved it to be true; for whirled we were in a moment, and brought to a sudden stand-still, under the glorious canopy of heaven, with a fine brilliant sun shining above us, in exchange for the dark and gloomy caverns we had been traversing in the bowels of the earth for the space of two hours; indeed, it required some little time for the eye to recover its accustomed focus.

We now found ourselves just above the little town of Hallein, where we had left our carriage. It contains two or three churches, from three to four hundred houses, and from two to three thousand inhabitants, most of whom were families in some way or other connected with those employed in the salt-mine and in the process of purifying that mineral. For this purpose there is here a large boiling-house, where the brine, when drained off, is received and boiled down

in enormous iron boilers or cauldrons ; and at the end of every two hours or so the salt deposited at the bottom is raked about and then spooned out, and at once placed in casks which are standing ready to receive it. One of these large boilers, perhaps from forty to fifty feet in diameter, is not more than three or four feet deep, under which a prodigious fire is kept up, constantly supplied with billets of wood, the consumption of which must be immense. Piles of logs and faggots stand ready inside the boiling-house, and the stokers are constantly employed in feeding the fire, the intense heat and glare of which are almost intolerable, and none but the stokers, accustomed to it, could endure it as they do.

In the veins or strata, which are worked as we have seen, the rock salt, in small crystals, is found embedded in clay. In many places the salt had assumed a fibrous form. Specimens of crystallized sulphate of lime were frequent in the strata of limestone. Crystallized gypsum was also common, with rock-salt, the latter frequently found in masses, among which were cubes of salt. But the bed or matrix of the small particles of salt is in indurated clay, which, on letting in the water, readily dissolves, and forms a clay floor for the cells.

We saw at Hallein a small model of the mines, which conveyed a good notion of the course we had followed through the mountain ; at the same time it pointed out to us the numerous and extensive passages we might have gone through, which would have occupied at least a whole day. It showed the whole mountain of Deurenberg to be excavated like a honeycomb ; and the only wonder is, that after four or five hundred years, during which they say the working of it has been carried on, it has not been crushed down into one solid mass.

THE END.

In cloth, gilt, price 5s. each Volume,

WITH BEAUTIFUL EXGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

THE RECREATION.

"Of moving accidents by flood and field."

In Three Series.

THESE volumes, of which the present is third in the series, comprising a varied selection of graphic scenes and spirit-stirring incidents chiefly from the narratives of recent travellers, may be said to possess the essence of modern travel and adventure. No article has been admitted of doubtful tendency; and from extreme care in this respect, as well as the instructive and interesting nature of their contents, they form appropriate and useful gift books for young persons.

JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.











